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THE MODERN ATHENS.

YEARS had passed, I must not say how many, among the rice fields and sooty faces of Bahar, when, wearied of ryots and zemindaries, wearied of opium, wearied of accounts, wearied of gnats and currie, and sunshine, and steam, with an account in the house of Palmer and Co., an account with Bazett, Farquhar, and Co., and a little touch of the liver, I at last resolved to close all accounts with monsoons, and the court, and to return to spend the quiet evening of life in the land of blue hills and streams—the land of my affections—the land of my youth; where I had left all the lasses bonny, and all the lads true hearted.

How did my heart beat, when, on descending the long dull hill from Belford, I saw the noble bridge of Berwick bestriding that silver stream which poets have sung, and on which tyranny and oppression had quailed; and with what burning impatience did I pass the low moors of the Press, till, arriving at Dunbar, the noble vision of the Firth, backed by its airy hills, broke on my enraptured sight. But to describe the ebullition of expectation, the beatings of the heart, the doubts, the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, that sprung up as I hailed Arthur's seat, couched like a huge lion on the plain, would beggar the pen of Sir Walter Scott, or the Great Unknown, be he one, or be he two pens.

And at length Edinburgh, dear Edinburgh, appeared with all its long lost but not forgotten lines of streets and bristling spires; with its Castle, majestically crowning the long ridge, which, like the backbone of a herring, stretched upwards from Holyrood—Holyrood, the palace of the palaces of Britain, while the curling smoke rolled off, a huge train of dun cloud, crimsoned by the fiery rays of a setting sun. Then it was that all the visions of youth rose in all their enchantments before my eyes; the High School, where Ruddiman and fives were rivals for my time; the stern Janitor, the puns of D. Hill, and the sober smiles of

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the placid Dalzel. Then did Strange's ball appear before me with its triple row of seats—that magic row where the lovers and the Graces shot smiles through the bounding heart, robbing me of my studies and my sleep. But the sun descended still lower, and night had fallen around me, before I felt the rattling of the wheels on the pavement. Pavement! pavement! pavement! pavement without end! but where was the town—where was it not? Houses, streets, churches—I was utterly astounded, bewildered, and lost, I began to doubt my senses, whether I was in Edinburgh—in the Auld Reekie of my younger days; but a single breeze crossing the High Street was enough to dissipate these doubts, and I said to myself—Ah ha! Auld Reekie, I smell thee now.

Forty years before, I had thought this odour one of the necessities of life—one of the unavoidable at least, and I used sometimes to doubt whether it was not a refreshing odour, particularly as Dr. Cullen had been of opinion that it was an enemy to contagion. This was the first moment that a suspicion struck me about the remembered merits of the town of my birth: my organs of smell had certainly changed in forty years, and I began to question whether other of my creeds might not have been changed too; and whether I should really find Auld Reekie the most beautiful, most picturesque, most romantic, most intellectual, of the towns of the universe; whether all its lassies would prove as beautiful as the light; its men the most profound, the best read, the most elegant in manners; its medical school the first medical school in the universe; its university the paragon of universities; its lawyers Tribonians; and its cockie leeky superior to mulligatawny soup.

These were painful suspicions, and all produced by one little whiff. The constitution was changed, it was plain. Could it be expected, indeed, that a man should pass forty years on the banks of the Ganges, and not change something with the innovations on his liver. To have witnessed for forty years Hindoo ablutions and Mahometan ablutions; to have weathered forty monsoons; twice to have crossed the whole ocean of waters, and then to land at ten o'clock at night in Auld Reekie! was there no water in "the Esil," none in the water of Leith, none in the Firth, none in the clouds?

But I arrived at the house intended for me in Hunter's square. I was not well asleep, when, good heavens! I was awakened: the High Street of the night before was a jest to it. I threw open all the windows, I still lay gasping for breath. I attempted to discover the cause, and in the kitchen, rather in a pantry, among knives and plates, and fragments of meat, and loaves of bread, I found—I shall not say what—and set down my dear countrymen as the most foul, most dirty, most disgusting, most incurable people in the universe. I now recalled to my mind what forty years of absence and the waters of the Ganges had almost washed away from my memory, and then I recalled to mind the college—the college at ten o'clock, and more, and more.

and more ; and when ten o'clock, indeed, came, there was still no other resource. Why, the very tygers and cats a mountain that I had left behind were a cleaner people. Could not Auld Reekie dig holes too ; had it no pickaxes, no spades ; was there no declivity, no water ? water—yes—but Auld Reekie was like lady Macbeth's hand, nothing would sweeten its ideas, and, without that, all water was vain.

If I now began to think my countryman an animal incurably dirty, I was soon convinced of it. Talking of the elegance of its city, its beauty, and its buildings—laying out streets, and subscribing for Parthenons, every one seemed surprised when I wondered at their having forgotten the common sewers. What ! had the New Town, all those straight streets, all that collection of rows and squares, been planned and executed without a common sewer ; and had they gone on planning and executing, and were they still planning and executing, and still had determined not to have a common sewer. I, at least, determined that they must possess an inherent love of dirt ; and I determined, too, that I would purchase a seat in parliament, and procure an act, by English influence, to compel Scotland to clean itself. It was an opprobrium to the very empire ; but I concluded that they perhaps persisted in their old habits in contempt of England and the Union.

No, that was not a right theory ; it was at least sheer insensibility to dirt, if it was not the absolute love of it. Else how could my landlady have endured the great splay-footed raw-boned animal that came in with the breakfast, without shoe or stocking, and with a foot like an elephant, legs as scaly and red as those of a secretary bird, a skin like a palm tree, a dirty jacket of dirty cotton, not big enough to conceal her Hottentot breast, and a rag for a cap, that seemed to have been dragged through the chimney, not covering her greasy red hair. I hurried out of the house to seek for a breakfast elsewhere, and at last found something like an English coffee-house.

But not till I had threaded the Canongate and the Cowgate, and half a dozen closes and wynds, and half a dozen hundreds of bare-legged, ragged, dirty, idling, lounging, boys, girls, women, and men, stopping up the ways, and jabbering a dialect which long absence had made intolerable to my ears. And then the fearful old women—women—hags ! standing in the shop doors, and the half-naked children rolling in the kennels, or who, as Pope sings, “in crouching low for bread and butter cried.” The black town of Calcutta was a jewel compared to it. And then the wretched shops, with a few salt herrings, matches, treacle, and great lumps of stone coal, with a pound of filthy candles hung up ; and then the whiskey shops, and—pah ! let me stop. Had it been so formerly ? was the “finest street in the world,” extending in its antique pride from the castle of Edwin to the palace of Scotia's kings, a mile in length, whose houses were ten stories high, whose crowned church was the most magnificent of Gothic structures, as its Tron was the most Palladian, the most perfect of Greek architecture, was it indeed, formerly,

the dirty, mean, crowded, beggarly collection of houses and shops and people which I now saw it; or was it changed? Was the Canongate formerly such, that a man could not walk through it without shrinking. Alas! no, it was I that was changed. I had lived to see its misery, its dirt, and its deformities; and all my visions of happiness to be renewed, fled like the smoke which was now rolling away from the glass houses of Leith, spreading till it was lost along the wide blue sea.

I now betook myself to the New Town, and if I marvelled at its increase, I marvelled, too, how I should ever have thought its streets the most beautiful, its St. Andrew's the most graceful of churches, its white stone architecture the most tasteful, and its pavement the most perfect in the world. There was some difference, indeed, between what I had left, and what I had found; for there had been attempts at architecture, and the new square, at least, was handsomer than the old. The cold desertion, dryness, and melancholy of St. George's Street struck to my heart; and when I looked for the Assembly Room, the place of former loves and partners, I wondered whether it was not the county jail. The church was a hideous maypole; but what was even that, compared to the violent and painful abortion of which Charlotte square had been delivered. I wanted no more to tell me what the taste of my countrymen was in building. But I found more, and more, and more.

I thought it impossible that any people could have abounded in such materials, should have built so much and so long, should have possessed architects, and paid money to architects, and seen English architecture, and possessed a school of arts, and have been the best informed, the most clever, the most enlightened, the most learned, the most elegant people of the world, and should still have continued to render its town a heap of deformities, in which it was difficult to say which was the most hideous, the most heterogeneous, and the most tasteless. I had fancied the North Bridge the first of bridges, and I found it lame, bungling, heavy, and awkward; yet I had some respect for the ingenuity which had contrived the earthen mound as a foil for it. On the Calton Hill there was a thing like a chess man, and a prison like a Stilton cheese; but there was more to come, and there was to be a Parthenon, and much more and better, and I thought it quite time that there should be something better. And the North Loch which I had left a quagmire was little changed: it was a heap of rubbish and dirt, and nettles; and I recollected how it might have been converted into shrubberies and ornaments, how it would have been planted with trees, and so converted in any town of the world but Edinburgh—in any town but a Scotch town. And then there was a cotton manufactory built within the castle; and a bank and much more; and a chapel made of piecrust; and wherever I turned, all was alike, barbarous, and vulgar, and hideous; and I determined that the most elegant, the most learned the most enlightened, and the most

refined people in the world, had as much taste in architecture as the wild mountaineers of Napaul. And I began to doubt of the beauties of Edinburgh.

And I doubted still more when I betook myself to the country, to search for the shaded walks and green lanes of my imagination; and the meadows, and Arthur's Seat, and the Links; and all to which I had associated such ideas of rural happiness. Miles did I walk, yet the roads were black and muddy, and no where could I escape from the two endless, white, dry, stone walls, that hemmed me in on each side. I found Salisbury Craig a dirty and fatiguing heap of disgusting rubbish; an eye-sore at a distance, and a toil when at hand. Leith Walk was a bad street, and Leith itself a dirty, narrow, mean, sea-port. All the country looked starved, and desert. No villas, no appearance of wealth and ease, but every inch walled in and cultivated, as if to extract every farthing from the soil, and to prevent plunderers from carrying away the corn. Scarcely a tree on which a man might have hanged himself, and the few there were, stunted and starved; and the whole a huge collection of pounds and prisons. I found that I could find no walk near Edinburgh but the meadows, and the meadows were pestiferous with nurse maids and ditches. I betook myself to Princes street, and found myself elbowed by vulgar dandies, some apeing the manners of Bond-street, or the race course, swinging out, arm in arm, from a coffee-house, to bluster in the next ice shop; others trying to look careless and genteel, though it was easy to see in their faces the impress of the law—the trickery and care, ill concealed under the mixed effrontery and fancied ease of an Edinburgh buck. And ever and anon a party of females would pass, looking for admiration; their clothes in the extreme of some fashion, supposed to be that of Paris or London, but evidently just put on for display; and sitting with effort and constraint on persons, who, till the show hour of four, had probably been sitting in a dirty bedgown with their hair in papillotes, strumming Highland reels on the piano-forte. In Queen-street, the grass was growing green and fresh; and a cold east wind blowing across the Firth, reminded me that Edinburgh was not Lucknow, and that I must seek for warmer quarters.

I found the climate like all else; and I now learnt to congratulate myself that I had for so many years cheated the east winds, and all the winds, and rains, and fogs, of this most detestable of all the climates in God's creation. Long ere this I might have been lying in the Westkirk-yard, or the Greyfriars, amidst dirty nettles and rubbish, like a dog, unconsecrated and forgotten. The east winds, I now began to think, had brought back a little touch of my disorder, and I suspected that I was looking at every thing through a bilious eye. But the doctor came, and Dick gave me twenty grains of calomel, and the primæ viæ came to rights again, and the weather cleared up; and I cross-questioned myself, and still I thought and was convinced, that I was not out of

humour, and that all was true ; and that it was time for me to return to my own Bungalow, and pass the rest of my days far from the land that had disappointed all my expectations.

And yet, however, I had seen little of the town but its architecture, and of the country but its stone walls, and of the people but their dirt, and vulgarity, and coarseness. I had only guessed from their physiognomies, and manners, and dress, what the upper ranks might be, and I had yet this acquaintance to make, this knowledge to acquire. It was man, after all, with whom I was to pass my life ; and if the society of Edinburgh was what I had thought, and believed, and heard, and read, and anticipated, I might still be happy ; and I began to consider of a house or a lodging in some better place than Hunter's-square.

I had determined to consult the waiter at Oman's ; and having settled this point, walked in to a neighbouring bookseller's, which had been shown me, with a large board, inscribed 'ready furnished lodgings.' I asked what new publications there were, when, with a surly grin, the man of books pointed huffily to a small duodecimo on the counter, saying, "I suppose ye've seen the Modern Athens?" The Modern Athens ! pray, my friend, what town is that ? "What town is that ! an' whare can ye be fae, that ye dinna ken that E'nbroch is the Modern Athens." I paid down my shillings, walked away with the Modern Athens in my pocket, read it through before I went to bed, and in the morning sent to inquire if there were any places in the mail coach for London. It was full, however, and, on second thoughts, I determined that the author must be a libeller, and a London cockney, and that I would stay and judge for myself.

I did stay—quite long enough ; though I never yet discovered how Auld Reekie had become the rival of Athens. Thank God, I am now quietly settled in Norfolk-street, and have bid adieu to the Modern Athens, its literature, its *δημος*, its law, its disputes, its politics, its concert, its balls, its Sundays, and its strathspeys, for ever. Mr. Mudie, if that be the author's name, knows his countrymen well ; and so, for the matter of that, does that Living Lie, the GREAT UNKNOWN. Let us see what this last gentleman says, in one of his novels, and then we may see what Mr. Mudie says.

He is speaking of a Scotch buck. "Every point of national character is opposed to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the Isle of Saints. They are a shrewd people, indeed, but so destitute of ease, grace, and pliability of manners, and insinuation of address, that they eternally seem to suffer actual misery in their attempts to look gay and careless. Then their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a fourth ; and, with so many obstacles to make them bolt off the course, it is positively impossible they should win the plate." Such is a Scotch buck ; and every denizen of Auld Reekie, whether he brandish the quill or the yard, would be a buck.

And here too is the Great Unknown's character of his countrymen, of a "country gentleman," he seems to call it,—of any Scotchman. If the Great Unknown be really Walter Scott, Baronet, we wonder that its head is still on its shoulders. But who can "call out" an Unknown: moreover of which, it is part of a Scotchman's courage not to want caution to temper its ebullitions. "Excellent bankers they may be, for they are eternally calculating how to add interest to principle: good soldiers, also, for they are, if not such heroes as they would be thought, as brave, I suppose, as their neighbours, and much more amenable to discipline: lawyers they are born; indeed, every country gentleman is bred one, and their patient and crafty disposition enables them, in other lines, to submit to hardships which others would not bear, and avail themselves of advantages which others would let pass under their noses unavailingly." Such is the Great Unknown's captivating picture of his countrymen. Churchill, Wilks, and Francis, were not so severe: Johnson's judgment was high praise. But Johnson could not see; and Churchill, Wilkes, and Francis, did not know Caledonia as well as the Great Unknown: or as well as the author before me.

This gentleman has not very well explained whence Auld Reekie became the Modern Athens, or any Athens at all, but the following passage is not unsuccessful truth, if it should not be precisely the fact.

They began with a long and learned parallel between the overthrow of Bonaparte and that of Darius and Xerxes; and then, coming gradually a little nearer home, they hinted, that, in his encouragement of the arts, Lord Melville was the express image of Pericles. This brought them to the marrow of the subject: Edinburgh was very much like Athens,—it was, in fact, the Modern Athens, or the Athens Restored; the Calton Hill was a far finer thing than the Acropolis; the free-stone of Craigleith excelled in beauty and durability the marble of Pentelicus; the Frith of Forth outstretched and outshone the Egean or the Hellespont; the kingdom of Fife beat beyond all comparison Ionia and the Troad; Ida and Athos were mere mole-hills compared with North Berwick Law and the Lomonds; Plataea and Marathon had nothing in them at all comparable with Pinkie and Preston Pans; Sir George Mackenzie of Coull excelled both Æschylus and Aristophanes; Macvey Napier was an Aristotle; Lord Hermand a Diogenes; Macqueen of Braxfield had been a Draco; the Lord President was a Solon; a Demosthenes could be found any where; and Lord Macconachie was even more than a Plato. Then, to make the parallel perfect, and indeed to make the Modern Athens every way outstrip the Athens of old, only one thing was wanting, and that was, that there should be erected upon the top of the Calton Hill, a copy of the Temple of Minerva Parthenon.

All the people and things here quoted are pretty well known, even to the Cockneys of Modern Babylon; but they may wonder of course who Sir George Mackenzie is. Æschylus and Aristophanes, indeed! His Icelandic Tragedy soared far higher than Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, united. Unluckily, it was damned by a conspiracy among the geologists, because he was not a Wernerian; so at least said the Baronet, but the public averred that it was basaltic, trappish, and barytic; and Sir George betook himself to craniology, Belles Lettres, and vitrified forts. Nothing comes amiss to him: Aristophanes, Plato, Protagoras,

Herodotus, and Solon, are a jest to him, in his own esteem at least, and hence apparently originated the name of Modern Athens. Nothing less than an Athens could have contained the constellation united in his own person, and Athens did Auld Reekie become.

Thus, at least, did the waiter at the Turf Coffee-house inform us; but we were fated to hear yet other theories. With one, it was because John Clerk was greater than Demosthenes; and with others, that Cranstoun and Jeffrey excelled Æschines and Isocrates; with another, that this same John Clerk's pictures rivalled the Pœcile; with a fifth and a sixth, that Professor Leslie was an Archimedes, and Wilson a Socrates; and with a seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, &c. that Dugald Stewart was an Aristotle, Professor Jameson a Pythagoras, Robertson a Thucydides, Allan Ramsay an Anacreon, Mr. Raeburn a Polygnotus, and so on; while others maintained that the Athenian name and character were derived from, and dependent on, those giants of literature, Messieurs Constable and Blackwood.

In the end, I became lost among etymologies and etymologists. Auld Reekie is now Athens; that must suffice, and assuredly no resemblance can be stronger. It is the seat of mind and manners, and the muses, of elegance, and taste, and architecture, and painting, of tragedy and comedy, oratory and poetry. Leith is the Piræus, and Mr. Scoular is the very Phidias himself. And as the Attic dialect was noted through all Greece for its grace and elegance, so the language of Edinburgh equally exceeds all the dialects of the British empire. This alone would justify the title of THE MODERN ATHENS.

The critic remarks on the antipathy of the Scotch to trees and pleasure-grounds; policies is the phrase. Their policy is of another complexion; "fawning and obsequious," in the men in office; crafty, selfish, and calculating, with the aspect and bearing of boldness and honesty, in the men out of it. As to trees—

The rogue a gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears alike antipathy to trees.

The Calton Hill "is so much infested by lazy blackguards, and bare-footed washerwomen, as to be unsafe for respectable females even at noon-day;" and "after dusk;" but we stop here. We should be glad to know the part of Edinburgh, in the old town, at least, that is not infested by "lazy blackguards and dirty drabs;" we might suppose that all the *polissonerie* of all the kingdom was collected there, and that people had nothing to do but to crowd about the heads of closes and colloque together. And as to after dusk, the worst days of Drury-Lane were nothing to the Modern Athens. Is this Athenian too? This most moral people, where every man is educated, and where a man dare not whistle on a Sunday, exhibits scenes in its streets, at night, that would disgrace Otaheitee itself. They are not fit for our paper; let the author himself explain hereafter the principle, the principle of economy and calculation in pleasures or vice, which makes the Modern Athens one great plague; in

spite of the dearest, the most troublesome, and the most boasted police. London is virtue itself, and order and decency, in comparison.

According to this author and critic, the leading character of the people of the Modern Athens is conceit.

The leading characteristic of the Athenians, of all ranks, all degrees of understanding, all measures of taste, all shades of party, and both sexes, is to esteem their own idols in preference to the idols of every other people on the face of the earth. Their own situation is the finest that can possibly be found; and their own mode of improving it is superior to any that could be suggested. Their men, taken on the average, excel all others in wisdom, and nothing can any way compare with the brilliance of their women. In their manners they are never vulgar; and in their tastes and judgments, they do not make half the slips and blunders which are made by the rest of the world. The songs of their poets (when they happen to have any) are transcendent for sublimity and sweetness; and the theories of their philosophers (of which they are never without a reasonable portion) are ever the most agreeable to nature, and the most nicely put together. Upon the latter point they are somewhat amusing; for in no place whatever have philosophic theories been so often changed, as among the sages of the succession of schools which, shining from the Athens, have dazzled and illuminated mankind; and yet, while each of these theories has been the object of Athenian adoration, it, and none but it, has been the true one. In politics they have not, at least for a long time, been agreed in their doctrines, or unanimous in their worship, for in politics, interest has generally much more to do than principle; and, being by much the stronger of the two, and pulling opposite ways with different parties, it has produced among the Athenians, divisions which are as remarkable as their union of self-adoration in most other things.

What is the cause? ignorance of better. They scratch each other, and they are always itching. It is the character of all half-civilized people, as it is of savages. The Modern Athens is first-rate to herself, and forgets to inquire how she is rated by the rest of the world. There is a general conspiracy among her people to scratch each other. If it is a lawyer, a historian, or a geologist, that writes a book, half a dozen pens are drawn to prove that it is the best book in the world, and that its author is the best of authors. Every thing is the discovery of a Modern Athenian, all portraits are measured by the standard of Raeburn, and all landscapes by Nasmyth, all geology and gothic architecture by poor Sir James Hall; and if a doubt is thrown on the metaphysics of Dugald Stewart, half a dozen books are written to prove that he is the most elegant of writers, and the most exquisite of metaphysicians.

Happy the man who is born in the Modern Athens; at least, if he can make a party. If not, the father will get his son to puff him, and the brother the brother; in any way, he will persevere till he succeeds. They puff each other in life and in death. *Eloges* succeed to the puff direct; for the fame of the Athens must be supported. It must be supported too through thick and thin. Though the world had proved that a Coal Esquire had stolen a system of naval tactics from a French author, up rose all Edinburgh (all the Athens, I beg pardon) to prove that he was the inventor; though the plagiarism was as palpable as the assertions were gross. Somebody wrote a quarto to puff, after his death, Black, the most indolent of chemists, who confesses, in his own handwriting, that he maintained phlogiston for ten years, when the eyes of all

the world were opened around him. Playfair puffed Hutton, and now somebody must puff Playfair; and we are to have a life of Horner; and of Sir James Hall, of course; and of Brewster, when he is dead; and of Hogg, doubtless; and of Blackwood, most assuredly; and so it goes round: and so the Modern Athens sets itself up, its own idol, and falls down and worships itself, and is **THE MODERN ATHENS**.

But the literature of the Athens is to meet us again, and here we are in the midst of the politics.

The first thing that strikes a stranger is, that he must take a side the moment he enters the Athens. It is an arena of gladiators, and he must draw his sword and dismiss the scabbard. He cannot have friends in both parties; nay, he cannot go from a Whig ball to a Tory one: he must make his election and abide by it, or else he will find himself neglected by all. In London, a man dines with his bitterest political opponent, all meet at the same tables at least, and society is not interrupted. In the Athens, there is no salvation, and no dinner out of the pale; a man must eat Whig diet or Tory diet, for it is certain that he cannot eat both. His very love must be a Whig love, or a Tory love: to couple opposed politics is beyond the power of Cupid and Hymen both. And if the Athenian Cupid has his party, so has the Athenian tailor and the Athenian shoe-maker.

Is it a miracle, if politics are here inveterate? The Athenians, the Caledonians, are by nature an inveterate, bitter, obstinate, pig-headed, people, but if they were not, they hear but one conversation, and see accordingly. Each man's bitterness aggravates that of his neighbour. If a man's leg is cut off the wrong way at their infirmary, be sure it was a Tory doctor, and all the Whigs meet and move an inquiry into the management. If a school is founded to teach masons how to hew stone in an Athenian manner, the Whigs and Tories squabble for the supremacy. It is "pull devil, pull baker;" they bespatter each other with Athenian dirt, and, at last, one party must yield; the stones are hewed in Whiggish patterns, and the Tories go elsewhere to build their houses. The Huttonian system is Whiggish, and therefore all the Tories side with the Wernerian; and they write books, and squabble, and fight, as if the fate of nations was involved in whin and graywacke. Such are the blessed politics of the Modern Athens: even the Whig doctor will not consult with the Tory doctor; or the Lord have mercy on the patient who attempts to procure health from contending politics.

In the peculiar politics of the Athens, it struck me, that though there are only two parties,—the men in office, with their connexions and dependants, and the men who are not in office,—yet that there are several distinct grounds of opposition, some of which neither party are very willing to avow, and therefore they lump them all together in the convenient cant terms of Tory and Whig. Both parties are radically and substantially loyal; and both parties, though in different degrees, and sought for by different measures, may have a regard for the prosperity of their country generally, and for the glory and aggrandizement of the Athens, in a particular and pre-eminent degree;

but still, their wars of the tongue, and the unpleasant inroads which these wars make upon domestic prosperity and happiness, are just as unpleasant as though the one party were about to draw the sword for absolute despotism, and the other for blind and indiscriminate democracy.

The Athenian Tories are perhaps the most place-devoted race in the British dominions. Office is their god; and, as is sometimes the case with other devotees, their devotion is fervent in proportion to the feeling they have of their own unworthiness. In defence of that which they worship, they have no more variety of voice than the winged warders of the Roman Capitol. Hence, as I said of the burghal magistracies, they cling to each other, and by that very means separate themselves more from the people than the necessity of the case requires. Their strength consists, mainly, in those imperfections of the elective franchise, and powers of the law officers of the Crown, to which I have alluded: and as those cannot well be defended in argument, eloquence is of little use to them, and they seem to have no great partiality for those who possess it. When they make an attack as a body, in any other way than through the instrumentality of the law, (which they can employ only when the waters of society are a little troubled,) they do it snugly and covertly,—by letting people feel that they have the dispensing of rewards; by standing between a candidate and an office for which he is qualified, or by something of a similar kind. I was told that, at one period, and that not a very remote one, they would hit a man whose politics they did not like, through the medium of his banker; but latterly, the will or the power, or at any rate the practice of this, has been lessened, if not abolished.

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The Athenian Whigs are a mixed multitude, and though they all agree in their opposition to the other party, they are by no means agreed among themselves,—that is, as far as I could discover, they are not all influenced by the same principles, or seeking the same object. The party who are in office, have always among their opponents, and frequently foremost amongst them, a party whose principles and disposition differ not much from their own—namely, the party who wish to get in. As, however, those longers for office cannot, like the enjoyers of office, support themselves by their politics, they have no principle of union, and therefore do not, like the others, unfurl the ensigns, and raise the war-cry, as a party. Were they to do this, it would not only defeat their own object, but cause them to be more disliked by the independent part of the people, than the persons who are in possession. Feeding, whether with pudding or with place, has a tendency to smooth the turbulent passions; while hungering, whether for food or for office, has an effect exactly the opposite. Hence, even the Athenian placeman, whose appetite is most ravenous, and who is prone to snarl at those whom he suspects of a desire to take his portion from him, is the more civil from being in office, unless when he thinks that his honours or emoluments are in danger. Upon this principle, he is kind to those whom he thinks indifferent, and polite, and occasionally generous, to all whom he imagines can strengthen his influence, without turning round in the end, and attempting to share it with him. Hence, also, the place-hunter, I mean him who hunts for it in opposition to the present holder, is always irritable and jealous, and keeps his wishes and his plans as much to himself as ever he can. Thus, such of the Athenian Whigs as would be placemen to the very core, if they had “good opportunities for the ’ork,” are careful to blend, and lose if possible, their peculiar propensities, in the general mass of those who, without any specific or immediate view to their own personal interest, seek for a reform of what they conceive to be the political abuses of their country.

In this way, all that is selfish among the Athenian Whigs can be kept in the background; and as the principles which they abet are much more rational in themselves, much more agreeable to the general feelings of mankind, and much better adapted for declamation, than those which their opponents profess—when they venture to profess any thing, the Whigs always have had, and always will continue to have, the best of

the argument, and the finest of the eloquence upon their side. But though they be by far the most numerous, and the most specious, their chances of success bear no proportion either to their numbers or the apparent superiority of their cause. The opposite party have the command of the public purse, and when the two parties strive, they are thus enabled to throw the expense of both sides upon their antagonists. Such are a few of the principles and practices of Athenian politics,—a war of words, of which it would be no easy matter to define the object, or calculate the end.

The author here ceases his *tirade* against the politics of the modern Athens, and if I am to believe from what I saw, though I did not see all this, it is likely to be all true. It is impossible to extract from his account of the state of the Scotch representation, but it appears by his report, that it is as perfectly corrupt as a representation can well be. There are but few voters on the roll of the freeholders, and as no Scotchman ever *gives* a vote, but calculates for how much he can sell it, it is easy enough to see whither all this must lead. Nothing can in fact be so gross. In England, the county electors at least are tolerably independent; and there are so many, that it is in vain for every one to expect a place for himself or his fifteenth cousin. In Scotland, every man calculates that though he cannot be made an exciseman himself, cousin Jock may, or that Will, his wife's cousin's nephew, may be made surgeon's mate of a frigate, or that Dick is pushing his fortune at Bombay, or something else; and as the concatenation of cousinship is a wide one, there is never wanting some hope or expectancy for somebody. And to add to this corrupted state of the elective franchise, any proprietor may create voters at his pleasure, since the right of voting is separable from the possession of the freehold. Thus the sale of votes is carried on openly; this merchandise fetching, generally, in the market, from three to five hundred pounds, according to the populousness of the county in votes; and the first thing a young writer does when he has raked together five hundred pounds, by hornings or other dirty work, is to lay it out in a vote, or a superiority, as they call it.

In the burghs, or town elections, this author says, that the provosts and baillies who possess the votes can be purchased like the "necks of so many geese;" and if they are sold, it is for the same reasons that some cousin Will or Jock may be able to leave the country which no man stays in who can help it, to push his fortune in the "sooth." As to the Peers, Scotland complains that it has but sixteen representatives; but they are sixteen too many, when it is notorious that they are all nominated by the minister.

With all this, it would be expected that Scotland should possess a strong influence with the minister in Parliament, yet it has none whatever. The Irish members unite hand and heart for any national object, and never fail to carry it: the Scotch members can obtain nothing of the kind. The college of the Athens was fast hastening to ruin, long before Parliament could be persuaded to grant a few thousand pounds towards it. The Parthenon is at a stand, the Parthenon, which is to stamp the name of the MODERN ATHENS to all posterity, and Parliament

has been vainly solicited, even for a farthing. And the reason is plain. Every Scotchman has some private end of his own to gain, and every man is trying to jockey his neighbour in the race after places and pensions. No man cares for his country, and every man cares for himself; rather, for himself first, and then for his first circle of cousins, and then for the second, and so, *gradatim*, to the very verge of the diluted circumference of consanguinity. The minister understands all this; and, by playing off one knave against another, and holding out distant promises, keeps the whole in division, and contrives to get his dirty work done cheaply.

Whatever airs the Athens may give herself in other matters, however she may boast of her taste and her elegance, talk of her science and her literature, cherish the mouldering skeleton of her medical school, no one can be a day within her precincts without discovering that the law is her Alpha and Omega; the food which she eats, the raiment she puts on, the dwelling-house which she inhabits, the conversation in which she engages, the soul which animates her whole frame, the mind which is discovered in every feature of her countenance and every attitude of her body.

The author is severe, but true. Law is the life, the soul, the heart, the liver, the body, and blood of the Athens; it is stamped on every astute and cautious face, it occupies all thoughts; they eat and sleep chicane, lie down to dream of mortgages and interests, and rise to think it over again. Be the man, the event, what they may, the secret and self question is, "what can I make of it?" If a writer cultivates a friendship, it is with the hope of making money out of it; if he gives a dinner, it is with the full assurance that it shall be repaid; if he renders a gratuitous service, it is because he means to balance it hereafter with a solid reward. And so admirably have they contrived to entangle business throughout the country, that a landed proprietor cannot stir an inch without a writer on or about every piece of land he has; an agent at Inverness, an agent at Aberdeen, an agent at Stirling, should be so divided, besides his Edinburgh writer; and, to crown the whole, another cunning Scotchman in London, who takes care that he shall never be without the aid of English law.

There are complaints in England, that when once property gets into chancery, the "infant" becomes grey before he can enjoy it; but the Scottish chancery is incalculably worse; for the moment that a Scotch proprietor allows his lands to pass into the keeping of an Edinburgh agent, from that moment he must lay his account either with losing them altogether, or purchasing them anew; and to enumerate the heirs of Scottish families, who are at any time pining away in heart-broken obscurity, or toiling under the burning suns of the East or the West, in the hope of winning back a poor fragment of the ample heritage to which they were born, would require no trifling succession of pages.

It is matter of trite remark, that very few of the seed of Jacob have ever taken up their abode in the Athens, and that the few who have done so, have in a short time been starved to death or to removal; and it has sometimes been wondered why a people, who have been so successful in pillaging the other nations of Europe, should have failed so completely in this instance. A very slight acquaintance with the Athenian "men of business," as they are called, will explain the fact, and resolve the difficulty. The man of business has all the natural rapacity and cunning of the Jew, and he is at the

same time so well conversant with every quirk and turn of the law, that there is no possibility of calling him to account for his depredations.

Those hounds usually pursue their game in couples. There is one who is called "the dining partner," whose business it is to watch for every inexperienced or expensive man of property, who happens to be spending a few days in the Athens, get invited to the same party with him, ply him with flattery, and when his weak side is once discovered, inflame his vanity upon that. Toward the close of the party, when the wine has circulated with that abundance and rapidity which are common in such cases, the dining partner becomes large in his professions of friendship. The victim swallows the bait with avidity; a meeting takes place in the kennel of the hounds next morning; and a loan of a few thousand pounds, being upon a first security, is negotiated in a manner which is quite fair and equitable; but the men of the law, when they go down to "take their infestment" over the lands, contrive to suggest so many improvements that the supply is speedily exhausted; and, as it has created much more appetite than it has satisfied, another and a larger supply becomes necessary. The terms of this are a little different: money, which was in profusion upon the first occasion, is now difficult to be had. More than the legal interest would invalidate the security; but matters may be so managed, as to give a bond for payment of the interest, and repayment of the principal of fifteen thousand pounds, while ten thousand only is advanced. The gates of ruin are now fairly opened; loan follows after loan, till the whole value of the lands be mortgaged, and the whole rents consumed in interest; and when matters have come to this situation, the men of business press a sale at a time which they know to be disadvantageous, and thus get into their own possession property, upon the improvement of which almost the whole of the sums advanced by them have been expended,—are, in short, much in the same situation as if they had got a present of the lands, and only laid out a few thousand pounds for their improvement. It is not the object of the men of business to retain a great deal of property in land; so they divide the lands into lots, sell them at a handsome profit, and retain the freehold qualifications, either to promote their own political interest, or to part with them for large sums in the event of a disputed election,—a matter which they are often known to bring about for this very purpose. Such are some of the blessings which the legal men of the Athens bestow upon their country, in return for the fees with which it has previously fattened them.

The following picture must be quoted for the purpose of displaying the author's power in the humourous as well as in the satirical manner.

Business commences; the Lords Ordinary take their seats—in places which make them look more like as if they were standing in the pillory than any thing else. But even there, advocates are drudging in their vocations; agents running backwards and forwards with briefs; clients watching the result with palpitating hearts; and the Athenian loungers hanging about, anticipating their Lordships in the decision of the several cases. The well-employed advocates now put you very much in mind of shuttlecocks. They run from bar to bar, making motions here and speeches there, in the most chaos-looking style that can be imagined. Of the whole gown and wig mass, it is but a small portion, however, who are thus occupied; four-fifths of the whole keep trudging on from end to end of the hall, and seem never to expect or even to get a fee; while the bar clerks collected round the fire-places keep up a continual titter at the repetition of all the good jokes of the day; and the same scene continues day after day, and month after month. You are astonished that a place, the real business of which is so dull and so dry, should have charms for so many idle people; but except this Parliament-house there is not another in-door lounge in the whole Athens; and as the business of the courts forms the chief topic of the evening's conversation, many attend for the purpose of qualifying themselves for displays upon a very different arena. It is long before a stranger can bring himself to relish this first and most favourite of all Athenian pleasures. I, for one, got tired of it in two or three days, and began to be of opinion that, however much this fondness for legal proceedings may sharpen the wits of the Athenian

idlers, it is but a sorry treat for those who have no wish either to get rich by the acting, or wise by the suffering of the law.

When the business of the day is over, you can perceive the veteran barristers taking council together as to where they may be joyous for the night; and the younger legal men of all descriptions hurrying off toward Princes Street, in order that they may show themselves to the Athenian fair, before they retreat to drown the daily badgerings in the nightly bowl.

The Athenian University was long the boast of the Athens, not only as a school of philosophy, and a school of medicine, but as a general school of learning; and, with the exception, perhaps, of the latter, the titles were, in the case of a few illustrious men, well earned. Those times have, however, gone by, and the Athenian university, pressed down by the general circumstances of the Athens, and yet more by the peculiar circumstances of its own patronage, has sunk to rise no more.

This is too notorious to be denied; but the Athens alone cannot see that its university is a jest, the exhausted ghost of what never performed many corporeal functions even in its best of days. Here is the author's picture of its principal.

The time has not long gone by, when the principal of that university was numbered, if not with the most learned and profound, at least with the most elegant of historians; but I should be glad to be informed of what person, or thing, or circumstance, the being that I found holding the supreme sway in the Athenian university, and in its metropolitan name, presenting himself before the King, as a specimen and representative of all the universities of Scotland, could write the history. It is true, that the office of this person is not much else than a sinecure, as he seldom comes before the public, except when his name stands rubric to a diploma; but, if an image is found with a wooden head, people are apt to turn away, without any very much examination of the limbs. It is said, more wittily than wisely perhaps, among the fledglings at the seats of science in the south, that "whatever may be the walls, the heads of houses are most commonly of lead;" and the saying might be carried to the Athens, if it were worth the trouble. I was told that, if at some former point of Athenian history, this personage had not been a bachelor, and the daughter of a quondam provost of the Athens a damsel to be wooed, the college of the Athens might have gone all unprincipalled for him.

A fact which has been repeated a hundred times. This author, indeed, states that such a choice, even with regard to the professors, is inevitable, as the election lies either with a stupid set of baillies, or is more directly a political job in the hands of the minister. My residence was too short to get at the bottom of what is local, and in present action. Here, in Norfolk Street, I can only judge of the present by the past, of the literati and literature of the Athens, by what is vulgarly known; but it all agrees well with the judgment of this critic.

It appears too that the Scotch church, staunch as every church has ever shown itself in pursuing its own aggrandisement, has

Usurped every professor's chair in the Athenian college which can be by any sophistry twisted into a compatibility with the functions of a minister of the Kirk. After the very Reverend personage who, as aforesaid, groans under the load of the principality (not of Wales), the chairs, not only of divinity, church history, and Hebrew, but of logic and rhetoric, and the belles lettres, are in the hands of the Athenian priests.

Not many years have gone by since the whole Athens was thrown into confusion, because one of the brethren was not permitted to squelch his carcass into the chair of

mathematics, and become the successor of Mac Laurin, and Stewart, and Playfair; and had he succeeded, the Athenians would perhaps ere now have had a clerical expounder of "Dirlton's Doubts" in the chair of law, and a holder forth in the Tron Kirk wielding the anatomical scalpel during the week. The objections taken to the better-qualified candidate upon that occasion, were such as to throw considerable light upon the feeling of *eorum ministrorum* toward the university, and to enable one to form a pretty accurate guess at what will be its state if their unquenchable longing for it shall ever be fully satisfied. The exception which they took was a grave charge of infidelity, founded upon an allusion to David Hume, contained in a note to a purely philosophic book, and a book, too, which, both from its subject and its style, was never likely to get into general circulation; and would be read by nobody, merely on account of the note—the only part which was impugned as being contrary to the canons of orthodoxy.

Why, the thunder of this dispute absolutely extended its growlings to Lucknow; for I remember well the virulent pamphlets put there into my hands, which, if I recollect right, were brought over by the son of the Professor of Moral Philosophy; not the elegant O'Doherty who figures in Blackwood, but the gazette writer for Scotland.

This author is candid enough to allow that the constitution of the Athenian university is not bad, if the patronage were duly administered. Indeed, there can be no better plan for ensuring the effectual services of men, than to pay them in proportion to their talents and exertions; which must be the effect of fees. But all this good is defeated, if the professor is to be elected by ignorant shopkeepers, because he is a cousin, or a son-in-law, or a churchman, or a staunch Tory, or a friend of the minister. And if the attendance is compulsory, or rather the fees, as it is in many cases, the whole degenerates into a gross abuse.

It appears, in particular, that the medical school is absolutely dead, defunct, and gone. The author speaks with some reverence of its older days, but when did it begin to fall off. I suspect it owed a good deal of its old fame to the same system of puffing by which the Athens gains its ends, and by which it is still called the first medical school of the world. At present, says the critic, there is not a man fit to light a furnace for Black, or hold the scalpel for Monro, or the book for Gregory. Which Monro, and which Gregory? As to Black, he did nothing, while chemistry was making rapid strides every where; not only did nothing, but shut his eyes to the light. He was said to have made discoveries; but it was like a man who finds a diamond and throws it aside; he did not know their value, and brought them to nothing. Priestley discovered more in a week than Black did in the forty years of his professorship; and, if he had not been an Athenian, his name would have never been heard of, as it is now forgotten. If the world is to judge of the talents of his successor by his discoveries, they are still less; nothing.

As to Cullen, he appears to have been an old woman, but he was "equus inter asinos." Perhaps his "First Lines" may be intelligible to medical readers, as every trade has a jargon of its own for the initiated; all I know is, that it is nonsense to the apprehension of a civilian who is not read in the cant of this sect. In the long leisure of a long sickness, and in hopes of relief to myself and my servants, I

laboured like a tiger to extract some sense out of it, and I found plenty of words, but no ideas. Spasm, conditions of the nervous system, collapse, excitement, and such cabalistical terms, were always before my eyes; but I sought in vain for the meaning, and gave the point up in despair. Buchan is positive sense, in comparison.

But as all the world agrees that the medical school of the Athens is the worst in the world, while it is the most boastful, that M—— does not know an artery from a nerve, that Gregory was a blustering quack (I do not know even the name of his successor), that Rutherford knew as much botany as Graham, and Graham as Rutherford, and so for all the rest, I must leave the author and them to settle it as they best can. As to the professor of “slate and granite,” this gentleman affirms that he has published for immortality, which is consolatory amid such a dearth of talent. Whether he is a Huttonian or a Wernerian, however, we are not informed.

The Royal Society is a “coterie of old wives,” with a poet for a president, a “humdrum and heavy editor of an Encyclopædia for a secretary,” and a few wisdom-struck squires, including Sir George Mackenzie, the tragedian, men who amuse themselves with the “small philosophy of mosses and muscle shells,” for all else. Of all these matters, I cannot judge as I did of the odours of the High Street; but the author seems to know his own townsmen well, for that he is an Athenian himself, though a renegado son, seems unquestionable.

But the world at large can judge of the boasted literature and science of the Athens. If we are to believe an Athenian, Scotland comprises all the talent of Britain, just as the manners of its *société* include every thing that is elegant and polished. We will venture to say that no one can be one minute in the female, or the mixed society of the Athens, without being struck by the vulgarity, provincial vulgarity, as well as *pretension*, which pervades even its uppermost classes. There is a style of feeling and manner even among the female portion which cannot be concealed for a moment; and when it thinks fit to ape the imaginary freedom of good London society, it becomes familiar and pert. Like a man of *mauvaise honte*, it knows not how to depart from its natural sulky shyness without becoming forward.

As to its literary and scientific talent, past and present, the catalogue is soon told. In its earlier days, Scotland possessed some show of literature and poetry, and promised more. It was, perhaps, on a par with England. But mark the tremendous gulf between. The literature of the Athens in George the Third's day was scarcely that of Anne; it was a century in arrears. But if you speak to a Scotchman, Athenian or not, he overwhelms you with the names of Hume, and Smith, and Robertson. Push him still further, and you get Beattie and Reid, and Stewart, and then Campbell and Maclaurin, and perhaps Millar, and possibly Playfair, and then the Man of Feeling, and he becomes gra-

ually more and more puzzled, unless he escapes by knocking you down with Burns and the Great Unknown.

TO All this time he is utterly ignorant of English authors and English literature; of the giants which it has produced in every department of letters and science, names almost unknown to him. Of that army, of poets, of theologians, of classical scholars, of mathematicians, and even of metaphysicians, his darling subject, he seems never to have heard. If his mind reverts to history, it is to think of Robertson; if to metaphysics, of Beattie—the wretched feeble Beattie; if to mathematics, perhaps of Napier. On theology, he has not even a name to produce, unless it be Boston—yes, Blair; and in classical learning, he must be content with George Buchanan, a single plant in the dreary desert. If he doubts the ignorance of his country in classical learning, let him ask his own countryman, Irvine; we may give him Ruddiman, if he pleases, but what then? Every man learns Latin in the Athens, and some learn Greek; and yet Scotland has not, with scarcely an exception, produced, and does not contain, a classical scholar fit for the fifth form at Eton.

Robertson was an elegant historian—admitted; his style is agreeable; but what has he done for the obscure history of Scotland, and where are the qualities that mark the historian. Hume was almost as much a Parisian as a Scotchman. Henry was a useful plodder, and the tale is almost told. Compare the boasted metaphysics of Caledonia with the metaphysical writings of England; and, after all, what is the value of nine tenths of the trash standing under the name of Reid, Beattie, Campbell, Smith, and Stewart. But why proceed: there is not a scholar or a man of science who does not know how to value Scotland, provided he be not a Scotchman.

There is no better way of judging of a people than by the gods which they worship. Beattie, Gregory, Allan Ramsay, Blackwood, Playfair, dull, slow, Playfair, the “elegant” Playfair, who was a week in writing a sentence, beau Leslie, Sir James Hall, who takes a quarto to say what might be told in ten lines, professor Walker, Tom Mac-knight, fiddler and aspirant to mathematics, the man who had his head shot off for making dull epigrams—these, and of these “be thy gods,” O Athens. But listen to the Athenian himself, and wonder. Hear him despise the Babylonian, and smile. But we must excuse him, for he has never heard but of himself, he has seen none but himself in his own looking glass; he is “himself alone,” and like the Pagan Turk, he exclaims to himself, he exclaims to the world “There is but one city, and that city is the Athens; there is but one philosophy, and that philosophy is Athenian—Allah, illah, Allah.”

The Athens is a bad provincial town. Without one of the merits of a large city, it has all the faults and vices of a coterie. It is its own model and referee, nought but itself can be its parallel. Every man knows his neighbour, and of his neighbour; and every man and every

woman scans the loves, and hates, and relationships, and creeds, of every other man and woman : imagining itself a capital, and behaving like a paltry village. And while the men squabble about Pitt and Melville, or Hume and Brougham, the women make parties about their pastors, and those who cannot fight about the House of Commons, fight about the house of the Lord, and dispute about Thomson and Chalmers.

As to the learning of their clergy, what is it, or what has it ever been? Nothing has it produced beyond those sermons which all may write who ever held a pen ; and the mass of their country " ministers " are mere farmers, men without classical learning or theology, very fit for their audiences, doubtless, and probably very virtuous men, but without education and acquirements, and with manners as coarse as their glebes.

They boast of their horrid music too, just as they boast of their Man of Feeling, one of those who is among the most successful examples of the value of puffing. To hear of his elegance and his taste still, is absolutely nauseating. This very " Man of Feeling " to which he owes the *soubriquet* that has stood him in such stead, is a wretched copy of the Spectator—a sort of Washington Irvingian writing ; and as to his other novels, they are absolutely beneath contempt. The Great Unknown we cheerfully grant them, for he has done more for their fame than his whole country united.

As to the Edinburgh Review, this author remarks properly, that all the talent of Edinburgh could not have supported it for a single year. It is a mere name ; and ninety nine of a hundred of its articles have been the produce of England. It was a lucky concurrence of circumstances that led to its being dated from Edinburgh ; but it would not the less have been written, and written as it has been, had the editor practised at the English bar, and Longman's name occupied the place of Constable's.

That the Athens should boast of Blackwood's magazine, is a sufficient proof of the elegance of its feelings and the quality of its taste. And this magazine has been, if it is not now, conducted by its Professor of Moral Philosophy ; while it is strongly suspected too, that the Great Unknown stands perdue, and pulls some of the strings at least. Those who choose may consult the book here under review for a more detailed opinion, both of this work and of the Edinburgh Review. The world cannot see to what purpose the Hones and the Carliles are persecuted, together with all the ribaldry which has issued from what is called the radical press ; it cannot complain of John Bull, on the other side, while Blackwood is held up as wit, and its contributors as men of taste and elegant literature. To all but an Athenian, its Norths and its O'Dohertys must appear as basely scurrilous, as their style and matter is unintelligible : but it is Athenian, and that is a sufficient answer. But to go back to the author and critic himself :

Having heard a great deal about the intellectuality of the Athens, and its superiority in genius, in taste, and in literature, above every other city in the world, I made a point of examining, with all the care and candour that I could exercise. I began, too, with a strong, yes, a very strong prejudice in its favour; for it had been rung again and again in my ears, that, compared with what was to be found here, the whole world beside was an empire of dulness. But my fond, and, as it proved to be, my foolish prejudice, became less and less, at every step; and, whether I would or not, I was compelled to see, that the greater part of the name which somehow or other the Athens has gotten, has been gotten through the unceasing brazen-frontedness of her own self-idolatry. In various parts of the Athens, I found men *pirouetting* in small evolutions of what they call philosophy.

What the philosophy is, let those seek who know where to find it. The critic says:

I have said, and I dare themselves to deny it, that her men in office are a trifling and a truckling race; I have said, and I dare themselves to deny it, that a great mass of her scribes unite some of the worst propensities of the Jew, with none of the best of the attorney; I have said, and I dare them to deny it, that her schools of philosophy have "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf," and that her philosophical societies pursue trifles, from which even school-boys would turn with disdain; and I have said, that her *gentry* have neither the capacity nor the means of encouraging the sciences, literature, and the fine arts; but though I have said thus, and said it from personal—perhaps painful, observation, I am bound to add, that in point of intellect, and all matters considered in point of conduct, the populace of the Athens are far superior to any with which I am acquainted. When I visited the public libraries, the men whom I found borrowing the classical and philosophical books wore aprons, while the occasional lady or gentleman that I saw there, was satisfied with the romance of the week, or the pamphlet of the day.

In speaking of the education of the Athenian youth, he says:

From the peculiar kind and manner of education which I have noticed, the young men of the Athens are more impertinent and self-sufficient than those of any other place that I have seen. They know not much, and the little that they do know is far from being accurate; but they state their opinions with a forwardness, and support even their ignorance and their errors with a pertinacity at which you are quite astonished. Perhaps it is this precocity in assertion which renders the Athenians so querulous and dogmatical after they grow up.

As the sums of money which can be afforded to be spent or squandered away in the Athens are not great, there is not much deep playing or costly dissipation in the city. But though the immorality of the Athens costs less than that of a wealthier place, there is not proportionally the less of it upon this account; and though the number of what may be termed gentlemanlike indiscretions be very limited, yet there is perhaps no place of equal proportion which rivals the Athens in low vice. Indeed, the vices of her people are almost all equally low, or if there be any who strive to outdo their fellows, it is by a deeper plunge in downright beastliness.

Among the dashing bloods of the Athens, the squalor of a house is no objection whatever. Scotch economy prompts them to get every thing cheap, and hence there are in the Athens sinks of vice, supported and frequented by those who call themselves gentlemen, that would hardly be tolerated, or even supposed, in the very lowest neighbourhood of any other place. I have been told that nothing can be more shocking either to morality or taste, than the midnight orgies of certain clubs of the Athenian *esprits forts*; and among all ranks of the Athenians—I mean among all the ranks of those who wear the dress and assume the name of gentlemen,—the practice of drinking is both habitual and deep.

The real state of taste and civilization in any place is perhaps better known from the vices of the inhabitants, than from their virtues; and if the Athens is to be judged by this standard, she has not much of which she can boast, as the broad and vulgar debaucheries of her people not only occupy much more of their time, but engross much more of their conversation, than is the case in the British metropolis. There is a cause for every thing, and perhaps a reasonable part of the cause of this may be found in that peculiarity of the Athenian education which I noticed in a former chapter. The purity, the ignorance, and the simplicity of the number of young men and boys who are annually added to the mass of the Athens, the novelty of their having all restraint taken off, and the example and encouragement with which they naturally meet, dispose them to proceed to greater lengths in dissipation than if their introduction were more gradual. The limited nature of their finances, too, and the operation of those lessons of thrift and parsimony, which no parents are fonder of inculcating than the Scotch, lead them to cheapness rather than elegance, in their pleasures; and the debased and vulgar taste which they thus acquire in their boyhood clings to them after they are men, and not only gives the tone to their vices, but in some measure also to their whole character. Accordingly, in no place that I have visited is there more licence of conversation, more general freedom from all manner of restraint, and a more total absence of scruples of any kind, than among the scribes of the Athens.

This is an agreeable picture, and it is only to be wished that the critic has seen it through prejudices or anger. It does not appear that he has been answered, at least. If it was so in my younger days, I was among the innocents, and quitted it before my education was completed. I did not remain long enough to see it after my return, and it must be believed, or not, on the critic's credit.

The last picture is more light, and is amusing; and here the book draws to a close.

Another small feature in the character of the Athenians is the high and supercilious disdain with which they affect to look down, not merely upon their fellow-Scotchmen, but upon all the world. How they originally came by this quality, it would not be easy to determine, and therefore it is, perhaps, needless to inquire; but, as it is permanent and general, it must have something upon which it permanently feeds. It is by no means peculiar to those who are born in the Athens; for no sooner does a Lowland clown take up his locality there as a writer's clerk, than he begins to toss up his head at the land which produced and fed him, and "writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*." And no sooner does a tattered and trowserless *Rorie* escape from the wilds of Sutherland, or the woods of Rannoch, to lug half an Athenian fair one from tea-party to tea-party, than "she is a shentlemans, and teuks her whisky wi' a 'Cot tam' like a loört;" and, in fact, it seems a contest between those two sets of worthies, which shall take the lead in Athenian dandyism. Indeed, in personal grace at least, the "shentlemans" must be allowed to have much the better of the "*armigero*."

He proceeds to say, that nothing of a higher class of dandyism exists in the Athens, and then adds—

Perhaps it is this total absence of every thing elegant in the shape of man from the public streets and walks of the Athens, that has given so singular a twist to the minds and manners of the Athenian fair. Those dandies, instead of being objects for admiration, are subjects for criticism; and when an Athenian belle first quits her bread and butter, and flits forth to conquer the world—heedless of the fact, that such was the condition of a dear papa ere he *boosed* himself into some government office, "processed" (I do not use that word in the Yankee meaning,) into the management of some laird's estate, or the estate itself—she curls up her nose at these, the only "creatures" that

she meets, with so much force as to give it, as Dr. Barclay would say, "a sidereal aspect" for life. For a long time she holds fast her aversion; but though her nose be elevated, her fortunes do not rise along with it. Time drives the wheels of his carriage across her countenance, and there is no filling up the ruts which they leave. Meanwhile the despised clerks become wigg'd advocates, or wily solicitors; and the lady stretches her neck over her six-pair-of-stairs window, to catch a glance of the bustling man of business whom she despised and contemned when he was a Princes-street walking boy, and would have accounted her society and countenance the very choicest thing in the world. Time, who is the most delightful of all visitors during the early stage of his acquaintance, gradually introduces his friends; and at last, old hobbling Despair is admitted into his coterie. In some places, the ladies to whom he has been introduced seek their quietus at the card-table; in others, they abandon this world for the next, and very frequently choose the by-paths to heaven—because a way thronged with dissenting ministers is always a sort of love-lane, in which a lady may at least gather the dry stalks of those flowers which she neglected to pull while they were in season. But in the Athens they go another way to work,—they dip their stockings in heaven's name, pass through the hoops of small philosophy to the heaven-ward attic, (from which, perchance, the Athens takes its name,) and thence launch the bolts of their criticism against all the world below—that is, all the world of their own sex, and below their own age.

The conclusion concludes—

The Athens boasts of herself as a model of elegance and of taste: I found her a compound of squalour and vulgarity. She boasts of her philosophy: I found it pursuing thistle-down over the wilderness. She boasts of her literary spirit: I found her literature a mere disjointed skeleton, or rather the cast-skin of a toothless serpent. She boasts of her public spirit: I found almost every man pursuing his own petty interests, by the most sinister and contemptible means; and, perchance, the most noisy of her patriots standing open-mouthed, if so that the very smallest fragment of place or pension might drop into them. She boasts of the encouragements that she has given to genius: I looked into the record, and I found that every man of genius who had depended upon her patronage, had been debauched and starved. She boasts of the purity of her manners: I found the one sex engaged in slander as a trade, and the other in low sensuality as a profession. Under those findings—and they required not to be sought—I had no alternative for my judgment.

Verily thou art not a gentle critic.

THE LATE EDITOR OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE late Editor of the *Quarterly Review* has exercised so much power as to render it proper for us, the watchers of the watchmen, to pass some judgment on the man and on the nature of his criticism—to consider what Mr. Gifford was, and what a person who conducted a work intended to influence and direct by criticism the literature of the age should have been.

Mr. Gifford was to a great degree a self-taught man. His history, which he tells in a manner very creditable to himself, in the introduction to his translation of Juvenal, is briefly this. The child of very poor parents, he was left an orphan at a very early age, and after a boyhood

passed in extreme misery, he reached his twentieth year, without the common rudiments of learning. He was then a shoemaker's apprentice at Ashburton, in Devonshire. His body was not fitted for labour, and he seems to have been in a most wretched plight, when he was discovered by a benevolent surgeon of the name of Cookesley to possess some abilities, and to have made, without instruction, some progress in the mathematics. A subscription was raised by Mr. Cookesley "for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." Eighteen months of Gifford's life were purchased for six pounds: exactly six and eight-pence a month; which shows that the editor of the Quarterly must in his best days have been a very indifferent shoe-maker. He was sent, by the same kind aid, two years after, to Exeter College, Oxford, as Bible clerk. Mr. Cookesley died, and Gifford would have been, perhaps, not much less miserable as a Bible clerk than as a shoemaker's apprentice, if he had not by an accident been introduced to the notice of the late Earl Grosvenor, who was taken by his abilities or his story, and provided for his support. He afterwards travelled with the present Earl Grosvenor, as bear-leader, if the name of bear may be applied to so urbane a nobleman, or that of leader to so friendly a companion. In the rest of his life there was nothing peculiar or romantic. "He struck root," as Cobbett terms it, "into the pockets of the people," the holder of a sinecure. He was for a time, we believe, Editor, or joint-editor of the Anti-jacobin newspaper. For a long time, as every one knows, he has been Editor of the Quarterly Review.

In the struggles, or the accidents, by which a man emerges from wretchedness and from ignorance, there is much to interest and to gratify us, and we are always ready to hope that the enlarged experience of the world which may be acquired in the course of them, may make amends for the misery that has been endured. In some minds, under some circumstances, we have no doubt that it is so; but we are afraid it is more generally true that suffering produces any thing but patience, and injuries any thing but mildness or justice. The knocks and rubs of Gifford's boyhood appear to have affected the temper of the whole of his after life. Wordsworth talks of a man

Who long compell'd in humble walks to go

Was soften'd into feeling, soothed and tamed.

Love he had known in huts where poor men lie, &c.

But Gifford was treated in the early part of his life with little kindness by the world, and there appears to have been no love lost on his part; "by degrees," he says of his shoe-making days, "I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor, or if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wanted the exertion in polemetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent, unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future; an object at once of apprehension and dislike."

The bitterness with which the boy is so deeply imbued must have some effect upon the man. This state of feeling may have arisen from no protervity of Gifford's natural disposition. There must have been, no doubt, much in a Presbyterian master which would have given just cause of sourness to the mildest apprentice; but since we are the joint product of nature and circumstance, many an unhappy author may have had reason to lament that the future editor of the Quarterly Review was ever under the tuition of a sectarian cordwainer.

There is too in self-taught persons a feeling towards learning, not unlike that of a *parvenu* towards wealth—an ostentatious mode of using it—a habit of setting value upon manifestations of it, which those who have gotten into the possession of it at an earlier period, or with less merit of their own, care little about. Happily, there is in men of this description, very commonly, a pleasant flow of good humour with themselves and others, which prevents the display of their notions of the value of their possessions from taking any thing of an offensive character. But an ill-tempered *parvenu* either in estate or letters is the very devil.

Gifford's account of his employment in his apprenticeship, his “exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks,” in some sort applies to the style of his criticism. There is rarely any comprehensiveness in his views, or continuity in his elevation. He is much more studious to make others *appear* to be in the wrong, than to *be* himself in the right. To spy a flaw or to make one, to crush or to afflict the insignificant—and if he meddle with the powerful at all, to give them sly stabs with his critical awl, or to throw dirt on their coats from his lurking hole—to make faces at them, instead of grappling with them—these with an ostentatious display of the riches of the accidence seem from his writings to be his delight. There was never a man or a critic possessed of less magnanimity, never one who had a more irresistible propensity to kick every lame cur of the adverse faction that came in his way, or less of a disposition to raise his toe against any thing that was likely to snap at it. It is almost needless to say, that such a temper is quite inconsistent with a sound judgment. If it does not arise out of a defect of the mind, it soon produces one.

There is a notion which it is our duty to encourage, that no editor can or ought to be answerable for all the vices of a periodical work under his direction. We speak, therefore, with more confidence of Gifford, from the works published under his name, particularly his Massinger, and his Juvenal, which afford fair opportunities for the display of his mind, temper, and knowledge. In them we often admire the whole energy of the man displayed upon trifling occasions—the ridicule, impotent only from the overdose of bitterness against the mistakes of others, side by side by the grossest blunders of his own, producing an effect not unlike that of the squinting cobbler in one of Hogarth's prints, who, in grinning at the besmudged visage of his neighbours, displays and exaggerates his own indomitable deformity. When we speak of his blundering, it would

be grossly unfair not to limit and explain the expression. Though he is constantly taking credit for other men's discoveries, yet where the power of his mind, and where the apparatus of his research, is brought to bear on a particular point, he is generally the reverse of a blunderer, he has a clear mode of seeing and explaining himself. But he was neither well-grounded enough to secure himself from literary lapses, nor had he the judgment which was the more necessary to direct his acuteness, as the sharper instrument requires the steadier hand. We do not know a more signal instance of his absurdity (though the examples abound) than in his translation of the tenth satire of Juvenal.

The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth.
Even then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts and trembles at a rush's shade ;
While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And in the spoiler's presence trolls his song.

It must seem strange to the reader of Mr. Gifford's translation, that a traveller should particularly choose the night in the time of Juvenal, "to win his way by stealth," unless his business was stealing. Horace not a century before had said—

Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte latrones ;

which Mr. Gifford would translate, to cut men's throats—robbers rise any time but at night. Juvenal's words, however, are as plain as need be, if Mr. Gifford had not in one of his splenetic tricks undertaken to pervert them—

*Pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri,
Nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis ;
Et motæ ad Lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram.
Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*

But the translator's explanation is not less droll than his version. "The poet is still speaking of Nero's time, and he alludes to the cautious practice of those who being in possession of a few valuables wished to remove them without being seen." Remove them whither? Into the next bailiwick? It is very new certainly to bring that Nero, who is described a little before as having seized the wealth of Seneca and Longinus, and the *Egregias ædes Lateranorum*, down to the level of the man who stole Mr. Justice Bayley's cup at Ascot races, and to make him on the watch to *nim* any piece of plate that ventured into the sunshine. The whole of the sentence—beginning, middle, and end, would leave no man who had the least discourse of reason at a loss for the drift of these plain words. The poet has before shown that under certain circumstances great masses of wealth have insured the destruction of their owner ; and then he goes on to say that even a small quantity of superfluous wealth is to its possessor at certain times (*pauca licet portes*,) a source of danger, or at least painful solicitude.

An instance in which the snip-snap and the blunder go together, is to be found in the note on the line (*Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo*—Satir. vi. 64).—"In a profound treatise on dancing, which I know only by an extract in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the author cites this passage to prove that there was a female dancer of the name of Chironomon. Papæ! *The Chironomon* here mentioned was a *ballet of action*, founded on the well-known amour of Leda, in which some favourite dancer, probably Paris, was the principal performer." Mr. Gifford might just as well say that the *Primo Buffo* means a comic opera, as that Chironomon is a ballet of action.*

These the readers may say are trifling matters. We cannot help it. They are those in which Mr. Gifford delights. His occasional blunders, his snappishness and mischievous and splenetic perversions of plain passages, Mr. Gifford has in common with much more learned verbal critics than himself. In his worst times he is not so wrong-headed as Bentley; as in his best he is never so acute. It may be doubted, however, whether the ill temper, the straining constantly to discover small errors, and the pride generated at often finding them, the narrow vision and the mighty conceit which verbal criticism creates, particularly fit a man for judging of literature as it grows up in an age which has had some great men. Whatever qualifications this study might have, we are sure it was not increased by the circumstance that he attempted himself to write poetry. Men, like Goethe and Walter Scott, may be fitter to criticise contemporary works of imagination, because their power or their fame relieves them from the temptation of sacrificing their rivals. But it requires a better temper than Mr. Gifford to enable a man who has himself been straining impotently to produce poetry, to be the judge of the poetry of the age. What work has he made of the noblest passages of Juvenal? When there is plain sense to be given in a homely manner he occasionally succeeds; but let the poet soar, and the translator sprawls. There is nothing in Juvenal finer than the reflexion on the account of Domitian's fish, and no line more poetical than the concluding one;—

* It is curious, with the ostentation of care which he exhibits, to see how deficient he is in critical judgment.

The passage—

"——— longum

"Attendit Thymele, Thymele tunc rustica discit,"

he mistranslates; the following is a corrupt version—

"While rustick Thymele, with curious eye,

"Marks the quick pant," &c.

Rustick Thymele! Rustic Vestris! Thymele is spoken of in two other places in Juvenal, i. 36, and viii. 197, in such a way as to leave no doubt that she was the dancer, and not the spectator. Thymele is a name borrowed from the altar or place of sacrifice of the ancient stage θυμιατήρ, but we doubt whether Mr. Gifford had much Greek.

Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
 Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi
 Illustresque animas impune et vindice nullo.
 Sed, periit, postquam cædonibus esse timendus
 Cœperat; hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.—

which Mr. Gifford gives thus:—

Oh, that such scenes, disgraceful as the most,
 Had all those years of tyranny engros't
 In which he daily drain'd, by none withstood,
 The city of its best and noblest blood.
 And yet he fell! he fell! for when the herd
 First felt his cruelty to them transferr'd,
 They seized the murderer, wet with Lamian gore,
 And—

What d'ye think?

And instant hurl'd him to the infernal shore.

Oh, Juvenal, Juvenal, how art thou translated!

The well-known conclusion of the tenth satire is just as flat—

Here bound at length thy wishes. I but teach
 What blessings man by his own powers may reach.
 The path to peace is virtue—we should see
 If wise, O Fortune, nought divine in thee.*

When we view such platitudes as these we shall not wonder how it happens that the Quarterly Review dealt almost entirely in that sort of poetry that every one else thought below notice, and why little was mentioned, and less praised, but what approached nearest to Mr. Gifford, and was beneath even him.† We confess that it is not easy to bring proofs of this assertion without turning over a whole series of the Quarterly Review, for the poets and the poems that have engrossed its attention are so insignificant that we forget who and what they are. But every reader of the work must have felt with us in almost every number of it, the nausea and disappointment arising from its poetical criticism, which may be called the weighing in false scales things not worthy to be weighed at all.

* The note on the passage immediately preceding is disgraced by a filthy piece of falsehood and cant. Ut tamen et poscas aliquid, &c. Mr. Gifford calls an "earnest recommendation of a due regard to the public and ceremonial part of religion," and abuses Dryden for approaching more nearly to the meaning of the author. Surely learning, morality, and common-sense, must have been in a very low condition when it could answer any man's purpose so scandalously to misrepresent a scarcely doubtful passage, and to be afraid to allow a philosophical poet to sneer at the idolatry of his times.

† Lord Byron is, we believe, the only exception. The early friendship of the editor, his connexion with the bookseller, and his rank, conspired to secure him from censure or to procure him notice.

THE OPERA.

WE were not of the number of those who apprehended any mischief from the indecent attacks of The Times on Velluti: had a performer so assailed been about to make his appearance at the Coburg Theatre, the Circus, the Royalty, Covent Garden, or the Yorkshire Stingo, or any other place of vulgar resort that can be named, we should have trembled not only for his success, but for his life and limbs, when we saw him pointed out as a sort of reptile to be loathed and crushed in the columns of a journal whose opinions are probably held in esteem in the ale-houses, and whose instigations to brutality are likely to be materially aided by the inflammatory and stupifying libations which accompany its perusal in those places—meet temples for the oracle. But an Opera audience, we were well assured, were not to be influenced by the cant of The Times, more especially when it interfered with their pleasures, and we should just as soon have expected to see a gentleman come staggering into the house, roaring drunk with “*Deady’s best*,” or “*Old Tom*,” as to discover one brutalized by the ravings of the “leading journal.” The higher classes may, and indeed do take leave of their senses occasionally, like tinkers and tailors, but their taste raises them above the reach of certain influences, and they are about as likely to fuddle themselves with “Whitbread’s entire” as to dement themselves with The Times. So long as this paper goes with the public sentiment, and corroborates opinion, it is a powerful engine; but it would seem that by some wise dispensation the moment it swerves from this policy, and ventures on an act of mischief, it is struck with impotence, and covers itself with odium from the attempt, and with ridicule from the failure. Had The Times desired to dissipate the *prestige* concerning the irresistible power of the press, and to show that it loses its strength when it would pervert it to injury, the “leading journal” could not have accomplished its object better than by its recent attacks on Kean and Velluti. Kean came within the immediate sphere of its powers in a public theatre, a great part of which is filled by the folks of the public-house; but yet The Times was beat on this ground, for Kean was as popular in the tap-rooms as the leading journal, and *cæteris paribus*, his cause was the just one, and all men who have not some inducement to be unjust, pique themselves on being just; thus the very persons on whom the paper could best have counted on this occasion, deserted it and went over to the enemy, and a few canters only hissed a good actor because his morality was bad. The common prejudices against a foreigner might have arrayed the vulgar against Velluti; and in one of the national theatres, where the mob are all powerful, the labours of The Times might not have been wholly lost, and he might have been exposed, at least, to ruffianly annoyance; but with the Opera audience we were confident that liberality would prevail, and we were not deceived, nay, it ran into an extreme, as is usual in these cases, and the raptures with

which this performer was received were nearly as ridiculous as the attack on him was brutal—so true is the vulgar proverb that one fool makes another, whether in emulation or in opposition. Velluti made his appearance in Meyerbeer's opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*, which was performed for the first time for his benefit; notwithstanding the encouraging thunder of applause with which he was greeted, he seemed in an extremely nervous state throughout the evening,* and an injudicious attempt to encore him, which was resisted, gave occasion to an unnecessary mortification that he was ill able to bear; having come on the stage with a humility of demeanour, which it was painful to witness, to repeat the song, a great clamour ensued, and he obviously mistook the opposition to the encore, for an attack on himself; for a few moments he appeared overwhelmed, and as if crouching for mercy, but, after a short time, he drew himself up and folded his arms, with the air of one whose spirit was roused by unjust and barbarous treatment. He was mistaken; for, as we have explained, the disapprobation was merely to the repetition of a long piece of music; but we liked him the better for this show of self-assertion. Towards the end of the performance, two or three vulgar fellows in the gallery (they could not have been more numerous) indulged in some gross mimicry, but finding that the pleasantry did not take with the audience, and that it only served to provoke encouragement of the performer, at whose expense they exercised their wit, they were soon silent, and the curtain fell amidst a tumult of applause. It was pleasant enough at this moment to call to mind some fulsome cant in *The Times* of that day, about "the manly British public, and the pure British fair," who were either not to go to the opera, or to go into fits, or to abominate, or to loathe; we do not, indeed, precisely remember what edifying thing they were to do, but it was certainly something very unlike that which they did do; for "the pure British fair" filled the boxes in great numbers, and "the manly British public" testified their

* The fact is, that on the first night he was in a state of complete exhaustion. On the Wednesday, the day preceding his appearance, there were two rehearsals of *Il Crociato*; the last was called for half-past seven o'clock, but it did not commence till nearly ten, and lasted till half-past two. No one but Velluti knew any thing about the manner in which the opera should be produced, and he had to direct every particular, from the instruction of the singers and choruses, down even to the arraying of the soldiers and slaves on the stage. The fatigue of these exertions, added to anxiety of mind concerning his own reception, very sufficiently account for the extreme nervousness under which he obviously laboured on the Thursday night. His voice was, of course, considerably affected by these circumstances, and it was shriller than we have since heard it. We have been informed, but we are loath to believe it, that some savage took the trouble to translate the brutal article in *The Times* of the Thursday, and sent it to Velluti; and, doubtless, if such a wanton barbarity was committed, the perpetrator would allege in his defence a violent zeal for humanity! *The Times* itself throughout has by its own confession been inspired by no other feeling, and has never failed to whimper over Velluti, even when in the act of scourging him; thus reminding us of the man in the *Arabian Nights*, who, having regularly once a day flogged four hitches with extreme vigour, wept over them, and wiped their tears away with a fine embroidered pocket handkerchief.

satisfaction by making a greater uproar than we ever before heard in the King's Theatre—a work by the bye in which many of “the pure British fair,” *manibus pedibusque*, assisted. Under other circumstances, we should not have admired this extravagance, but as opposed to malignity we could not but regard it as excusable, if not respectable.

We had been warned that we should not be pleased with Velluti's voice on first hearing it, and that, like olives, it would be disliked at first, but extremely relished after a few trials; we did not, however, actually dislike it at first, and we liked it better on a second hearing; but the hot weather having suspended our visits to the Opera, we will frankly confess that we have not arrived at that degree of admiration which is promised to assiduous listeners. That he is a perfect master of the science it is easy to perceive, and his execution is wonderful, and not to be resembled to any thing we have ever heard; but if we could imagine an automaton as skilled in singing, as Roger Bacon's fabled clock-work head was in speaking, we can fancy that the effect would be similar; for the precision with which Velluti executes the most difficult passages, can only be compared with that of a piece of machinery, and the likeness would hold good also in respect of an occasional want of modulation in his highest tones, and a certain grating sharpness of finish. Some pieces of music he performs exactly as a steam-engine would perform them, if a steam-engine could be made to sing, taking each note with unerring accuracy, and taking each by a separate impulse, instead of floating on the gamut as less perfect singers commonly do. In other compositions we have, however, heard him excel in this latter particular, and have been surprised at the extraordinary sweetness of some of his tones, and the smoothness of his transitions, but generally speaking, it strikes us that there is an unmusical abruptness, and we might almost say a harshness in his style. Altogether we are rather astonished than pleased by his singing; and after listening to him, we have left the theatre without carrying away with us a single agreeable recollection of what we have heard. Others however are delighted with Velluti, and perceive in his singing every sort of perfection, and we must indeed confess that we have found very few persons who are of our way of thinking about him; as we hear him oftener we may like him better; we are told that this will be the case, and as we have not the control of the Commander-in-Chief over our opinions, we cannot say that it may not be so—on the other hand, it is to be remembered that Velluti is now the fashion, or rather, to use the cant term, the *rage*, therefore the current admiration of him is to be received with some allowance.

Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato in Egitto*, which is enthusiastically admired on the Continent, and about which expectation had consequently been highly raised here, is undoubtedly a fine opera, but its merits in our judgment by no means correspond with its reputation. There are two or three pretty things, and two or three beautiful compositions in it, but there are also a great many pieces of music that we never desire to hear

again, and that we listen to a repetition of with considerable impatience. The commencement is most unpromising. The opera opens with a chorus of slaves who sing vehemently of their country, and hammer at blocks of stone, and we cannot decide whether the singing or the hammering was the more fatiguing to the ear; the music of this scene, which, as may be supposed, was not particularly well executed, is of a very common-place character. The hammering was followed shortly afterwards by some villainous trumpeting, introduced certainly rather with a view to stage than to musical effect. Some warders are placed behind pasteboard parallelograms, which resemble bad likenesses of double drums, but which are intended to represent lofty towers; and we all know that a warder on a tower is a poor thing unless he blows a trumpet, therefore we had a flourish from the walls first, and afterwards such a concert of these instruments on the stage as would have driven Mozart mad. But after this unpromising beginning, perhaps we enjoyed the more keenly those compositions in which Meyerbeer discovers his genius; these pieces are already so hacknied, that we need not particularise them; we have, indeed, seen them advertised under the title of *The Beauties of Meyerbeer*; and by this time, all the pianofortes in the united kingdoms have resounded with them. Though ready to acknowledge the merits of particular compositions, yet on the whole we cannot but regard *Il Crociato in Egitto* as an unequal production, and we are particularly struck by the absence of *style* in it; the composer indeed seems to delight in caprices, and has given no general and distinctive character to his work. We do not instance this as a fault, it may be a merit; but if so, it is one, we confess, that does not please us. Each of Mozart's operas, for example, appears to have been written in a spirit suggested by a general design; the music is various, but there is a certain *keeping* in it, and the mind of the master seems to have been in one mood from the beginning to the end of his labour; there is nothing of this in Meyerbeer's *Crociato*; on the contrary, he is incessantly rambling and incongruous in his productions, which often strongly remind us of the effect of a medley—a thing of which we are by no means fond. He is, however, the fashion just now, and it is high treason against the prevailing taste to find him other than perfection; there are persons, indeed, who do not hesitate to compare him with Rossini, and even with Mozart, than which nothing can be more absurd.

Mademoiselle Garcia played the part of Felicia, a young lady who visits Egypt, merely because her lover is supposed to have fallen there, and who wears armour on her travels, because, as she observes, she has a manly heart. We remarked in our last article that Mademoiselle Garcia very injudiciously ventured to attempt Madame Pasta's graces; in this character the imitation appears more glaring and sufficiently ridiculous. She not only aspires to the style of Pasta's singing, but also mimics her peculiarities of gesture and action, and just with so much success, with so much resemblance to the incomparable original, as to

make a tolerably happy caricature. If Mademoiselle Garcia would consent to survey herself in the glass without favour or partiality (a case we allow of immense difficulty), she would perceive at a glance that nature never intended her for a tragedy queen. Smart she now is, and she may become something better; she may become a respectable comic actress in certain parts of the Susanna order;—we do not mean the *bashful* Susanna, but the chambermaid—but the serious can never be her forte, and perseverance in her imitation of the Siddons of the opera-stage will only expose her to unfavourable comparisons. We have in a former number expressed our persuasion that the manager of the King's Theatre has not that control which is necessary to the proper conduct of the concern; a circumstance which occurred during the last month confirms us in this opinion. Mademoiselle Garcia introduces a song, we believe by her father, into *Il Crociato*, in the place of one in the score. The Times commented very justly on this anomaly, observing that it did no credit to the management. Mr. Ayrton, in vindication of himself, wrote a letter to the Editor of The Times, explaining that he had not only resisted the introduction in question, but had positively forbidden it, and that the song was sung in despite of his directions to the contrary. This called forth a statement from the other party, which appeared in The Morning Post, setting forth that the lady *accepted* the part, on the express condition that she should be at liberty to introduce any airs she chose, and affirming that the Director must have known that his authority could not vitiate an agreement. The paragraph concluded with a flourish, to the effect that Mr. Ayrton must also have known “that intrigue would not prevail with the public against Signor Garcia and his daughter,” about whom the public do not care two straws. We thus see that the wholesome control of the manager is set aside by improvident agreements, into which none but a person wholly unqualified to intermeddle in the conduct of the theatre would have entered.

We have had nothing this month except *Il Crociato* and *Il Barbiere*, which latter opera has been occasionally played, when the customary indispositions of singers rendered the performance of the former piece impossible. Madame Ronzi di Begnis has not gladdened our eyes or delighted our ears for nearly two months; these absences are commonly dangerous things, but we can never see the Opera-stage without regretting the absence of its chief grace and ornament.

We are extremely sorry to say, that we are about to lose Madame Charles Vestris, whom we regard as the most brilliant dancer of the present day; she is engaged at Naples, we understand, together with her husband, for some years. The ballet has been solely supported by the excellence of Madame Charles Vestris, and we are very certain that her place cannot be supplied. In justice to the management, it must be presumed that every effort has been made to retain this deservedly great favourite.

MORALITIES.—No. II.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

SCENE I.—A room.

FREEMAN and MUSEWELL, at a table, reading.

Musewell. Ha, ha, ha! thank you, thank you! Your compliments are really worth something, if it be only that they are scarce.

Freeman. Ha, ha, ha!—Yes, and a little out of season. But, n'importe. I always tack a jest at the end of 'em, in order that they may not do any harm to my friends. But let us leave banter, and go on with your poem. How do you open your last battery? is it masked.

Musewell. The third part opens with an address to the Muse Erato, who presided, as you will remember, over love.

Freeman. Ah!—my dear Musewell! Now, indeed, I am compelled to be candid. Those Muses, with their Helicons and slips of Parnassus, my dear friend, will never serve you. Prythee give up your mythological machinery, and be a little reasonable. It will never do in these days, man. 'Tis as bad as Odin or Woden, or—stay! if you *must* have a little folly of that sort, you had better bespeak Thor and his hammer, in order that he may be in readiness to beat a little comprehension into the brains of your readers. No, no, my dear Harry, no mythology. Remember your last poem, and be wise.

Musewell. Why, there I *was* wrong, I confess it; but I know better now. All mythology will no more do than all pepper, or all butter. The body and substance of your dish should be one which is adapted to every intelligent palate; and then, with a little of the sauce piquante of mythology, 'tis delightful. But,—regarding the present poem, you have really little else to learn. It ends with—

Freeman. Oh! I see—a few more difficulties—a meeting between rivals—some big words—a river of tears (on the part of the lady)—a quarrel and a little blood—a shake o' the hand and a mother's blessing—the father relents gradually, like the ice after a long frost—then follows matrimony on the first of April—and a grandchild with the plum-pudding at Christmas. These trifles are frothed up after a general receipt, I know. If you read your directions carefully, you can no more blunder than your cook.

Musewell. Our *fire* must be genuine.

Freeman. Oh! for God's sake no puns. I must take care of my pockets. [*Buttons them.*] There; now I defy you. Now you may do your worst with the English language. It has withstood stronger enemies than you.

Musewell. I believe so.

Freeman. If you *must* cut your verbal jokes, suppose you sit down

and compose a rebus or a charade for the Gentleman's Magazine? or a smutty double entendre for Blackwood? or—you are an aspiring person, I know—would you like to be enrolled in the list at the *Athenaion*? There is a brilliant catalogue of names, I assure you. My uncle, Sir Tinsel Freeman, Lord Lapwing, old Jabberall, and my tailor are members.

Muswell. Ha, ha, ha! No, thank you. Rope is not so dear, but that I may reach immortality by a surer road. But—I beg pardon—perhaps you are one of the corps-d'—.

Freeman. Out with the word!—'D'Esprit?' No; they required me to put one of the Irish speeches into appropriate rhyme; but I could not do it for the soul of me, and so was cashiered.

Muswell. I congratulate you sincerely. And now (to turn to a more worthy subject) how do you go on with your uncle's ward?

Freeman. With Emily? Oh! excellently well. She will be of age in a month; and if we cannot, until that time, beat off Sir Tinsel and his friend Lapwing, I permit you to despise our wit. By the way, I have an appointment with him this morning. [*Looks at his watch.*] Ha! It wants half an hour of the time. Will you walk with me?

Muswell. With all my heart. I love to look upon beauty—at a distance.

Freeman. What, you are as bashful as ever? Ah! you should attend to the proverb, "A faint heart —." But you poets (who are such inveterate bachelors) really do us men of the world good service, and therefore we should not abuse your good nature with any advice. You put the women in good temper with themselves (and us) and never interfere with our pretensions.

Muswell. You may live to find yourself mistaken.

Freeman. Perhaps so; but, in the mean time I must laugh, even though it spoil my symmetry. Ha, ha, ha! Emily and I laughed that thing Dabble out of countenance the other evening, at Sir Tinsel's. He brought—ha, ha, ha! nearly twenty yards of rhyme in his pocket, which he threatened to recite at our leisure—ha, ha, ha!—we told him that we *had* no leisure—ha, ha, ha!—but that if he would leave his "work," we would try what we could do with it in a week; ha, ha, ha!

Muswell. Twenty yards? what do you mean?

Freeman. 'Tis a fact, upon my veracity. We sent it to the tailor's, and 'twas found honest measure, Sir; without a flaw or a spot upon it, written in a sweet 'Roman hand,' and upon unquestionable foolscap. But, come! we must walk towards Sir Tinsel's. His ardour for a noble alliance, as he calls it, may injure his character,—so I'll do my best to allay it.

Muswell. If I might recommend, Freeman—

Freeman. Well, Sir?—well?

Muswell. I would recommend you to soothe your uncle a little. He might yield to a little persuasion, when opposition would only—

Freeman. Hang him, the dolt! No, Musewell, no. These petty spirits, like little mischievous monkeys, require chains and stripes. Caress them, and they snap at your fingers; but a cuff or two o' the ear will always reduce them to obedience. This *head* of our family has been bred up on the tory side of the argument of 'manners against mind,' and thinks that his friend Lapwing, with four inches of two-penny ribbon in his button hole, a pedigree of fools from the Restoration, a smooth tongue, silky manners, and a reasonable want of wit is,—the very pink of gentility, and a model to be imitated by all future generations. I must disturb these opinions a little, or Emily and I shall have fifty impediments to fight with. Come along, Musewell, come along. I'll show you a 'gentleman,' ha, ha, ha! (an old fool) a baronet, and a peer of the realm, of such humble materials, that you shall go back to your garret, and for once eat your mutton chop with satisfaction. Vive la Republique—

Musewell. Of letters?—with all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sir Tinsel Freeman's House.*

SIR TINSEL and DUMPS.

Sir Tinsel. Well, Dumps? Go on. "THIS INDENTURE—"

Dumps. [*Reading.*] "Made between Sir Tinsel Freeman, of Tinsel Hall, in the county of Surrey, Baronet, of the one part, and Peter Puzzle Jabberall, of Goosegabble Hall, in the county of Norfolk, and of Calf-skins, in the county of Essex, Esquire, A. S. S. of the other part—"

Sir Tinsel. Of the other part—very well, Dumps, very correct indeed. Well?

Dumps. [*Reads.*] WHEREAS the said Peter Puzzle Jabberall hath contracted with the said Sir Tinsel Freeman for the purchase of ALL that piece or parcel of earth or ground, shaped like a porridge pot, and having thereon the figure or effigy of a bird, together with the marks or letters A. N. S. E. R. over the same, and which said piece or parcel of earth or ground, shaped as aforesaid, is of a red, otherwise brown, otherwise reddish brown colour, and hath been, and still is commonly called or known by the name of the christening basin of Romulus and Remus." I thought, Sir Freeman, that Romulus lived too early for—

Sir Tinsel. You are a fool, Dumps. Go on!

Dumps [*reads.*] And also all that piece or fragment of paper, otherwise reed, otherwise papyrus, commonly called Egyptian papyrus, together with the several letters or symbols thereon written and never yet decyphered, measuring in length sixteen inches and an half, or thereabouts, and in breadth five inches and one quarter, or thereabouts (be the same several quantities a little more or less) commonly called or supposed to be the 'Talisman of Orosmanes.' And also all that piece or parcel of wood or stone, being the fragment of a carved or graven figure, known by the several names of the 'Venus Surgens, and Jupiter Stator, and

being one or the other of them, together with the several coins, fragments, figures, lares, termini, and other articles of marble, stone, brass, copper, bronze, wood, and other materials hereinafter described and set down in the schedule or inventory hereunder written, at, or for, the price or sum of seven thousand and five hundred pounds—

Sir Tinsel. Stay!—Stay, Dumps! Let me reckon 'em up. Let me see—five hundred for the christening vase: one thousand for the talisman: two thousand five hundred for the Venus Surgens (two thousand five hundred only! tis too cheap). Well—fragment of head supposed to be by Praxiteles seven hundred: shaving basin of Nestor eight hundred: Terminal head of the bearded Hebe two hundred and fifty: patera—um!—um!—um! I believe you are right, Dumps. Go on! But, hark!—there are steps coming up stairs. Put the deed aside for the present, though I dare say 'tis only Mr. Jabberall.

Dumps. I suppose so, Sir. Ha!—no, I protest it is Mr. Dabble, Sir.

Sir Tinsel. D——n Mr. Dabble.

Enter DABBLE.

Ha! my dear Dabble, I am rejoiced to see you. I was just mentioning your name as you entered. Well, Dabble, and how are you? but I need not ask; your looks are enough to assure me that you are in excellent health. Well, and have you seen our friend Jabberall lately? He was asking about you only yesterday. He is a truly worthy man, Mr. Dabble.

Dabble. Oh! excellent, Sir Tinsel, excellent—and a little tedious.

Sir Tinsel. An excellent classic.

Dabble. Oh! delightful; h'as turned Potter's Æschylus into English—done it to a T., Sir Tinsel. I had it from one of his own family, so that the thing may be relied on. He has been buying, I am told, as usual—books and acres, books and acres! both classic and agriculturist; with a little of the antiquarian to boot. 'Tis a pity that he is so litigious, Sir Tinsel, is it not? He never thinks himself sure of having his own way, I'm told, unless he goes to law for the purpose. An excellent man!

Sir Tinsel. I did not know that he had been so litigious. Dumps, take care and examine that deed *very* correctly.

Dabble. Oh! yes, prodigiously. Why, it was but three weeks ago that he picked up (for two-pence half-penny) something that he calls the toe of Ptolemy. I am not nice on these points, Sir Tinsel; but Mr. Jabberall is really *too* peremptory at times. I must take the liberty of having an opinion of my own as well as Mr. Jabberall; and so I have told him.

Sir Tinsel. Dumps, you may retire. [*Dumps exit.* Well, Mr. Dabble, and so you really do *not* altogether—that is to say entirely, implicitly credit our friend Jabberall's fancies? Take care! he is a great name among our classical readers. Then his ancient family commands respect.

Dabble. Ha, ha, ha! excuse me—but his ancient family, my dear Sir Tinsel, is like all other “ancient families,”—except your own, Sir Tinsel, except your own. The fact is, I *know*, why he is so proud of his family. He had an ancestor who aspired to be fool to Cardinal Pole, but was rejected for want of wit. The fellow’s name was Chucklehead—which was changed to Jugglehead—Jobblehead—Jobblehall—Jobberell—Jabberall—the thing is as easy as possible.

Sir Tinsel. And he actually translated Potter’s *Æschylus* into English, Mr. Dabble?—a great undertaking!

Dabble. A long one, at least, Sir Tinsel; but not difficult, Sir, not difficult. I myself have turned a French chanson or two in a style that has been considered not at all contemptible.

Sir Tinsel. Oh! I am quite sure that, Mr. Dabble—but you—but your talents—are—are—

Dabble. Thank ye, Sir Tinsel, thank ye! Why, I believe few men think less of themselves than I do. But no one can possess talents without knowing *something* about them—ha, ha, ha! that is a clear point, I take it—ha, ha, ha!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Reverend Mr. Dibble, Sir. *[Exit. Servant.]*

Dibble [entering:] Ha! Sir Tinsel, how d’ye do, how d’ye do? Mr. Dabble, your servant. Well, Sir Tinsel, I’ve *just* stepped in for one instant to see how you were after the mistake about the Hercules Furens.

Sir Tinsel. Don’t mention it, Mr. Dibble; it is of no consequence—not in the least, a mere mistake.

Dibble. Oh! Sir Tinsel, but it *is* of consequence. To be deceived in such a matter *is* of consequence to the well being of society, Sir. What would become of morals, Sir, of the state, Sir—of the church, the church, Sir? It would go to wreck, and then what would become of you all. I shudder at the supposition.

Sir Tinsel. Why you *do* look a little cold, Mr. Dibble. Suppose you take a glass of Madeira? ’Tis *East* Indian, I assure you—has been there twice. I never send it to the *West* for fear of the fever.

Dibble. You do wisely Sir Tinsel:—but, thank you,—no. It was merely a shuddering of the spirit. I’m *personally* as warm as a toast. I’ve just been at the Bible Society—then stepped into the African Institution—looked in at the House of Industry (and found all the boys playing at marbles)—gave a glance at Sir Loftus Orthodox’s—made my bow at the bishop’s—and here I am.

Sir Tinsel. I hope Sir Loftus is—

Dibble. Thank ye, Sir Tinsel, he *is* but ailing. His doctor, under whose care he was going on so very well, has been dismissed.

Dabble. What, doctor Galen?

Dibble. Yes, Sir. He told Sir Loftus that he hoped to make a *radical* cure; which so offended the patient, that—he is too high a gentleman

to allow of any indiscreet language—that he dismissed the doctor the same day.

Sir Tinsel. Hem!—very spirited indeed.

Dibble. Oh dear! yes, Sir Tinsel—a perfect martyr to his principles, Sir. Gave up eating potatoes some years ago, because he was credibly informed that they were the food of the disaffected Irish—Hates number one—

Dabble. Ha, ha, ha!—that's odd however,—ha, ha, ha!

Dibble. Sir?—He hates number “one,” I say, because he thinks that it savours of Unitarianism—has rusticated his son Townley for wearing a white hat in the dog days—and refuses to abide by Mr. Butler's opinion touching the orthodox estate, because, as he justly says, he is a Roman Catholic, and may have been instigated by the Pope. But, I must tear myself away, Sir Tinsel, from your delicious museum. Ha! there are the Etruscans, I see,—you have a delightful taste in these things, Sir. Now what may this have been? an urn? or a basin? or—but I must really be going. Lady Flappit expects me at three; Lord Barbican at a quarter past. The High Church Evangelical Dissenting Society (you *must* belong to that, Sir Tinsel; it reconciles all differences with a fine conciliatory spirit), and—bless me, 'tis almost three already.

Enter JABBERALL and SERVANT.

Ha! Mr. Jabberall, I declare. Mr. Jabberall, I am delighted to see you—your poetry, Sir, your poetry still runs in my head—I am concerned to be obliged to leave you so soon, but the fates, you know. Sir Tinsel, your most obedient; Mr. Dabble, your servant; Mr. Jabber—a—a—a—

[Exit bowing.]

Dabble. Mr. Dibble will be a bishop some day.

Sir Tinsel. Why, he is certainly a busy man—

Jabberall. And of good family. Sir Tinsel, good morning! Has the deed—

Sir Tinsel. My dear Jabberall, how are you? The deed is all that we can wish. It is quite ready, I believe, and very explicit. I think I detect your hand now and then?

Jabberall. Why, I *was* obliged to be a little particular. Lawyers—mere lawyers, cannot be expected to feel as we do on these subjects. They are an useful class of men however, and must not be despised. A—young man! give me that small packet—no [reading] that is my work on confused metaphors—this is my examination of critical ventilation—this is my dissertation on the ashes of the temple of Minerva—um!—my ode to a new pair of small clothes—my epigram to a favourite hat, on its twentieth anniversary,—my inquiry into how long a man may appear in society without undergoing ablution—my—ha! this is it.

Enter LORD LAPWING.

Lord L. My dear Sir Tinsel, how d'ye do? Mr. Jabberall, I am happy to see you.

Sir Tinsel. My dear Lord!

Jabberall. Your Lordship's most obedient! Sir Freeman, did I tell you that I had made a purchase since I last saw you? If not, it will be a pleasure to you to know that I have at last bought the waxen tablet, on which is traced the commencement of the will of Alexander the Great in favour of Perdiccas.

Lord L. and Sir Tinsel. Ha! indeed?

Jabberall. It is a fact, upon my honour. And here, Sir Tinsel, *here* is a thing that I think *will* please your—

Sir Tinsel. Is it possible, Mr. Jabberall, that you can have, as is reported, a letter of Pharaoh's?

Lord L. Not Pharaoh's?

Jabberall. My Lord, it is *undoubted*. It is true papyrus, Sir Tinsel. Smell it!—Is it not *prodigiously* ancient?

Sir Tinsel. Delightful!

Dabble [aside]. Oh! a fish-like smell!

Jabberall. The odour was originally much richer: but it has been exposed, Sir Tinsel, it has been exposed to the touch—the ravages of antiquarians, and they, you know,—

Sir Tinsel. True, Mr. Jabberall, they have no consciences. And yet you yourself handled the treasure some time ago, I believe.

Jabberall. I did, Sir Tinsel, I did, and carried away a most delicious nosegay. It is here, still, Sir. [*Holds his hands up to his nose*]. I have not washed my hands these sixteen months, in order to preserve some memorial of it. Now, however, that I have bought it and can keep it in the country, I may consent to occasional ablution again.

Sir Tinsel. I respect your public spirit, my old friend.

Lord L. Mr. Jabberall, you are a true lover of your country.

Dabble [aside]. Filthy old rogue!

Sir Tinsel. I hope that we are not detaining our good friend, Dabble. His numerous engagements, I know, must not be—

Dabble [aside]. A palpable hint. Why, Sir Tinsel, I believe I *must* be going. Good morning to your Lordship, Sir Tinsel, Mr. Jabberall—good morning, good morning. [*Dabble exit.*]

Lord L. A very slight and impertinent kind of person seemingly, Sir Tinsel.

Sir Tinsel. Oh! exceedingly, my Lord. Well, gentlemen; now that he is gone, I may as well tell you that I expect my perverse nephew, Freeman, here almost immediately. He says that he thinks one more interview will satisfy us as to his intentions regarding my ward Emily. His passion is, I suspect, on the decline, for he talks sensibly. It will, nevertheless, be well to keep up a high tone with him, for he can be a little obstreperous.

Jabber. and Lapw. Oh! certainly, certainly!

Sir Tinsel. My lord, I rely on your lordship's patrician pride. Mr. Jabberall, may the spirit of the Jabberalls support you.

Jabberall. Assuredly we must adhere to our contract with his lord-

ship. If there be any demur on the part of the young lady, we must refer to the Court of King's Bench.

Sir Tinsel. You are still fond of the law, Jabberall?

Jabberall. I am, Sir. I respect the statute law particularly. So much so, indeed, do I value it, that I think one ought always to plead the statute of limitations—

Sir Tinsel. What, against a fair debt?

Jabberall. No debt, Sir Tinsel, is a fair one that cannot be enforced by law.

Lord L. True, true; that is precisely my idea on the subject.

Sir Tinsel. Um!—

Jabberall. If a man do not ask me for the money due to him in six years, I take it for granted that he means to give it to me,—and I keep it accordingly.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! you are like the poet:—

And really if a man wont let us know

That he's alive, he's dead—or should be so.

Ha, ha, ha! I admire your wit, Sir, prodigiously.

Sir Tinsel. Hush!—here is somebody coming this way.

Enter FREEMAN (as if downcast) and MUSEWELL.

Freeman. Uncle, your servant. Mr. Jabberall,—I believe, uncle, that this respectable looking little elderly gentleman is—a—

Sir Tinsel. Well?

Jabberall. Well, Sir?

Freeman. Is the celebrated translator, critic, and antiquarian, Peter Puzzle Jabberall, Esquire.

Sir Tinsel. Well, Sir? and what then? Do you mean, Sir—

Jabberall. A—— pardon me, Sir Tinsel—but I beg you will be lenient. The young person appears respectfully disposed. A—— young man! answer my friend, Sir Tinsel, as becomes you, and I have no doubt that all will be settled satisfactorily.

Sir Tinsel. Well, Sir, and what have you to say for yourself?

Lord L. Ay, Sir, speak out. Have you any thing to—a—say—a—*Diavolo!*

Freeman. Say, Sir?—say?—no, Sir, nothing. I am at a loss for words. I am, as I may say, dumb-founded. I feel oppressed by this honourable presence, as though I stood before kings, Sir.

Sir Tinsel [aside]. Come, this is pretty well. He seems respectful and reasonable.

Muswell [aside]. Where the deuce is our friend sailing on this ocean of compliment? An he do not take heed, he will strike his head on a blunder presently, and get kicked out of the room.

Sir Tinsel. Nephew Freeman, I am satisfied with you—I say that I am satisfied: and I hope that your future conduct will justify my present good opinion. Touching your extravagant pretensions towards me

ward Emily, they are, of course, dismissed. If not, you must address yourself to Mr. Jabberall, my excellent co-trustee.

Freeman. A——Sir?

Sir Tinsel. I say that you had better canvas for Mr. Jabberall's vote. Speak to him, Sir!

Freeman. Oh!—[to Jabberall] Cousin!

Jabberall. Cousin! What is it you mean, Sirrah? Do you affront me?

Freeman. Ah!—I ery you mercy, Sir: I know you now—[aside] for an old fool.

Sir Tinsel. Take care, Sir, take care!

Freeman. Thank you, uncle; you are as good as the dinner bell.

Sir Tinsel. Neph—umph!—what does the villain mean?

Freeman. I don't mean, uncle—

Sir Tinsel. What don't yon mean, Sir? what don't you mean?

Jabberall. Ay, Sir, what do you mean?—won't you speak, Sirrah?

Lord L. The young man is dumb—étonné. Let him alone.

Sir Tinsel. I insist on his speaking. What don't you mean, Sir? what don't—

Freeman. What don't I mean? Ha, ha, ha! why, I don't mean to give up thy lovely ward, mine uncle—ha, ha, ha!—I met that shrimp of an author, Dabble, who told me that three paper sculls had met here, to determine on my pretensions,—ha, ha, ha!—Why, Jabberall, he swears that thou hast translated Potter's *Æschylus* into English—ha, ha, ha! 'Tis well for thee, mine ancient; for thou would'st be sorely puzzled with the Greek. Musewell, this is Peter Puzzle Jabberall, Esquire; ha, ha, ha! Look at him! H'as nothing in his face but a nose and mouth; but out o' the latter he'll puff ye forth big words of no meaning, in a thick voice which varies from the gabble of a turkey to the sputter of a goose. Look at him! ha, ha, ha!

Musewell. Ha, ha, ha! an old blockhead!

Sir Tinsel. Who is this—a gentleman?

Freeman. This "gentleman," uncle? why this "gentleman" is my very particular friend, who having half an hour to spare has come hither to be witness to my happiness. But, come,—we delay. Where is the paper, that ye may write your consents to my marriage with Emily? Oh! there is some upon the table, I see. Ha, ha, ha! Well, Jabberall, and so thou hast really been dabbling in Greek—ha, ha, ha! or hast been spoiling thine eyes over a letter of Pharaoh's? ha, ha, ha!—[aside] Pah! he smells like a goat.

Musewell. Ha, ha, ha! The critic seems a little bewildered.

Jabberall. Mr. ————your conduct is extraordinary, and—

Freeman [talking with rapidity]. Extraordinary! To be sure it is "extraordinary." What else dost look for from an extraordinary man?—Have n't I kissed a Copt, and ate raw mutton with a Tartar? Have n't I swam in a basin of tea at Peking,—skated on iced lemonade at Naples? Have n't I hallooed louder than *Etna*? fried steaks on Chim-

borazo and Vesuvius? boiled my eggs in the Geysers, and taken a pinch of Cheops at the Pyramids? A murrain seize you! you would have me scale the sky and crack nuts with a crocodile, and, after all, be no more in manner than such a *thing* as thou art. Bottom! I tell thee I am translated.

Lord L. [*Aside*]. The fellow's mad.

Jabberall. My name, I would have you to know is Jabber—

Freeman. I know you, Sirrah, I know you. You are like the ass who turned round to reprove his betters—you, Sirrah, who are after all but a monkey stricken in years, with a long nose.

Jabberall. I—

Freeman. Your face (which one might see if it were clean) is like a withered John-apple, and yet you tramp after little female creat— Away with you! away with you! you would scribble and translate, and chatter by the hour, forsooth—You, who have nothing in your head but a dozen bad teeth. You would set up for a classic! for a learned man! Take a lesson, old man, take a lesson! you are crumbling to pieces, day by day; your strength is going, your senses are gone, and nothing but your folly sticks by you. Go home, go home, and repent! Confess yourself a fool and be silent.—[*Aside*] Do I not know of your pilfering pen? Be silent!

Jabberall. Sir Tinsel, I—I am indisposed.

Sir Tinsel. Mr. Freeman! If you do not instantly make an apology to Mr. Jabber—

Freeman. Ha!—I cry you pardon, mine uncle. Have I been undutiful and forgotten you? Give me your hand and let me look if I can find the organ of common sense in your face;—no,—not a line, not a bump: all is as smooth as my palm. Uncle!—a cracked sixpence for such uncles! What business had you, Sirrah, to disgrace me by carrying in your silly veins some drops of the worst blood of our family? Where is your paper cap, Sir uncle? Where is your sash and your sword of lath, with "*Zany*" written on't in cheap ochre? You an uncle! Go to!—I marvel that your head hath not left your shoulders by dint of its lightness. What hath become of the law of gravity, Sirrah, that you thus abuse it in your person?

Sir Tinsel. Nephew—

Freeman. Ah!—are you come to that? Dost know the complexion of Dolly Matjorum, the gardener's girl, mine uncle? How she looks when morn and midnight are kissing? Dost know what 'tis to frown and cry "hem!" when her crone of a mother hobbles by thee? to breed up her brothers to be bullies? to feed her thieving father into a plethora? and all for—what, mine uncle, for what? why, to share a shrew with the whole village—to gaze upon a face as flat as the floor—to hear loving lies (for two hours every eve) from a thick brown ugly coarse squat wretch of the feminine gender, till thou goest to sleep upon a flock bed, and hast thy pockets picked by thy Venus, in order that the little good

which thou can'st bestow upon her may be shared with a knave who has lost his ears in the pillory. Pah! I smell folly all about thee. Ah! mine uncle, mine uncle, go thank the stars that thou hast not wit enough to be a rogue.

Sir Tinsel [*aside*]. For God's sake, nephew, be reasonable. What do you wish me—

Lord L. [*pompously*]. Sir, these gentlemen are elderly,—and—

Freeman. Well, Sir?—well?

Lord L. Well, Sir,—and I—I am—I beg that you will refrain from such improper language.

Freeman. Sdeath! you cock-chaffer, if you speak another syllable I'll pin you to the wall. Why, thou skein of silk, what's in *thy* brain that needs unravelling? Thou spider,—thou barber with an ape's visage,—thou meddling, foolish—monkey in man's apparel, what dost *thou* dare to say? Dost *thou* huff, and hector, and look big, like the fool in the fable? Be dumb, dog, or I shall flog thee till I am as weary of the sport as I am of thy company. Begone!—And now—

Musewell [*aside to Freeman*]. Now then, for your *coup de grace*.

Sir Tinsel. Ha! nephew—what have you there?—under your coat?—There?

Freeman. Here? Oh! 'tis only a terrier or two, mon oncle. [*Pulls out pistols.*] *Musewell*, lock the door. I always carry my terriers about me, for self defence. This—look at him—nay, closer—this I call Thumper: 'tis a good dog, I give you my word. Would'st like to hear him bark? You—Jabberall—look here, Sirrah; this was the popgun of Ptolemy,—ha, ha, ha!—Look, Sir; take one of these, and try whether you can crack louder than I.

Jabberall. I?—I?—Take the instrument of death away. I am willing—

Freeman. Gentlemen—if that is to be the word—you have done me the honour to talk of me in my absence in a way that requires a little—*[striking one of the flints]*—a little gratitude on my part. Mr. Jabberall—uncle—*[offering a pistol.]*

Sir Tinsel. What, nephew, would you attack your own flesh and blood?

Freeman. 'Twill save phlebotomy. Come, Sir, your time has come, which will you take? Towzer or Thumper? Pretty creatures, how grim they look!—*[In a loud voice]* Come, Sir, no delay! Take your choice, and stand three paces off. There should be as little space as possible between friends. Come! *[offering the pistol.]*

Sir Tinsel. I—a—really—this conduct—what do you want?

Freeman. The pen or the pistol, Sir: take your choice. Sign your consent, Sir, or pull the trigger. There—I like to be courteous to my friends. There—take Thumper. 'Tis my favourite, and I assure you that I would not part with it to any one but a friend. Come, Sir.

[Pressing him]

Sir Tinsel. I—a—turn the point aside—what do you want? You must know that an affair of this magnitude cannot be—

Freeman. Nay, then, I shall unuzzle my dog without further notice. There is your pistol, Sir [*lays one down*]*—*and now, if you have any sins to confess—Oh! you have none? very well; so much the better. [*Cocks the pistol.*] Now—

Jabberall. Ah! for God's sake, take care! Stop, Mr. Freeman! Stop! He shall sign. Sir Tinsel, you must sign.

Sir Tinsel. Turn your pistol, nephew, turn—*[aside]* my blood runs cold.

Jabberall [*writing.*] There—I have signed *my* consent. Sir Tinsel—

Sir Tinsel. Why, Mr. Jabberall, as I have always said that I would not act in opposition to you in this matter [*writes*]*—*I consent. There, Sir.

Freeman. Gentlemen, I am entirely your debtor.—And now, Sir, who are you?

Lord L. Who am *I*, Sir? I am a peer of the realm, Sir. Lord Viscount Lapwing, Sir—a name, Sir, that has been borne by heroes, Sir, and—

Freeman. Gramercy! I beg your lordship's pardon. I ought to have began with your lordship; but I trust that your lordship will excuse me. However, in order to make amends for my neglect—we will lose as little time as possible. Does your lordship prefer the pen or the pistol? Your lordship *has* a contract, I believe—but I would on no account affront a gentleman of such noble blood—a name that has been borne by heroes. [*Presses a pistol on him.*] Take your ground, my lord:—Stay, you may lay hold of this pocket handkerchief; a foot is as good as a mile.

Lord L. A—why—the contract?—the contract is there, on the table. I really care nothing about it. 'Tis there, Sir.

Freeman. So I perceive, my lord: but as I have positively sworn to load and fire every two minutes until the matter be settled,—what can be done? I must trouble your lordship to put an end either to me or to the contract.

Lord L. I—really—I—

Freeman. Perhaps your lordship wishes to burn it? There is the fire; or—here is Towzer.

Lord L. Oh! I have no objection, Sir. There, Sir. [*Burns the contract.*]

Freeman. I am particularly obliged to your lordship's generosity. And now [*taking up the consent*] all is right, I believe. Come along, Musewell. Gentlemen, your slave: Farewell!—Yet—were I inclined to waste a moral upon ye, I could find a dozen suited to my purpose; but, perhaps, *one* word of advice will do.—Learn, Sirs, for the future, then, that honesty with wit and courage are a match for the world united. My pistols have nothing in them, more than yourselves—nor I, indeed, except it be stout nerves and a clear conscience—What! do you expect me to say more? Why then, learn from me also that age is honourable only as it is honest—that rank is reputable but with talent

and integrity—that relations to be valued must be friends—that friends to be prized must be constant—and that critics and connoisseurs to be esteemed must have common sense, Mr. Jabberall—that pride is not the best mark of the peerage—nor prejudice the true inheritance of an ancient family. These are truisms, and are therefore better adapted to your use. If you wish to be distinguished, Sirs, and to learn what *are* the qualities (belonging neither to toothless age nor antique times, to rank nor rusty learning) which lift a man above his fellows—Know, that they are Intellect, (in its many shapes), Philanthropy, Justice, Truth, Modesty, Prudence, Valour, and Constancy in all things—a strong back to endure misfortune; a strong arm to shield ourselves; and our friends—and a word of generosity for our enemies.—And now, Musewell, we'll go visit the prettiest girl within the limit of the bills of mortality, who has always a clever word for a clever companion, and a smile of kindness for Freeman's friends. [Exeunt.]

BROSTER'S SYSTEM FOR THE CURE OF IMPEDIMENTS OF SPEECH.

BY A PUPIL.

St. James's, June 13, 1825.

MR. EDITOR,—Having been requested a few weeks ago, through the medium of a friend, to give in a letter my opinion on the merits of the Brosterian Discovery, it occurred to me that a general sketch of the System, as far as is *allowable*, being made public, might be of public benefit. That letter is not so easily recoverable as another is written. If you approve of this, perhaps you will allow me to give it a local habitation and a name in your Magazine. I acknowledge that I do feel such a sketch to be my duty towards the public in general, and towards Mr. Broster in particular; you perhaps divide this feeling with me, and will therefore permit me to gratify it. Taking your philanthropy for granted, I submit the following document for insertion:—

Mr. Broster's System for the cure of Impediments may certainly be named the chief discovery of the present day; at least if we are to measure that by the sensation created. Supposing it what it professes to be, it is second only to that of Jenner's in this age, and in the department to which both belong,—the cure of visible infirmity. Inasmuch as the want of speech may by some be deemed a yet more lamentable defect than the want of sight, it will appear to them even of superior importance. But the merits of this System are, I believe, generally misunderstood, and its claims to public favour generally mis-estimated. It shall be my endeavour to explain the one, and adjust the other. No one can do both, but a Pupil. He can, if he has sincerity and ability. I have given you references sufficient, I believe, to satisfy you (and through you, the public) with respect to my sincerity; with respect to my ability, you (and the public also) must be content with a slenderer security. These premises were necessary. Now to the purpose.

As far as I have learned of other systems by inquiry, and as far as I know of this by experience, I conceive it to be the very best which the human imagination ever devised to attain its purpose. But it is no *Miracle*. It is generally effective, but it is not always *perfective*. It is powerful, but not almighty; a partial remedy certainly, a total one possibly,—a nearly perfect one, probably. In a word, it is only a potent remedy, not an *infallible* one. This is my opinion founded on my experience; it may either exceed that of the public, or fall short of that of the Inventor,—both of which are about equally distant from my wish to flatter or follow. It is no great vanity to suspect that Readers will generally prefer mine to that which must be the result of ignorance in the first case, and may be the effect of prejudice in the latter. I am *myself* a living instance of what I assert; of the potency of the system, and its fallibility.

It is not always perfective, nor omnipotent, nor infallible,—for I, I repeat, am yet uncured, who have tried it. But it is generally effective, and powerful, and at least a probable remedy,—for all have been, in a greater measure or a less, relieved, who have to my knowledge tried it. Several pupils have been *perfectly* cured; some but partially. Explicitness is the life of information:—Of twelve cases which fell under my own observation whilst at Mr. Broster's house (including myself), it may be said that *three* are nearly as eloquent now as their friends, and three nearly as tongue-tied as their enemies could wish them. The remaining six (of which I am one) are all partially or considerably relieved, both species of relief being in different degrees. To this account it is but fair to add, that those uncured would be at least partially cured, and those partially cured would be almost perfectly cured, if they had continued to put Mr. Broster's system of speaking in force as they might and should. But in some cases it is difficult, and in others disagreeable to put this system in force, *which* makes the fallibility of the system,—and in this view alone is it fallible. But how can a system be considered infallible, when the difficulty or disagreeability (in some cases) of putting it in force, disempowers the pupil from using it? Suppose it were the secret of the system, that the pupil should stand with his arm extended at right angles to his body whilst he was speaking, and that this whilst acted on was infallible,—would the system yet be infallible? Certainly not; for no man could always speak in the attitude required, nor would he for any length of duration. Or if the system be in theory infallible, it is in fact useless, i. e., as far as it is impracticable. Suppose, to take another instance of a system infallible in theory and fallible in practice, suppose a certain given act requiring presence of mind were to be performed on every occasion of speaking, in order to facilitate speech; suppose the secret of the system to be of this kind, and suppose from the natural impetuosity, irresolution, or forgetfulness of the pupil's disposition, he is unable to collect that presence of mind which is imperative for the success of the system,—Can the system in his case be considered infallible? Assuredly not; for though it would, if put into act, vanquish

the *visible* part of the pupil's malady, still if it does not vanquish the *invisible* part, *videlicet* the pupil's *disposition*, it does not ensure that act, and therefore does not cure that pupil. *Id est*, it is not infallible. Now there is something, I do not say of what kind, in Mr. Broster's System, which, in certain cases, is required for its success, and which in these cases is not always practicable by the pupil, though when he can practise it is remedial. This much it is incumbent on me to assert; great as is my admiration of the System, I cannot allow it to be infallible, and think—*know* it to be my duty so to declare to the public. That the non-infallibility of the System be generally and distinctly understood is of use perhaps to both parties; it will prevent over sanguine expectation, disappointment, &c., and likewise divest Mr. Broster's discovery of that air of imposture and quackery which always accompanies the promulgation of an infallible nostrum or a miraculous remedy.

The next great point of the System to its power, is its permanence. As to this, no one I think but a perfect fool could forget the System; and the sooner *he* forgets it the better. We have plenty of fluent folly already in the world, without setting other founts a-flow. Men with no other faculty besides memory, and of that but a scanty endowment, *must* remember the System; and its good effects will be exactly as permanent as its practice. There is nothing further to be said upon this point.

From the consideration of its permanent effects, the mind naturally flows to the *progressive* effects of the System. These I am happy to testify are not merely proportional to the time and quantity of the practice, but in a ratio vastly transcendent. In one week's labour, you reap one week's fruit; in two, you seem to reap four; in three, twelve; and so on. The difficulty, disagreeability, and *necessity* of practising the system continually diminish.* My own experience is my best evidence: for the first fortnight after my return from Mr. Broster's I was but little better than before; in the next I was "a new man;" and now I often speak without any difficulty, seldom with much. The nature of my disposition is very inimical to the system; if I did or could perpetually speak in it, I should speak as perpetually well. Even under this unfavourable circumstance I feel perfectly confident that the difficulty and disagreeability of speaking in the system will, in my case, wear themselves out, and that I shall ultimately be able to speak as fast and as fluently as I can scribble: more than sufficient for my hearer's satisfaction, perhaps, but at least quite enough for my own.

The last material point in the System is, the difficulty of acquiring its secret, the time and labour of acquiring its practice. To prevent this "Discovery" from becoming a *longitude* or *trisection* problem with my readers; to prevent country-parsons and village schoolmasters beginning with an *El Dorado* upon its foundation, and ending with a madhouse;

* Of course there are advances and recessions (always owing to accident or neglect, however); but the average improvement is progressively steady.

in short, to prevent any one puzzling his wits to no purpose or a bad one, this is sufficient: the secret of the system is not *one*, but multifold. It is no charm, nor panacea, neither a black ribbon round the throat, nor a bunch of "holy vervain" for the breast; neither Balm of Gilead, Tar-water, nor the "Universal Restorative," a potion, nor an operation. Neither Satan nor St. David are at the bottom of it: but Nature herself. By a long devotion to her service and a close examination of her secrets, in plain English, by long experience and native sagacity, this system was discovered. It has no other basis but Nature; and until some other person investigates her as long and laboriously, as sagaciously and successfully, its present discoverer will probably be its only one. The secret, I say, is multifold: it is made up of many secrets, all of different, many of opposite effects. From this it follows that to different cases, different secrets are applicable; to some, opposite ones. Yet it frequently happens that secrets of exactly opposite effects are to be applied to the *same* case, only at different stages. The simplicity, and at the same time, intricacy of the System are not its least remarkable features. Easy to be comprehended in its parts, but as a whole hardly to be compassed. Even if the secrets one and all stood rubric, even if they were published, known, and understood, they could be made but little use of: the *grand* secret is,—how, when, and to whom to apply them. My knowledge of the Brosterian System, intimate as it is with one part of it, and general as it is with all, would scarcely enable me to cure a parrot if it spoke with an impediment,—unless, indeed, it happened to speak as I do myself. But complicated as it is, as a whole, no pupil can have any difficulty in understanding his part of it, at least if he can understand his prayers. As to the time and labour of acquiring its practice, these are with some the work of a moment; with no one who is willing, more than a few days.

This last point may be also put in the form of the following question,—How long a time is necessary for such instruction in the system as will render it permanently effective? To this I answer, that of course the difficulty not only of acquiring, but of *persevering* in the practice, will depend on the disposition of the pupil and the nature of his case: some find none after the first moment, hour, day, week, &c.; I find considerable still; and others may find it for ever. But the time necessary for instruction generally falls short of two months, and is, I believe, mostly about one. Such at least was the case whilst I was at Mr. Broster's. Some have found a week quite sufficient; some a day.

I do not know that I have any thing further to add to the above sketch, but—that I never heard any pupil of this System, cured or uncured, regret the expense of it. For my own part, with the knowledge that I now have of the System, were it to be tried again, I would try it.

I am Sir, &c.

G. D.

SPANISH RELIGIOUS TOURNAMENTS.

THE mixture of amusement with devotion—of profane parade and worldly sports with religious ceremonies—of dissipation and debauchery with pious professions and spiritual aims, which prevails in some Catholic countries, has been the subject of remark and censure with Protestant writers. It might be easily proved, that this union of things apparently so incompatible has sprung from the interests of the priesthood and the revived influence of the superstitions which Christianity had supplanted; but from whatever cause it has arisen, its existence cannot for a moment be denied. Hence it is, that the riot and grotesque exhibitions of our fairs were intended to celebrate the anniversaries of the saints whose name they bear; hence the buffooneries and the dissoluteness of Carnival; hence the pompous rites and splendid pageants of Holy Week at Rome; hence the illumination of the dome of St. Peter, and the fireworks of the castle of St. Angelo; hence we have sky-rockets to announce evangelical rejoicing, and salvoes of artillery to proclaim the mysteries of faith.

In Spain and Portugal—those most Catholic and most faithful kingdoms—this amalgamation has been carried to a greater extent, and has remained with more inveterate constancy than in other Catholic countries. Hence, confessional tickets and bulls of indulgence are frequently bought of women of the town; hence it is no uncommon thing to appoint the representation of a play for the relief of the souls in purgatory; or to give a bull-fight in honour of the Virgin Mary. The name and worship of this saint—the Queen of Heaven—mixes with the most common business and the most ordinary relaxations of life. At one time she is invoked as the patroness of a band of smugglers—at another, as the head of an association of excisemen to put them down; one day she figures as a partner in a commercial adventure, or in a policy of insurance—and another she is the object of a splendid religious ceremony, or monkish procession. Under some one of her many attributes, she is the object of hourly homage or imprecation, and her name is more frequently pronounced than that of all the saints in the calendar.

The celebration of her *Immaculate Conception* is a grand affair with all Spaniards, and probably has been a more fertile cause of profligate indulgence and illegitimate progeny than any other institution, religious or profane. It is, therefore, the less surprising that it should have become so universally popular.

At first, one cannot easily perceive what interest a monk or a nun, a courtesan or a rake, could have in freeing the Virgin from the imputation of original sin—why a Spanish cavalier should draw his sword to defend her original purity—why popes and counsels should be solicited to give it their sanction, or why public rejoicings should take place on its promulgation. But the difficulty is explained when we consider that

it gave occasion to new festivals among the people, and conferred new splendors on the church; that during the despotism of the Inquisition, a nation prone to enjoyment like that of Spain could not participate in any indulgences so safely as in those of religion; and that the activity of character and love of strong excitement which had been formed and exercised in so many sanguinary wars and hardy enterprises as Spanish history presents—when confined by the church within the limits prescribed by its own interests—were not only capable of filling the narrow sphere allotted them, but sufficiently elastic to occupy every fresh enlargement.

We have mentioned these facts, and made these remarks, not on account of their novelty, but as an introduction to a very curious description of a Catholic Tilt or Tournament which took place at Seville in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and which was repeated to the beginning of the last, in honour of the *Immaculate Conception*. These theatrical exhibitions were the image of those judicial combats which in the dark ages were resorted to, not only to prove the innocence of the accused, or the falsehood of an accusation; but the divine origin of a doctrine—the correctness of a point of law—the validity of a monastic charter—the sanctity of a religious creed—the truth of a legend—the honour of a saint—or the merits of a liturgy. The question of the Mus-Arabic and Popish Missal had been submitted for decision, not to the judgment of doctors, but to the steel of two combatants; and as the honour of noble dames had been defended against calumnies by their champions, it would have betrayed a want of chivalrous gallantry if the “Original Purity” could have been challenged without calling forth a Spanish knight to break a lance in its defence. The work whence we extract this account, is a Description of Seville, published in that city about the commencement of the French Revolution, but scarcely known beyond the place to whose curiosities it professes to be a guide.

After mentioning that Seville has always been zealously devoted to the service of the Blessed Virgin, and consequently greatly attached to the mystery of the “Immaculate Conception,” the writer goes on to state that most solemn festivals have long been celebrated in honour of the latter; and that at the beginning of the seventeenth century were established literary *jousts*, in which “poets, excited by a sacred *æstrum*, said most glorious things” * of this doctrine.

* The following is one of those “glorious things” which our author thinks worthy of quoting as a relic of these poetical contests, and which, in his opinion, is sufficient to make the name of the author immortal. Those least acquainted with the Spanish language, will at once perceive that such doggrel, however “immaculate” in “conception,” is wretched in expression, and would require as great a miracle as the doctrine which it celebrates to prove its literary “purity.”

Todo el Mundo en general

A voces Reyna escogida

Digan, que sois Concebida

Sin pecado Original.

He then relates that in the year 1617, the archbishop and municipality solicited Philip III. to allow a deputation to be sent to Rome, to obtain the sanction of the holy see to the tenet so dear to their hearts, and thus describes the effect produced by the result of the negotiation.

On the 22d of Oct. 1617, at 10 o'clock at night, arrived the bull, which Pope Paul V. returned in favour of the mystery, and the intelligence caused a universal commotion in the city. Delight filled the hearts of the inhabitants of Seville, manifesting itself through their eyes, which streaming with tears of tenderness, displayed the excess of their joy. They sallied from their houses at that late hour, venting mutual congratulations, and crowding the streets as at noon day. The confraternity of Nazerenes, composing a procession of 600 persons, proceeded through the streets with lighted torches, singing couplets in praise of the *Original Purity*. Bon-fires were lighted, the streets, windows, and balconies, were in a blaze, and artificial fire-works were played off. At mid-night a general ringing of the bells of the cathedral took place, and was answered by the bells of all the parish churches and convents of the city. Crowds appeared in masques, and, forming themselves into bands, proceeded to the palace of the archbishop, who appeared at the balcony shedding tears of joy at witnessing the devout jubilee of his flock. At the commencement of the ringing, all the churches of the city were thrown open, and with hymns and psalms of thanksgiving, converted the sombre silence of night into a most joyful day.

The archbishop and municipality, seeing that the Pope's brief took so well on the occasion, determined that this midnight revelry should not be the last. They therefore determined to appoint another festival in which they might publicly swear to defend the immaculate mystery; and for this purpose they selected the 7th of December of the same year. We shall not enter into a particular detail of the ceremonies and rejoicings which took place on that occasion. Suffice it to say, that in the evening the city was illuminated—that the magnificent cathedral appeared (in the words of our author) “like a luminous mountain of fire from which the great tower rose like a brilliant and burning crest,” that processions of all the civil and religious bodies took place, that all the bells were rung, that the guns of the Golden tower and of the vessels in the river fired salutes, that dancing and music, and pious acclamations enlivened every street, square, church, and house of Seville; that feats of horsemanship and chivalry were exhibited, and that splendid bull-fights were given at the public expence, in which twenty-eight knights with their lacqueys gorgeously appparelled entered the ring. The distinguishing feature of the last pageant was the appearance of the dwarf of Don Melchor de la Alcazar (“so small that his stirrup-hoops were obliged to be nailed to his saddle”), who entered the ring on a white charger, richly caparisoned, attended by four gigantic negro lacqueys. The dwarf was dressed in a short cloak of black velvet trimmed with gold lace, a cap of black velvet with black and white plumes, white buskins, and gilt spurs: his lacqueys were tricked out with similar magnificence. The dwarf behaved with great courage, and drove his lance half a foot into the neck of the bull.

But the part of this festival which is the most curious, and which it

was chiefly our object to notice, is the tournament given by the silk trade, or corporation of silk manufacturers.

There was (says our author) erected near the *puerta del Perdon* a platform or stage, in the front of which was the altar of the most blessed Mary, who is there worshipped, and below the said altar were three costly chairs. On each side of the scaffolding were passages for the entrance of the judges, the challenger, the seconds, and the combatants. In a corner was the tent of the challenger, made of rich black and grey taffety, with a chair of black velvet. At the door was a well-imitated apple-tree (the forbidden fruit), covered with fruit, and a target, with a challenge. At five o'clock, the master of the lists and his adjutant arrived, followed by four most beautiful boys, representing angels, with white torches in their hands, and behind them, the person who was to act the Angel Michael. In a short time six other boys appeared, habited like the former, and between them an actor, who carried the prizes, which were a lamb and a male infant. Last of all entered the judges, who were Justice and Mercy. In a short time was heard the noise of six drums, four fifes, and clarionets. Then there came two wild savages with clubs on their shoulders, eight youths habited in black with torches in their hands, two infernal furies, and in the midst of them a page, with the challenge, richly dressed in clothes embroidered with gold. The last person who made his appearance in this procession, was the second of the challenger, dressed in black, with plumes of black and yellow feathers (representing flames) in his cap. He took a turn round the stage, and then called for the challenger (*Mantenedor*), who was dressed in a black gold embroidered uniform, and held in his hand a lance twelve feet long. Then came the combatants who were to oppose him, the first of whom was Adam, preceded by six rustics with burning torches in their hands. He was seconded by Hope and accompanied by Innocence. The second was Cain, preceded by six infernal furies and attended by Envy as his supporter. The third was Abraham, preceded by six dwarfs. His second was Faith, attended by three angels in the habit of pilgrims, together with his son Isaac. The fourth was Job, preceded by six pages, and attended by Patience as his second. The fifth was David, preceded by six gallant youths, and led by Penitence as his second. The sixth was Jeroboam, preceded by four Indians; his second was Idolatry. The seventh was Ahab, preceded by twelve strange youths; his second was Covetousness. The eighth was John the Baptist, preceded by twelve beautiful youths; his second was Divine Love and Grace.

All of them were richly dressed in robes corresponding to the characters which they represented. They all combated with the challenger, and were wounded by the first thrust of his lance, but laying hold of their swords, some of them overthrew him, and others were worsted.

The Baptist highly distinguished himself in this combat; for although overcome by the first charge, his second, Divine Grace, gave him such arms that the boldness of the enemy was tamed in all the subsequent encounters.

To the saint was therefore adjudged the palm of victory and the prize of the Lamb. At this stage of the contest went forth to the sound of martial music the master of the lists, with his adjutant, Grace and Divine Love, to bring in the last champion. They soon returned, followed by 12 gallant youths, bearing torches in their hands, the seven Virtues represented by most beautiful boys of from four to five years of age, and nine angels representing the nine celestial choirs. Each Virtue and each angel was attended by their respective squires. Then came the seconds, Divine Love and Grace, accompanying a boy three years of age. Last came a boy of seven years of age, beautiful beyond all compare, who represented the most holy Mary. His habit was consequently more splendid than that of any of the rest, his robe being white besprinkled with golden

stars, his hair flowing loosely over his shoulders, and his head encircled with a diadem of twelve stars. At sight of him the challenger trembled. A champion took from his hand the lance which was inscribed *daughter of Adam*, and his second gave him another, inscribed *daughter of the Father*. With the latter he assaulted his adversary, who in dismay beat the empty air, and was overthrown by a thrust in the breast. The victorious champion then armed himself with two other lances, inscribed respectively *mother of the Son*, and *spouse of the Spirit*. With the first of these he attacked his adversary with such success, that he soon overpowered, threw him on the ground, planted his foot on his neck, and his sword in his body. This glorious sight was hailed with a universal burst of religious acclamation. The judges decided the contest in favour of the Virgin, placing her in a seat more elevated than all the rest, and giving her the child Jesus as the prize of victory. Divine Love and Grace, the Archangel Michael, St. John the Baptist, had chairs allotted them on a lower level, while the other combatants and champions skirmished before them. This was concluded by the departure of the challenger and his party by the left side of the stage, while John the Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, the Angels, the Virtues, the Seconds, and Judges, retired by the right, forming the procession of the glorious victor, who was preceded by 140 lighted torches, and welcomed by songs of the church, the crowd shouting the couplet* composed in honour of her original purity.

We are told in a passage which follows this description, that the Silversmiths' Company gave a masquerade in honour of the same religious mystery, in which there figured—

A Fame on horseback, attended by six lacqueys, Hercules and Julius Cæsar on horseback (what had they to do with the Virgin?) a party of Ethiopians on horseback, headed by the king of Abyssinia; a party of Indians, headed by Montezuma; a party of Romans with the imperial *Labarum*; a party of the Patriarchs from Adam to Noah; the kings of France, from St. Louis to the reigning monarch; and the family of Austria from Rodolph to Philip IV.

To make any serious reflections on these exhibitions would either appear a burlesque upon good sense, or expose one to participate in the ridicule which they are calculated to excite. We cannot however refrain from making a single remark or two. In the first place it should not be forgotten that this scriptural tournament and solemn revelry were not only arranged with a religious object, but actually composed part of a religious rejoicing. What connection with the sober duties of life, or what influence over the moral conduct of man, can such a religion possess? In the second place, it ought to be observed, that this exhibition took place not in an age of darkness, nor in a country of barbarians, but at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and in one of the most civilized nations of the world—a nation which had attained and just passed the zenith of its glory, while its literature had reached a point of perfection from which it has subsequently declined, after Lope de Vega had conferred on its stage its richest and most varied treasures, and after Cervantes, who had long inhabited Seville (and who had died the year before), had published those immortal works, which added the reading public of Europe to the mass of his Spanish admirers. Seville, which has been deservedly called the cradle of every species of talent, was then nearly the most wealthy and most cultivated city of the Spanish mo-

* This couplet we have given before in a note.

narchy ; and this exhibition, absurd as it is, was no doubt planned and arranged by some pious poet or learned monk, whose works always commanded popular applause on similar occasions. Viewed in connection with these circumstances, its jumble of scripture and fable—its collection of characters taken at random from the Bible, furnishes a striking proof of the intellectual degradation and moral darkness which the Inquisition had occasioned among an otherwise intelligent, active, and ardent people. In the third place, chivalry must have begun to decline, and its formalities to be forgotten before *our Lady* was allowed in person to enter the lists. Ladies, ecclesiastics, and minors, fought by their champions, and not by their own lances. The Virgin should have had the privilege of her sex. Why did the Angel Michael not offer her the succour of his heavenly tempered steel? Why was she defied by king Jeroboam and his second, Idolatry? The result was to be sure happy—the Virgin put her foot on the neck of her adversary ; but what would have become of the *immaculate conception* had she been vanquished? It makes one shudder to think of it.

DEATH IN THE GALLIPOT.

IN these days of universal light, it is most necessary, proper, and meritorious, that every man should ascend or be shoved up to a higher rank in society than that in which he was born ; but that is no reason why he should poison his neighbours. It is necessary that the philanthropy expended on climbing boys should enable them to climb from chimneys to chancellorships, from beneath ground to above the clouds ; but that is not a valid reason why any man should poison his neighbour. Because we are all flogged at Westminster and Eton, it is necessary that we should all be supposed to know Latin ; but what right does that confer on any man to poison his neighbour. And though the wisdom of our ancestors founded corporations, and though corporations are as stupid as our wise ancestors were, and though they hold fast by old customs lest the cloth should be torn off with the lace, and though they wrap themselves up in mystery, we maintain that none of these are sufficient reasons for allowing any man to poison his neighbour.

Now, though forty men who have not learnt physic at Oxford and Cambridge (for the plain reason that it is not taught and is not to be learnt there) choose to sell their house in Warwick Lane, build another in Suffolk-street, make a long speech in Latin which no one understands, give a breakfast to the Duke of York, and write their orders in Latin that is not intelligible, to people who could not understand it if it were, we aver that these are not justifiable reasons why any man should poison his neighbour. Nor, because an apothecary, an apothecarius, a man who keeps a shop, an apotheca, a depository of drugs, chooses to set himself

up as a physician; nor because another man calling himself a chemist (alas! poor chemistry!) chooses to become an apothecary, nor because he cannot read Latin himself, and because the names of his poisons are written in dog Latin, dog and curtailed, and that they are all huddled together on shelves and in gallipots; nor because he also begins to practise physic, or is too much of a gentleman to stand behind his own counter, and hires boys to do it at the wages of a footman, are all these any reasons why he should poison his neighbour?

Such poisonings are the consequences, among the consequences, of that spirit-stirring ambition to rise a grade, or more grades, (as Jonathan would say) on the ladder of society, to make, *make*, money, “rem, quocunque modo;” to buy cheap, in short, and sell dear, according to the very spirit and essence of commerce.

There is not a week passes, in which some one is not poisoned, by “a mistake in the medicine,” as it is genteelly and tenderly called, in this age of politeness, and of all manner of mincing, from a “mistake” to a “faux pas.” In plain terms, the man is poisoned, killed, murdered, by the blunder or negligence of the apothecary, the chemist, or the chemist’s boy. And the people submit to all this as quietly as if it was part of the necessary and irremediable law of Nature. “Death in the pot” is a jest to these “deaths in the gallipot”—in the gallipot, in the phial, in the pill box, in the elegantly folded and flattened bit of paper, which issue weekly from the apothecas of drugs and destruction that haunt every alley, every street, and every corner, illuminating with their portentous and ghastly lights the circumambient darkness. You think, reader, that what we say is rather “splenetic” or “rash:” not at all, though these and harsher terms will be applied to us—suffice it, that we *know* it. And so does the public; but it does not know the half, the tenth, the twentieth. Oxalic acid for salts, saltpetre for salts, butter of antimony for antimonial wine, arsenic for antimonial powder, ammonia embrocation for a draught, laudanum for any thing; of these, or some of these, the public knows every month, or every six months; but it does not know them all, and it does not know of many more, and it does not know one case in ten, twenty, a hundred, where these “mistakes” occur, where people are poisoned, killed, and buried, and where the disease or the doctor, not the apothecary nor the chemist, gets the blame.

It is a crying evil, and it does demand a remedy. It is not a month since a lady of rank was killed by swallowing ammonia prescribed to be used externally. It is not much more since Mr. Owen, the artist, was poisoned by laudanum, similarly misnamed. The fate of the late Primate of Ireland is not forgotten. But what are these to the crowds who never come to light. In our own experience, and a most limited one it has been, we have seen twenty such cases for one of which the public has known. We have inquired among our medical friends for testimony, and we have found it; testimony that would make your

readers shudder. And those friends have scarcely exempted, among them, a man, or a shop. From one or other, we are assured that such mistakes have happened in almost every one of the greatest shops in London. But we are desired not to give names, and we must obey. And yet this seems a specimen of that false delicacy which would rather that the innocent should suffer than that a culprit should meet his just reward.

And from the evidences which we have collected, we have also found errors proving that nothing but the extremest ignorance or the grossest carelessness could have committed them; substances substituted for others the most perfectly dissimilar, and the misplacement of labels where it would have been supposed impossible to misplace them. What else but an utter ignorance of the nature or aspect of these dangerous substances could compound a draught of arsenic and water, could substitute saltpetre cast into bullets, or sal prunella, for common salts, antimonial powder for ipecacuanha, muriate of antimony for antimonial wine, laudanum for almost every thing, and much more that we need not enumerate. One of our evidences has informed us that, in a medicine chest containing six bottles, four were wrong, and that from the very largest shop in London.

Sickness is a sufficiently serious evil; and it is hard to think that, like poor Owen, we are recovering from it to die of the remedies. Why does not the legislature interfere; it is always interfering, and with less reason. The apothecary was originally the dispenser of drugs, and often the maker; he understood his trade, and attended to it. So he does still in France, and elsewhere. In England, he must be a physician, forsooth, a physician without education or study, without either practice or experience than that of having folded papers and tied packthread for seven years; and his own trade, that which he has undertaken to perform, a most dangerous trade, is left to mean hirelings and idle boys, ignorant and careless, often so careless that they will neither weigh a solid nor measure a liquid. The chemist, as he is called,—chemist indeed—steps into the place of the apothecary, and he too by degrees becomes a physician, and leaves his business, in rotation, to similar hands. Both study to procure assistants or workmen at the lowest wages, and the consequences are obvious.

The foolish and coxcombical custom of writing prescriptions in Latin, and, in some measure, of naming substances in abbreviated Latin, is perhaps a minor evil, but it is one. The hireling cannot read Latin; and though he may discover the names and the substances, he often cannot translate the directions to the patient. Surely these at least might be given in English, as is the case in Scotland, wiser on this point at least. Hence the gross and dangerous blunders which occur every day. But the Latin does not now serve even the purpose of concealment from the patient, if that is its object; since every patient can contrive to read his prescription, in a country where all know physic, or

about it. Let the College show that it has good sense enough to abolish this silly relic of mystery and barbarism.

But let the legislature interfere also, as it very properly does in France, where no *Pharmacien* can practise, and where he must attend to his shop. Why should not errors of this nature be visited with penalties, if nothing else will keep apothecaries to their duty. The man who throws a beam from a house into the street, is subject to the penalties of law; he who deals in danger, and does not take every precaution against it, is a proper object of criminal legislation, and the more so when the facilities and the frequency are considered; the difficulty of detection, and the fearful consequences of neglect—consequences involving no less than human life. These are the contingencies attending crime, which justify penalties peculiarly severe, as the law acknowledges in its general practice; and they are circumstances which cause the legislator to visit minor crimes with the severity due only to greater ones. Let us hope that another parliament will not pass without investigating a subject which has long loudly called for its notice and care. We are confident that one or two examples of justice would correct the evil for ever; and they are not severe laws which effect their purpose by means of partial suffering, and which, with transient or limited severity, produce permanent and solid good.

APPROVED METHODS OF SETTING HOUSES ON FIRE.

If a man sets his house on fire, says a Spanish proverb, he warms his fingers and drives the rats out. So that, as the moralists aver, there is no evil which is not productive of good. The Spaniard has been very kind in trying to help the lame dog of a moralist over this stile; but really, except for the sake of the carpenter and masons, we do not see any vast advantages to be gained by burning down our houses, although it is a tolerably prevailing fashion, as Mortimer-street testified not very long ago. It is a day of lamentation to the Directors of the Sun, and the Hand in Hand, and the Norwich, and the other hundred offices, who, receiving by drops and dribblets, must return by bucketfulls, that, like Phoenixes, we may rise from our ashes in all the splendour of new brick, fresh plaster, and stinking, not fresh, paint.

Yes;—no,—we had forgotten. A warm fire burns down the plague, as it did in London of yore—the itch, as it lately did in Edinburgh—and those confounded, long, intricate, unsettled, unintelligible, questionable, un settleable, Custom-house accounts (thanks to Colonel Kelly) whose fiery fate filled with rejoicings the Custom-house clerks, and the Treasury clerks, and the Board of Customs, and the Receiver-General

of Grand Accounts, and Mr. John Charles Herries, and—not the Solicitor to his Majesty's Customs, God be praised for all his mercies. O si sic omnia. Is the race of the Kelly's extinct? Is Indra, the God of fire, dead? or does he but snore to the soft gliding of Ganges, dreaming of his next Avatar, when perchance the Excise shall follow the Customs, and the Stamp-office the Excise, and when Board after Board, fast fixed in defiance of Hume and Cobbett, shall, after long days of darkness, show a light to enlighten the people, and when the Trinity-House shall become unquenchable in all the waters of its *mare clausum*, and when the Chancery and the Six Clerks shall meet the judgment they never give, and with the papers "they're so rich in, light a fire in Michael's kitchen."

But alas, to what purpose burns the Custom-house, unless the Customs burn too. Though we should carbonize the Six Clerks, and decompose the Chancellor, other Clerks, other Chancellors, will spring from their ashes; the gas which distills from the pink slippered Vice will consolidate, like the blue smoke of the Genie, into fresh Vices, and new Masters will sit where Masters sat before, swallowing up the estates of the widow and orphan, each, all, draining, like leeches that have lost their tails, the purses of clients, like vampires, silently extracting the life, the heart, the soul, from the weary and wasted expectant, building themselves, like ichneumans into caterpillars, into the bodies of their suitors, and, fattened with their blood, their marrow, their intestines, their brains, their hearts, their lungs, their livers, rejecting the empty skin as a thing of nought; judging as they would be judged, as knowing full well that the longer shall be protracted the decision of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Cæacus, that delay is clear gain to them.

Alas, that fire is such a physical substance. It is, indeed, O Great Royal Society, in spite of thy squabbles, and experiments, and decisions, in spite of thy great Sir Hum, and thy Rumford, with his Rumfords, and the baking of thy Blagden, and all thy other Hums. Else why does it only boil potatoes and roast legs of mutton, and burn Porson's Lexicon and Colonel Kelly, and convert into smoke and charcoal long accounts and short accounts, and cockets, and entries, leaving the metaphysical soul existing, fresh, new, renovated, ready for more mischief, as the souls of the Commissioners, and the Board of Trade, and the Treasury, and the Privy Council, will hereafter be, when they have shuffled off their mortal coil; provided they can find any mischief to do. O for a metaphysical fire and no Insurance-offices.

After all, a fire is a fine thing. It furnishes patents to Sir William Congreve, and fees therefore to Mr. Pooley and the Attorney-General, and work to the carpenters, and the bricklayers, and the hodmen, and to Mr. Whitehead's lime-works at Purfleet, and it enables bankrupts to cheat their creditors, and rogues to cheat the insurance, and finds employment for Mr. Bramah and the hose makers, and produces a stamp

duty to government, and opportunities for begging and charity sermons, and for setting broken legs to the students at St. Thomas's, and for all the water companies to squabble about their respective superiorities. And then it generates a new water bill in Edinburgh, so that the Modern Athens may perhaps learn in time to wash its face and hands, and to dismiss its night-smelling flowers, and it furnishes paragraphs to the newspapers during the still days ; and last, not least, has it not made us take up our blunted pen ?

And then, what a firework is a fire. Pyrotechny is a jest to Drury-Lane ; Mrs. Hengler is but as the illumination of a tobacco-pipe ; Sir William Congreve's Chinese bridge was but as the crackling of thorns beneath the pot, to Covent-Garden, and the Custom-house, and Ludgate-hill, and Mortimer-street. There are the crackling, and the burning, and the blazing, and the water, and the buckets, and the engines, and the swearing, and the crowding, and the thieving, and the mobbing, and the crying, and the running, and the ladders, and the constables, and the guards, and the dirty water streaming through the streets, and the jingling, and rattling, and trotting of the fire-engines, and the parish beadle awakened out of his sound sleep, and the keys of the church missing, and the Churchwardens in a heat, and featherbeds to catch the falling, and fire-escapes to break their necks, and removing of chairs, beds, tables, pots, pans, and children, and the women screaming and wringing their hands, and stacks of chimneys falling, and a grocer's shop with a barrel of gunpowder in the garret, and the firemen suffocated, burnt, breaking their legs, heads, arms, ribs, thighs, and all the apothecaries shutting up their shops and running away, lest they should get plenty of work and no fees. What a noble thing is a fire !

But that is no reason why we should set our houses on fire. A few minor inconveniences attend these experiments occasionally, and therefore we are about to tell our readers how to contrive the burning of their own houses. *Experto crede—credite.* In each and in all of these several ways, we have burnt down, or else set on fire without burning down, either our own houses or other people's houses, besides sundry arsenals, stables, dock-yards, churches, inns of court, powder-mills, tallow chandlers' shops, laboratories, and sundry other erections—tot quot, tales quales.

Twice we have set fire to our beds,—twice !—three times, by the very laudable practice of reading romances, a practice much approved by young ladies and young ladies' maids. So did Lady Frederick Campbell, at Coombbank ; wherefore she was burnt, together with her chamber. There are two modes of gaining this end, and the experiment succeeds best when the curtains are made of muslin ; it does not answer, amiss if they are of dimity. We do not counsel any young ladies, given to nocturnal romance, to permit moreen ; partly because it is hot, old fashioned, and ungenteel, besides obstructing our cotton manufactories,

and partly because the experiment will certainly fail, and that if the house-maid has forgotten the towels, they cannot wipe their faces on the curtains.

There are two or three modes of performing this experiment. The operator may place the candle by the bed-side, on a chair or a table, and suffer the curtain, which must not be carefully looped up, to fall down on it, or she may take the candle into the bed itself and fall asleep, or lean over it in her night-cap and do the same thing, or forget to snuff it, and allow the mushroom to tumble into her pocket-handkerchief, or to become a thief. Ingenious experimenters will discover other modes of operating; and it is a very good way to hold a candle in the hand when getting into bed, and to whisk it past the curtains. It is a sort of corollary from this mode, that without going to bed, my lady's maid, or the house-maid, should similarly make up the bed, or make it down, which is the proper phrase, with the candle in one hand, and she may then whisk it along the bed curtains or the dimity window curtains, or sit down on the bed with it in her hand; all of which modes we have known highly successful.

Should the experiment be much desired, especial care must be taken that no candle has a glass shade; and if it should succeed, the windows and doors must immediately be opened, and the party must scream and run down stairs; for we have known the experiment utterly fail by the application, in time, of the water jug, or by squeezing the diseased part in a towel, or by pulling down the curtains, or shutting the door close and leaving the room quietly.

Thus much respecting beds and curtains, and thus much as to young ladies when they set up to operate on houses. On themselves, they possess other modes of experimenting, by means of muslin, whether in the form of gowns, caps, or handkerchiefs. Such, for example, as sitting or standing near a wood fire, particularly if it be oak and has the bark on, or fir, which answers nearly as well, or standing by any fire when it burns well, and there is an open door or window, and no guard, or reading a romance with the knees inside the fender, or meditating over one with the chin on the hand and the candle under the cap. And in all these cases, should the lady prove as inflammable as the romance and the candle are inflammatory, she should scream and run out of the room, by which means it is probable she will serve as a torch for the curtains, or the chair covers, or the sofas, or the bed, if there happen to be one present, and by which means also she will ensure perfect success as to her own person.

But the fair sex, not being ladies, young or old, possesses other resources, in the shape of nursery maids, laundry maids, kitchen maids, maids of all work, or maids of no work, such as are the housekeeper who keeps a deputy, and my lady's maid. It is necessary that the nursery maid should have a fire, or how should she boil the infant's pap, or

make a "comfortable drop of tea" for herself. And she must keep it alive all night, that she may dry the clouts. Or rather, because that is too much trouble, she makes a roaring fire before she goes to bed, the clouts begin to singe, the children and the nurse try which shall snore the loudest, the clouts flame, the horse takes fire, so does the wainscot, and then the ceiling, and then "the neighbours are alarmed, and cry out, Fire," and a successful experiment is the result.

If the child should have had occasion to take Godfrey's Cordial or Daffy's Elixir, it is proper to leave a candle burning all night, and it is impossible that it can be safer any where than on a mahogany table, because mahogany is an incombustible wood, just as larch is. By degrees, a thief gets into the candle, it gutters down the smooth cylindrical tallow, floats gently on the gliding stream along the candlestick, settles on the table, and, behold! the incombustible becomes a lamp, the lamp takes fire, so does the house. If any one doubts that we set our camp table on fire by this very process, and were very near burning down Swinley camp, he may apply to the Quarter-master General's department.

But we can instruct the nursery maid, the laundry maid, the kitchen maid, all the maids, how to effect their purposes in another way, not less efficacious, and as little suspected. When a kettle is to be lifted off the fire, it is apt to be hot in the handle, and to burn the fingers. A towel is a convenient intermedium. The towel, being dry, dry and hot, is seized on by the point of a flame, or a spark, and it is then proper to throw it over a chair back, or into a corner, or into any other incombustible place. The spark spreads into a circle, as it does in a tinder box, or wanders about like the parson and the clerk when a child "has burnt to tinder some stale last year's news," and, in due time, the engines arrive, and Nobody has set the house on fire. We vouch for the success of the experiment, because it once succeeded perfectly with us on a bit of wainscot.

All these methods, however, bear a certain air of vulgarity; for which reason we shall point out at least one elegant mode of effecting this desirable object. Being founded on optical principles, it cannot fail to be acceptable to the ladies who have learnt their Ologies, who know the length of Captain Kater's pendulum, think Captain Basil Hall a greater man than Cook, and Frobisher and Raleigh united, Barrow of the Admiralty and the Quarterly, the first of human writers, past, present, and to come, and the Quarterly itself the pink, or sink, of all human science, human literature, human knowledge, besides theology, politics, and puffing.

This expedient is perfectly Galilean, and consists in choosing a globular decanter, which is to be filled with water (ladies, the water needs not be distilled), and then placing it, on some sunshiny day, supposing that such a thing ever happens in England, in the sunshine, on a table, in a window, covered (the table) with a fair toilette table-cloth. The focus (that is the word), concentrating the sun beams, and—in

short, it sets the house on fire. It is even so indeed ; for we have known it happen twice. As to other scientific and chemical means of producing the same results, such as by a phosphorus bottle, or a bottle of oxymuriatic matches, they are too vulgar to be introduced into so profound a treatise as this. Nor need we inform school-boys how they may manage for the same purposes by gunpowder and squibs, since we profess to deal only in the obscurer and more profound expedients for exciting what the lawyers call Arson.

That is the reason why we recommend the use of rat catchers, or else that learned treatise relative to the apprehending or fugitating "that unpleasant animal called the rat," put forth by the High Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Admiralty, price one guinea, the honour of inventing which is, however, disputed by our friend in the Strand, whose commentary we have quoted, but whose name we have unluckily forgotten. For it is most certain, we having seen it with our own eyes, that this "most unpleasant animal" has not only a long tail, but has a great affection for tallow candles, particularly when the cook is careful of her pantry, and the population presses hard on the means of subsistence, as Mr. Malthus says in his chapter, "anent" the swarming of rats. And actually, whether it is that said rat is desirous of having light at his supper, or that, like a celebrated worthy of yore, he is afraid to snuff a candle with his fingers, we have seen, or did see, him extract (as being about half asleep or half awake, it matters not which) said candle, being about an inch and three quarters long, combusting at the upper extremity, out of the candlestick, by force of arms, and said candle did bear in his mandibles, to his retreat, nest, or hole, said candle being then and there in a state of ignition, when, if it had not been extinguished *in transitu*, as alien goods are sometimes eluded by his Majesty's cruisers, heaven only knows, as Mr. Speaker Onslow wisely remarked, what would have been the consequences.

The cook, the kitchen maid, the scullery maid, the whole genus dealing in fires and the great art of nutrition, possess such obvious means of their own, of making fireworks of any dimensions, suited to the scales of their respective houses, that we consider it beneath our dignity to descend far into their regions. Yet we think we can teach the cook one expedient unknown to her, a discovery of our own, one on which we pride ourselves as much as if we had found out a new tax, not to be put on, but taken off. We dare say that she, or he, does not know that charcoal possesses a self combustibility, or an inherent principle of spontaneous ignition, arising from its pyrophorical propensities, and these depending on the presence of potassium, though how that happens to get there is another matter. If, therefore, on any particular day, the kitchen should prove on fire, she had better accuse the potassium, as it will save her own bacon ; and if her master and mistress do not affect the company of firemen, they may possibly "look to it," and take a hint, which we assure them is very serious, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

And while we are on the abstruser matters of our subject, we might

have said the same of coals, particularly when they contain sulphur ; but there is nothing abstruse in a method which we have seen practised in Cornwall, which is to keep the furze hole and the fire in neighbourly approximation, as saving trouble, and to drag the said furze out of the hole into the fire-place, taking care to leave a line of communication between them, by means of a proper disposition of scattered fragments, which, in that land of tin and New Light, are denominated Bruss. It is a more roundabout way of carrying the same point, to keep a fat, lazy, black dog with a shaggy coat, who sleeps in the ashes when he is too cold, and in the furze hole when he is too warm, maintaining an amicable intercourse between hot and cold timber, which, like that of the Hand in Hand of the incendiary office, is in danger of being dissolved in a general conflagration.

We do not know that "private families" are ever very likely to have new floor cloths, or to roll them up and put them away, when just out of the manufacturer's hands, and they are departing for Ramsgate or the Land of famine. But that supposition being supposed, it is certain and of verity, that the said floor cloths will sometimes take fire and enter into spontaneous combustion. Let the floor cloth makers perpend it, at least ; lest that splendid architecture at Hammersmith, and its rival of Chelsea, each rivals of Soane and Nash, should vanish into thick air, and regale the neighbouring noses with the smell of burning oil. Let the officers of his Majesty's Ordnance perpend it, as well as the waggon train and all dealers in tilts and painted canvas, lest they burn down the Arsenal once more, as they once burnt it before, and lest we have to pay for it again.

And since we have plunged into the deep depths of chemistry and philosophy, let us tell the ropemakers, whether ropemakers here or ropemakers there, Navy Board or merchant, Portsmouth, or Mr. Charles Hampden Turner, that if haystacks are ticklish subjects in this matter, so is hemp, and, we fear, cables. Hemp and water, hemp and oil, hemp and tar, 'tis all one. They will burn when it beseems them, and then it will be wondered why. Painters may profit by the same philosophy, unless they are insured below their amount. Lamp black by itself, and much more certainly with oil, will often take fire, and so will red lead, and more certainly manganese, if it should ever enter their heads to make black paint from this material. These are abstruse methods of lighting up a neighbourhood ; and, for that reason, we have suggested them. The more common and approved modes are beneath the attention of our dignity.

But we must return to more domestic matters, and therefore to the stable, having disposed of the *interiora consilia*. The quintessence of the pyrotechnic art, in this case, is for the coachman and grooms, and stable boys, one, each, or all, to get drunk, and the drunker the better. That being done, it is proper to lie down on the hay with the candle burning, or to go up into the hay loft similarly, or to amuse themselves

with setting fire to spiders, or smoking, or with drinking still more, if they have not drunk enough already. Drunk or sober, it is not amiss to have a nocturnal assignation with some gentle fair one at midnight, to clap the candle under a stable bucket as a substitute for a dark lantern, and forget it, or else to tumble it into the hay in the confusion of the moment, or, finally, to prevent discovery, whether of this, of purloined oats, stolen hay, or a stolen horse, fairly to set the whole on fire. That it is generally judged good policy to fire a stable occasionally, is indicated by that exquisite invention a stable lantern, partaking of all the obvious qualities of a safety lamp, and unquestionably the hint whence it was derived. If, indeed, it is nothing to the purpose of safety, if a spark may fly out or a straw get in, conducting to other straws, it is very much to the purpose which we have here all along kept in view.

Our advice to bricklayers, carpenters, and plumbers, admits of being brief, for we cannot teach them much. They are adepts already. Bond timber is, however, the fundamental secret; because brick and lime being naturally incombustible, inasmuch as they have both been burnt already, no other method of destroying the walls with the interior, the shell with the oyster, could have been devised. Luckless was the day, and dark the hour, that substituted stamped and taxed paper, amianthine paper paste and lime, for fat, red, fiery Norway fir; but he was no small philosopher in fire who taught us to build houses on drumsticks; that, like mousetraps, they might tumble at the pulling of a trigger.

But even bond timber will not burn unless it receives the contact of the element destined to communicate life and motion to the dormant and sluggish mass; and how should the whole mine of beams and timbers and rafters and floors be taught to aspire to heaven, unless the train were laid which may in due time rescue them from their bondage, and make them exult in liberty, hailing their emancipation in crackling and sparkling bonfires. The train is laid into the chimney, and where better could it be laid? This, at least, is the most efficacious; but it occasionally succeeds if laid below the hearth stone; where, gradually drying, more gradually charring, perhaps favoured by some delicate crevice to admit air, or a spark, it is at length found that the house smells strangely of burning wood, then smells of smoke, then smells of fire, and, at length, becomes sensible to the rest of the seven senses, and to the insurance office. As to the plumbers, they understand so well the art of burning down a church or a cathedral, that we need not lose our labour in attempting to instruct them.

It is often convenient to burn divers manufactories of various kinds, but the modes are endless, and would exhaust our patience. Yet we particularly recommend to varnish makers and the rest of this fraternity, always to work at an open fire, because if they used any furnace of any kind, this desirable event could never happen. Carpenters, chemists, distillers, bakers, and the rest, must be allowed to follow the established rules in this art, for we doubt if we could teach them any thing new.

Powder millers, we believe, may yet learn from us; though they have hitherto appeared to understand their trade tolerably well, as Hounslow can testify. It is highly necessary to grind their combustible dust with stones, because these are noted for striking fire, even though they be limestones, and never to use iron or copper, because then a mill could not possibly blow up. For the same reason, it is expedient that the powder should be granulated in the midst of its own dust; that, amid the said dust, cranks should be revolving and gudgeons grinding in their sockets, and that care should be taken not to oil them too much, lest they should not become hot enough to fire, first the dust, then the powder, lastly the house; terminating all, with a dispersion of heads, legs, and arms, into the air.

Of thunder and lightning what can we predicate. Conductors? Blunt or sharp? nye, there's the rub. Whether the conductor, sharp or blunt, is to conduct to the building or from it, whether the thunder and the lightning choose to be conducted at all, and whether they have not an obstinate propensity to rebel and choose their own roads, are questions which we shall leave to that "fille tres ainée" of Charles II. which appears for some time to have been falling into her dotage; "aussi reve t'elle quelque fois." We "doubt" with the Chancellor; rather, *we* doubt not, for we are very sure.

Thus have we, in the extremity of our good nature, and of our desire to add our mite to the improvements of this age of improvements, attempted to teach our countrymen some of the abstruser and some of the less abstruse modes of producing the element of fire; that art by which man is most especially and completely distinguished from the beasts that walk, the birds that fly, and, above all, from the fishes that swim. There are two sorts of advice; advice of things to be followed, advice of things to be shunned. There are two parties in this cause also; he who burns and he who is burnt; he to whom burning is gain, he to whom burning is loss; he who is to profit by conflagration; he who is to lose by it; the bankrupt, the insurer, the lady's maid, the lady, the bricklayer, the dean and chapter, the landlord, the insurance office, and the gentleman who has a collection of rare books, or shells, or old bones, or pictures, or, like Dr. Burney, of play bills.

And hence, as we have advised one party how to burn, it is our duty to advise the other how not to be burnt.

Frederick the Great was the King of Prussia. The hats of the soldiers of Frederick the Great were given to falling off at Reviews. Frederick the Great ordered the hats not to fall off; and if the hats rebelled and disobeyed, why then Frederick the Great ordered that their owners should be flogged. All Europe cried out that Frederick the Great was a tyrant, but his Majesty remarked that the hats had reformed their manners, and kept to their stations admirably, under the new regulations.

Now, Messrs. Brougham, Bennet, and ye Humanitarians! How many

fires are the consequences of necessity, and how many of design, and how many of carelessness? Design, you punish if you can catch it; necessity, neither ye nor we desire to punish; but what is carelessness, and must it escape for ever? Accident? There is no such thing. If all accident is not carelessness, the accident produced by him who is a voluntary agent, or is bound to be both a voluntary and a reasoning one, is carelessness, neglect; neglect which is culpable when its effects are injurious. And that which is culpable, that injury which might have been avoided by the care which every reasonable person is bound to exert, is a crime, and ought to be punished as a crime. Practically, it is criminal in the ratio of its consequences; but, legally, we cannot judge it by those consequences. Yet that is no reason why it should escape.

We do not ask for punishment as revenge, but for prevention. The lady or the lady's maid who reads a romance in bed, the plumber who melts his lead on a wooden roof, the stable boy who falls asleep with his candle in the hay, know that they may set fire to their respective places, and they must all know the amount of the consequences. It is so with many more cases; and, we will venture to say, that nine tenths of our fires are the produce of neglect or wantonness that might have been avoided, and that would be avoided if there were a threatened punishment held out.

It is an extraordinary philanthropy that screens the injurer and forgets the injured. We must legislate, in crime, only against the *malus animus*. It is not so; for we do legislate, or at least the common law has legislated, against culpable neglect. For what reason should not parliamentary law extend that principle, if the principle be justifiable? We maintain that were there a penalty against accidental incendiaries, as there is against wilful ones, fires would diminish. We do not exactly desire to adopt the King of Prussia's sweeping rule. But there are cases where investigation is possible, and there are many where the incendiary has been discovered. A few examples would soon teach caution; and, in the hands of a just jury, there is not much danger of abuse. Though a jury were to pardon overmuch, the very prospect of a trial would be the check which we desire; for the trial itself would be punishment to those who are not professors of mischief. And the law and its penalties would not long be an evil, because we are convinced that the opportunities for its exertion would rapidly diminish.

We are not fond of legislating about trifles. But this does seem an imperious case, and it is one on which the sense of the legislature ought at least to be taken. We do not pretend to state the extent and nature of the penalty; and while we do not mean that it should be measured by the injury, we conceive that a very moderate one would answer all the purposes which we have in view,—prevention; prevention, by excitement to caution and care. At present, the criminal, for such we must consider him, is pitied and pardoned; and other criminals are generated, to be pitied and pardoned again.

WINES.—No. I.
 THE WINES OF ENGLAND, GERMANY, RUSSIA, THE CAPE, &c.

THERE are not many things about which people talk more, and more ignorantly, in this country, than wine, but it is one also about which they are now beginning to be extremely learned. This is partly the consequence of foreign travel, and it has been aided by the prospect of importing other kinds than those yet known, under our new fiscal regulations. A small book published by Dr. Macculloch, some time since, explained much of its philosophy that was little known; and its history has been rendered accessible by that of Dr. Henderson; while an abridged translation of Jullien's recent catalogue has given us a convenient repository of references for the names of wines, and chiefly for those of France. To these works, to an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Supplement), and to an able antiquarian one in the last Number of the *Westminster Review*, we may refer our readers for nearly all that has yet been printed on this subject in English; but we shall here give a general sketch of the more interesting particulars, dwelling chiefly on some matters which will not be found in any of the publications which we have named.

Some idle disputes, carried on in the *Archæologia*, and elsewhere, have aimed at proving that the vine was never cultivated, nor wine made, in England, and that the terms vineyard and wine implied orchard and cider. The fact is, nevertheless, unquestionable, in whatever way we explain the passage in which Probus permits the Britons to plant vines. They were, undoubtedly, known at the time of the conquest, and there is an entry in domesday book to that effect. After this, the evidences are more numerous and distinct; and in all the warmer counties, vineyards seem to have been attached to the abbeys, while their produce in wine is also distinctly recorded. Fulham had its vineyard, as appears by the records of the bishopric; as had the lands of Ely in Holborn; and they were equally common in Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Gloucestershire, as well as in Hertfordshire, Worcestershire, and elsewhere. Canterbury, St. Augustine's Abbey, Battle Abbey, Halling, and other places, were noted for their vineyards and their wines; and the records of Ely, in particular, cannot be misapprehended, as they describe both the produce for successive years, and the failure. In the twelfth century, they were common; and William of Malmsbury describes the wines of Gloucestershire as bearing a comparison with those of France. None but an antiquary, and such an antiquary as Monsieur Le Doyen Barrington (as the French translate him), could have disputed such evidence, and called these wines cider; when the same author describes the apple trees and the vines, the cider and the wine, in the same breath.

At subsequent periods this practice fell into disuse; partly in consequence of the suppression of the monasteries, partly in consequence of

changes in the agricultural system, and of the increase of foreign commerce. Yet, at later dates, wines have been made, by Captain Toke, by the Duke of Norfolk, by Sir Richard Worsley, and by Mr. Hamilton, at Painshill; as they are still occasionally, by many petty farmers, and gentlemen, in Kent, Essex, and Sussex, and in Gloucestershire.

Such is the experience about wines from English vines, as far as it is necessary for us to state it. With respect to the quality of the produce in ancient times, we have no evidence but that of William of Malmesbury, just quoted; and as to the modern, it is known that the produce of Painshill was sold as foreign wine, and at high prices, having been made in considerable quantities. It resembled Champagne when new, but gradually became dry; and, in one case, when kept for sixteen years, was not distinguishable from Hock.

There can be no question, from other trials, that good wine can be made from grapes of our own growth, but there are obvious reasons why it would not succeed as a branch of agriculture. The leading one is the uncertainty of the climate; while, if it were made for sale, it is evident that the restrictive system of our commerce would soon render this manufacture subject to the Excise laws. Yet those who may choose to make it for their own use, and for amusement, need find no difficulty, at least in good seasons, and in the hotter and drier parts of England, by selecting proper varieties of the grape, and by due attention to the manufacture.

But by a process pointed out in Dr. Macculloch's work, there appears no difficulty in making wine at any place, and in any season; and, however doubtful or questionable the results may at first appear, abundant experience has confirmed the success of this project. It is proved from these trials, that the immature grape, and even the leaves and the tendrils and the green shoots, contain all that, in the ripe grape, is essential to the production of wine, excepting sugar. By adding this ingredient, the juice of these substances, to be procured by infusion in water, becomes a counterpart to the juice of the mature grape itself, and the result is wine not to be distinguished from that of foreign growth.

By the treatment used in Champagne, the wine thus produced resembles those of that country, and is fully equal in flavour and goodness to the ordinary kinds, or even to those of second-rate quality, such as Avise, Cramant, and Menil, and always superior, if carefully made, to those of Monthelon, Chouilly, or Molins. It will be found much better flavoured than the great mass of Champagne wines commonly drunk in London, which are almost always sugared by the merchant, and very often made up thus from dead wines, for immediate drinking.

If the fermentation is conducted in a different manner, the produce becomes more or less dry, or, at any rate, loses the power of effervescing; being less or more sweet, according to the relative proportions of sugar and vegetable matter employed. In this case, it seems more apt to resemble St. Peray than any other wine; and many specimens cannot

possibly be distinguished from it. Under other treatment or proportions, we have seen it resemble Moselle, Sauterne, and White Hermitage, as well as Montrachet and Chablis; and though we cannot foresee what the produce will be, he who produces either of these wines at the low price of ninepence or tenpence a bottle, will have no reason to regret his labour. These wines are necessarily white; but so far from being deficient in flavour, as would be anticipated, they possess that quality in as great a degree as those with which we have here compared them. When we say that they have been drunk as foreign wines, by wine merchants and professed tasters, and that they have been sold at the highest prices of such wines, it is a testimony of their goodness that will not be disputed.

To be enabled to make them, nothing is necessary but to possess space enough for growing the vines; and as no fruit is required, they demand neither pruning nor care, and will answer the purpose, even in Scotland. The leaves may be stripped twice in the summer; and as the growth of the vine is rapid, a vineyard of this nature is serviceable in the second year. We are surprised that, after so long a period in which this knowledge has been before the public, the practice has not been more generally adopted. Rather, we are not surprised; knowing that every one abhors improvement, and would rather make difficulties than overcome them. One only caution we shall give to those who may attempt it, and it is to keep these wines to a sufficient age. They are drunk in the first year, and perhaps condemned, by those who ought to know that age is necessary even to the wines of foreign growth, with very few exceptions.

Enough of English wines, and we may proceed to those of Germany. Originally, we know that our northern ancestors, whether Goths, Celts, or Franks, or whatever else they may be called, drank beer, by which the classical authors account for the fatness of the German tribes. But in the time of Diodorus Siculus, he tells us that the Scythians bought wine from strangers. In Strabo's time, it was made by the Lusitanians, but in small quantity; so small, he says, that these people drank the whole produce at one feast, which they celebrated after their vintage. This is the earliest account that we have of Portuguese wines.

With respect to the Germans, Tacitus assures us that, in his time, they bought their wine from foreigners. Nor does it appear that they had any vines before the ninth century; because, in the partition which was made of the dominions of Louis the Débonnaire by his children, there were reserved to Louis (the Germanic), some of the cities beyond the Rhine, such as Mayence, Worms, Spire, because wine was made in them. Further, in the time of Severus, the Pannonians, who inhabited that country which produces the present Hungarian wines, had little of that commodity, as we are informed by Dion Cassius. Herodian also remarks that the town of Aquileia carried on a great commerce in wine with the countries further north, in which the vine would not grow on account of the cold.

From other ancient authors, we learn that it was not known in their time to many of the northern nations. According to Pomponius Mela, it was not known to the Thracians; nor to the Getae, as Ovid informs us. It was little known, according to Jornandes, among the Gothic nations in general in his day, nor, according to Anacharsis, among the Scythians. It is even said by Herodotus, that it was unknown to the Persians in the time of Cræsus. It is remarkable enough that, like Mahomet in after times, some of these savage nations should have prohibited its use. Thus, according to Cæsar, the Nervians and the Belge in general prohibited its importation. Boerebistes, a King of the Getae, caused all the vines of his country to be rooted out, as we are informed by Strabo; and this was done at the suggestion of Diceneus their high priest. The jest of Anacharsis is well known. This plant (said he), showing a piece of a vine to the King of the Scythians, would have sent out its shoots all over Scythia, if the Greeks had not taken care to cut it down every year.

We have already noticed the permission given by Probus, which took place on the disbanding his army at Cologne, but it is not certain that the Germans were included in this indulgence. A century after, the vine abounded on the Moselle, and is supposed to have reached the Rhine shortly after the time of Charlemagne. This is the most conspicuous wine district of Germany, and the general character of its wines are well known in England.

The vineyards of Kaub, Oberwesel, and Bacharach, are celebrated for their wines, as are those of the two hills of Voghtsberg and Kühlberg, near the latter place. These wines are of the muscadel quality, remarkable for their odour and flavour both, and are in high estimation. This district, indeed, forms one of the most distinguished divisions among those of the Rhine. It has been celebrated even from ancient times, the very name of Bacharach being derived from Bacchus, to whom it is said that there was once here a temple or altar. So highly esteemed was this wine, that it is said the Emperor Wenceslaus made choice of four fuder (about 14 pipes) of this wine, in preference to 10,000 florins, as the price at which Nuremberg was allowed to redeem some of its sequestrated privileges. Pius II. is also reported to have imported, for his own table, four pipes of this wine annually.

The wines of Rüdesheim are said to be among the best of those made in the wine district of the Rhine. Johannesberg is equally noted for its produce. That red wine, called the red Blecker, is made from the vineyard of the priory alone, and it is celebrated all over the world. Many thousand hogsheads are stored in the cellars of this monastery. But the most esteemed produce of the Rhingau is from the vineyards of Asmanshausen, Shrenfels, Rüdesheim, and some other smaller vineyards near to them, particularly Rodtland, Hauptberg, and Hinterhausen. These form the first class of the Rhine wines, which includes also numerous vineyards on the steep hills of Bingen and on the opposite shore.

The second class of the Rhine wines includes the vineyards of Rothenberg, Geisenheim, and Kapellgarten. The Fulldische Schlossberg and the Joannesberg form the third class; and the vineyards of Hattenheim and Marker Brunner, the fourth. Eberbach forms a fifth class; Kitterich and Grafenberg a sixth; and Rauenthal, with the adjacent hills, produces the seventh class of those properly included under the wines of the Rhingau.

Hock is the produce of the vineyards of Hockheim, near Mayence. Various grapes are cultivated for this wine. The most esteemed is the Reislinge; after which come the Orleans, the red Burgundy, the Lambert, the Muscadelle, and the Kleimberg. In England, this term is very commonly applied to the better Rhenish wines; and we may here remark generally, that those who form their judgments of foreign wines in general from English names, are as likely to be correct as those who are content to believe that all pictures are the works of Titian, Corregio, Raphael, Rubens, Teniers, and Ostade. It is a general remark that the wines of the left bank of the Rhine are less strong, and have less body than those of the right, but they have a more lively taste and a finer flavour. There are also few red wines, as those that are made are found far inferior to the white.

The Moselle wines are not essentially different from those of the Rhine, and the best are marked by their lightness and delicacy of flavour; while amongst them, Zettingen, Graach, and Brauenberg are celebrated. In the great Duchy of Baden, Fenerbach and Laufen equal the better wines of the Rhine, as does Klingenberg. On the Necker, the great tun of Heidelberg is well known, the depositary of the wine of this district, which is generally said to be a hundred and twenty years old. It is replenished every year as fast as it is consumed. Near the lake of Constance, Mersebourg and Uberlingen produce wines that are held in estimation; but very few of these German wines reach our English market, and still fewer a French one. "*Le premier des vinaigres*," the name given by the French to the Rhenish or hock wines, is a proof of the estimation in which they are there held.

It is almost superfluous to enumerate the other German wines to English readers; yet, as Dr. Henderson has passed them without notice, like much more that we should have expected in such a laboured compilation, we shall name a few more of the most celebrated or conspicuous. Those of Bessigheim, near Lauffen, belonging to Wirtemberg; those of Schweinfurt, Wangen, and Lindau, in Bavaria; those of Escherndorf, Stein, and Laharpe, in Wurtzburg; of Bischofsheim, Katzenellenbogen and Aschaffembourg, in the Duchy of Francfort; and of Meissen, Naumbourg, and Guben, in Saxony, are chiefly worthy of notice; and, of these, the Katzenellenbogen, and one or two others, are sometimes imported into London.

Prussia cultivates some wines of inferior quality, near Crossen,

Zullichan, and elsewhere; and those of Grunberg in Silesia, and of Bumst, are said to be still worse.

We already remarked on the acid nature of most of the German wines, a result depending much on the imperfect maturity of the grapes, and yet differing from that effect as it occurs in other cases where immature grapes are used. Yet even when most highly acid, these wines do not become vinegar, or put on the acetous fermentation; the most harsh and sour being often among the most durable. The cause of this must, perhaps, be sought in the absence, both of the vegetable extract and of sugar; yet there are some chemical circumstances relating to these wines which still demand examination. It cannot be the acid of tartar which they contain, or, at least, not that solely; or not in the usual form of supertartrate of potash, because this salt is not sufficiently soluble to communicate so acid a taste, and, when in excess, is precipitated, as we daily see in Madeira and Teneriffe wines. Whether it is the malic acid, remains to be proved; but it is not improbable that it is some unknown vegetable acid, since we know that many fruits, such as the sorbus, do contain acids that are neither the malic, the tartaric, the citric, nor the oxalic. It is a subject demanding the attention of chemists, and one which it was incumbent on Dr. Henderson to have examined; and it is rendered peculiarly interesting by the acknowledged and pernicious effects of these wines in producing calculous disorders.

The wines of Austria and its dependencies are numerous, but little known, with the exception of Tokay, beyond the country which produces them. We must here also supply a blank in Dr. Henderson's work; one of hundreds which meet us every where, and which is unpardonable in a book, so long in hand, and produced under such an imposing form. In Bohemia, the red wines called Podskalski, and those of Melnik, are esteemed in the country, as is the Moravian produce of Poleschowitz and Brunn. In Lower Austria, in particular, the cultivation of the vine is a principal branch of agricultural industry; and the omission, of which we complain, is therefore the more unpardonable. The best vineyards are on the hills extending from Calenberg into Styria, and in the Steinfeld; and, among them, we may name the districts and farms of Kaltenberg, Salmersdorf, Klosterwenberg, Heiligenstadt, Berchtolsdorf, Brunn, Weinhaus, Mauerkalksburg, Lichtenstein, and Neudorf. There are many more; but this list may suffice for wines that are quite unknown in England. These wines are generally stronger than those of the Rhine, and the white ones have a greenish tinge; while most of them are not very durable, though there are some that keep thirty years and more. They are drunk in Vienna, and generally throughout the country.

Carniola is noted for the production of good wines, particularly about Weinitz, Wipach, Moeltling, and Freyenthurn, and they bear a considerable resemblance to the red and white wines of Italy. Good wines

are also produced in Styria, near Trieste, Antignana, and Prosecco; and that of Berfchetz on the Adriatic is much esteemed. Tyrol also produces some good wines, which are consumed in the country, as is the case in other parts of the mountainous dependencies of Austria.

Of the wines of Hungary, Tokay is the most noted, and the only one known in this country, though it has not fallen to the lot of many to drink it. The vineyards are situated on a hill called Mezesmale, near Tarzal; and it is understood that they were first planted by Probus, with Greek vines, about the year 280. It is said, however, that they did not acquire their modern reputation till 1650. We must here however remark, that the produce of Mezesmale (or the honeycomb) does not find its way to the market, being reserved solely for the Emperor's use, and for that of some nobles who possess vineyards there. The Tokay in commerce is the produce of Kerestur, Tallya, Toltsva, Mada, and a few other places in the same neighbourhood. When very ancient, the best wines are called Vitrawmo, and have been sold as high as eight ducats the bottle. What is commonly sold by this name, is a wine called Ausbruch, which is also produced in other places, as at Ratchdorf and Odenburg. It must be observed that these wines owe their richness and flavour to the use of a portion of dried grapes, in the manufacture, called *troken beeren*; and, according to the proportion of these to the mere juice of the grape, the produce varies in quality. The wine called Masklass differs from the Ausbruch in containing less of the dried grapes.

Besides this, Hungary produces many good wines, of various qualities. Gyengyesch, Elau, Grunau, Modern, Katschdorf, are among these, and the wines are both white and red, possessing also a variety of qualities, more resembling those which distinguish the wines of France than those of any other country. The Schiracker resembles Champagne; that of Saint Georges, Burgundy; and, in the Bannat, there are wines which resemble those of Bourdeaux. We need not be at the trouble of enumerating names quite unknown to our readers, since they are little likely ever to see the wines themselves. But before we close the account of the Austrian wines, we may mention that there are vineyards also in Transsylvania, though the produce is not esteemed, and that Croatia grows wines nearly equal in goodness to Tokay; while the red kinds of Karlowitz are thought to equal the best Tuscan wines, as those of the coast of Dalmatia are also sufficiently valued to be exported. Whoever may travel in the Austrian states, will have little reason to congratulate himself on his knowledge of wines, whether he has derived it from drinking port and sherry in England, or from Dr. Henderson's book, when he daily hears names that never met his ear before, and no others, and when he drinks of a hundred wines, the existence of which he had never suspected.

Our acquaintance with the wines of the Turkish empire, or of the

once attached provinces, is very slender; yet, such as it is, they should not have been omitted in the work which we have thus noticed for its oversights. Vineyards are extensively cultivated in Moldavia; and the wine grown at and about Cotnar, is celebrated for its great strength, while, by many, it is esteemed equal to Tokay. This province exports much wine into Russia and the Ukraine. There are also some trifling vineyards near Cherson; but, in Wallachia, the wine is cultivated to a great extent, for the same trade, as well as for domestic use. The wines of Piatra are said, like those of Cotnar, to rival the ordinary Tokays. Wine is also grown near Belgrade, and in the Turkish part of Dalmatia, as well as in Bulgaria; and, in Romania, between Phillipopolis and Adrianople, as on the banks of the Bosphorus, there are immense tracts of vineyard, producing a variety of excellent wines. The names of these, however, if they have names, are unknown in Europe, as is the produce.

That we may dismiss all these less known parts of the world, so as to reserve an uninterrupted place for the wines of France, Italy, and Spain, we shall now name the produce of Russia, properly so called, of which a part, politically, has just fallen under examination. Though the vine is cultivated in some of the southern provinces, as in the governments of Saratof and Little Russia, it has received so little attention, that the wines have acquired neither name nor reputation. At Astracan, the vineyards thrive well and produce excellent grapes. Some good wine is also made by individuals; but, in general, it is so bad or so perishable, that it will not bear carriage, and is consumed in the country. The vineyard of General Bekelof is said by Pallas to have produced wine equal to those of the Moselle, and he names others equal to *Lacrymæ Christi* and Champagne, and resembling them. Wine of an indifferent quality is also grown at Kisliar in the Caspian; and in different places on the borders of the Kuma. In the higher parts of Caucasus, much better ones are made by the Tartars; and, in the Crimea, the cultivation is as extensive as it is ancient. These vineyards are even mentioned by Strabo, and the vines have long become wild in the mountains. Yet so little care is taken of the manufacture, that the wines are indifferent, except in a few places where attention has been bestowed on them. In the neighbourhood of Kaffa, wine is produced resembling Champagne; and, at Sudagh, it is said to be equal to the sweet wines of Hungary. That of Bostandschi Oglu is particularly celebrated.

The Cossacks also make wine, said to be nearly equal to Champagne, on the Bog, the Ingoul, and the Dnieper. At Tscherkask, and near Taganrog, it is often so good as to be sold in Moscow at prices equal to those of the best wines of Italy; and those of Rasdorof and Zymslansk are held in particular esteem. Many of them are exceedingly strong, and the produce is very considerable, as is the domestic consumption.

Wine, and of a good quality, is also grown in the government of Saratof; and Pallas assures us, that the wine of Sarepta is very like to that of Champagne.

In terminating this account of the Russian wines, respecting which our chief information is derived from Pallas, we must point out how it is that they are so often said to resemble Champagne. In fact, this is the wine most easily imitated, though that is not a popular opinion, nor one which it would be for the interest of the Champanois to encourage. It is a wine which depends far more on the manufacture, than on the grape; and as it may be, and indeed, for the greater part, must be, produced from grapes imperfectly ripened, it is precisely the kind best adapted to an insufficient climate. Any grape almost will make a sparkling wine of this character, if the process be rightly managed; and we have already showed that it can be made without grapes. Hence it is that the manufacture or manufactory of wine would deserve more attention from the governments anxious on this subject, than it has yet experienced. It is always sought to gain these ends by means of varieties of the vine, by exporting from France the grape of Burgundy, of Champagne, or of Bourdeaux, and by attending solely to the cultivation of the plant, and hence it is that so many of these projects have been defeated.

Of the other Asiatic wines we know very little, with the exception of those of Persia and the surrounding territories. The Armenians manufacture good ones at Shamaki and in Erivan, there being a tradition in the latter place that Noah planted the original vines. Yesed is said to produce good wines, which are exported; and the white wines of Ispahan, under Armenian care, are said to be excellent, as they are abundant: those of Schiraz, however, have the most widely extended reputation; and these are of the few well known to us, being often imported from India. Two kinds are produced; the one a sweet wine from grapes partially dried, and resembling Malmsey, the other that dry and harsh tasted wine, as it has always appeared to us, which has nevertheless not wanted the praises of drinkers and poets. We have always thought it one of the worst wines that is brought into England, in spite of the Odes of Hafiz; though there are many differently flavoured ones which pass under a common name. Red wines, resembling Hermitage and claret, are said also to be produced here, but these do not seem to have reached England.

Wine is produced in Cashmere, and in parts of Afghanistan, which are said to resemble Madeira, and such is the case also in the province of Lahor. Though the vine flourishes in Caubul, and in other parts of this great country, we are not informed that it is used for this purpose. In China, the manufacture of wine seems to have been known from the most remote ages, particularly in the provinces of Chansi, Petcheli, Chantong, Honan, and Hongquang, and though we have not seen any

one who has tasted of these wines, it is said that the produce of Petcheli is good, being sold abundantly at Peking.

Though wine was formerly produced largely in Egypt, and though the vine grows there readily, it is scarcely now made at all; and the same is nearly true respecting Syria, once not less famous for its wines as for all the rest of its agriculture. Such is the consequence of the Mahometan laws, which have nearly succeeded in destroying this branch of agriculture in most of the countries under their sway. Hence also the northern and western parts of Africa present but a blank; though the climate and situation offer every facility, and the fruit itself is produced in great abundance and excellence.

We shall terminate this division of our subject with an account of the wines of the Cape of Good Hope, a colony and country which have always seemed peculiarly suited to this cultivation, and of which the success has nevertheless been extremely partial.

It seems to be unquestioned that the climate and the soil are, both, extremely favourable to the vine itself; and many varieties have been carefully imported from different places, not degenerating, as it is said, from the parents. It is not very easy to discover what wines they are now making; as, owing to the frauds and mixtures of the merchants, we are never sure that what we import is a genuine produce. But, essentially, this country seems to produce three distinct wines. The Constantia, both red and white, has been long known, and has not lost its celebrity; yet, from some causes not ascertained, it is limited to the very narrow tract of the same name. The next division consists of the sweet wines, which are chiefly grown in the district between False Bay and Table Bay; and it is these which are generally sold under the name of the more rare Constantia, scarcely to be found in the English market. The most esteemed were, or perhaps are, those belonging to the names of Becker and Hendrick, which are often sold at the Cape itself as Constantia. It is not, therefore, so true as it is thought, that this wine, or a wine of the same quality, is necessarily limited to one farm; but the public loves mystery, and it is also convenient for the merchants to perpetuate this fiction. We have not the least doubt, that, under proper care, the cultivation of Constantia wine, if it may go by that name, might be extended; but this is not likely, we believe, to happen under the present negligent system of cultivation and manufacture.

The third and last great division of the Cape wines are the dry, now so much imported into England under the title of Cape Madeira, and generally as bad as wine can well be. We are confident that they might be better, because the districts of the Pearl, of Dragehstein, and of Stollenboch have formerly produced wines not unlike the white of the Bordelais, and of good quality, as they have also made a species of Rhenish, and other red wines, resembling the Rota of Alicant.

It may be, that the climate or soil are in some respects unfavourable;

as even the highly praised wine of Constantia is far inferior in flavour to the rival produce of France, or even of Spain and Italy; being bought at high prices, rather from its rarity and the power of its name, than for any great merits of its own. Yet the negligent culture, and the more negligent manufacture hitherto pursued, may account for all; and unless these should be remedied in the hands of the English settlers, it will be in vain that government encourages the importation into England by low duties. To force a large produce by choosing a rank soil and by manure, has been the leading object of the Dutch farmers; and this, it is notorious, is always attended by bad wine. The manufacture has also been always conducted in a negligent and dirty manner, as is so common in Italy; and it is certain that without cleanliness and very minute attention, it is vain to expect a good result. When also these wines are strengthened for the market by the abominable brandy distilled on the spot, or, still worse, by rum, it is not very surprizing that the Cape wines should be such as they are.

If government has it really at heart to introduce and improve this manufacture in its colony, we see no plan but for it to take a farm into its own hands and to set a proper example; if indeed it be possible that any manufactory can ever be conducted by a government. Legislative restrictions are not applicable; and it is in vain to say that colonists, such as are there, will make improvements themselves; as habit and indolence are commonly more powerful than the prospect of a contingent good. To any opulent and attentive capitalist, willing to bestow his undivided personal attention on this subject, we have no doubt that a vineyard at the Cape would prove a profitable speculation; and, in time, such hands might set examples that would gradually reform the whole subject.

We shall examine the wines of France, Spain, and Italy, in the succeeding number.

HACKNEY COACHES.

MR. EDITOR,—*Des Coches*,—as Montaigne says. I do not pretend to rival him in my own Essay on Coaches, but, *en revanche*, I mean to stick to my subject; a matter which that prosing old gentleman (I wish there were other proserers like him) is somewhat given to forgetting.

I suppose it is absolutely necessary that a hackney coach should be—should be, in short, what it is, that we may be stimulated to draw leases, potion patients, write lucubrations for journals, cheat our customers, and toil in all our other vocations, that we may “ride in a coach of our own.” For who that has descended into a splendid drawing-

room, bright with radiant eyes, and gas, and pink slips, and white shoes, has not felt his heart faint under him, when, after a brilliant success *vis-à-vis* some fair, perhaps, the very fair, he has cast a "retrospective review," and seen a long straw sticking out from a hole of one of his *bas a jour*. *How a man is informed how many steps he walks*

Or, when choosing the dusky hour, he rattles up boldly, by the aid of an additional sixpence, and causes the knocker to rebound with all the boldness and science impressed by a well-liveried footman, hoping that it may appear he has "come in his own carriage," or at least in "that of a friend," who has not fretted and heated himself into a stewing vexation, when the clinking and jingling of the iron steps betrays the tale of his advent, and the mode of his voyaging?

A hackney coach—fog! who can be a gentleman and visit in a hackney coach. Who can, indeed?—to predicate nothing of stinking wet straw, and broken windows, and cushions on which the last dandy has cleaned his shoes, and of the last fever it has carried to Guy's, or the last load of convicts transported to the hulks. *Is there any virtue in this?*

But what is all this to the eternal fare; always wrong, never right, the endless source of contention, and abuse, and bickering, and vexation, and taking numbers, and not summoning to Somerset House. But then, as all evils are counterbalanced by good in this sublunar world, or are supposed to be so, which does as well, if there were no disputations and cheatings, there would be no excuse for a Board of Commissioners at Somerset House, and the gentlemen who own the Cornish boroughs would not be able to provide for their voters, and the voters would vote the wrong way, and the Opposition would triumph, and Mr. Holmes's and Mr. Herries's troubles would be augmented, and the dogs would not whip-in when they were wanted—and all that, as Bayes says.

Now we, of our great love of peace, and of our little love of commissioners, moved, have discovered a remedy which, in our great generosity, we offer to you and the public, without hope of fee or reward. Did we not offer it to that great reformer of chimney-sweeping and chancery, Michael Angelo Taylor? and did not Michael grumble and swear that since the chancery had stood his fire, and his fires still smoked in spite of all his patriotism, "he'd be—hanged if he would ever trouble himself again about such an ungrateful people."

There are two categories implied in a hackney coach, motion and time; and as mathematicians know that motion cannot be performed without time, these two are resolvable into one, or the element of time alone becomes the measure of the quantum of shillings and sixpences. Let the time be called x , and the motion y , then $x = y + x^2 / xy = a$, the shillings and sixpences which go to a fare. Unluckily, the horses do not choose to move y distance in x time; so that, as happens in a few other cases, the calculus is vitiated by a fault in its elements, and the result is nothing.

But as clock and time are but two names for one thing, we shall propose another equation, by which motion is reduced to time, though the coachman should be drunk or rebellious, and the two horses should have but one leg between them. There is a thing called a Pedometer, by which a man is informed how many steps he walks. He may take strides as long as Sir William Grant, it is true, or he may mince like the miss who has been taught by mamma that no young lady's shoe should ever be seen beyond the verge and limit of her flounce; but wheels cannot straddle nor mince, as long as circles shall have their evolutes, and mathematicians shall be troubled with measuring them. There is nothing so easy as to transfer the eighteen feet of pavement, which the drunken coachman and the two lame horses measure, from the outside of the coach to the inside, and thus for all the rest of the eighteen feet which lie between the ward of Portsoken and Almacks—*proh pudor!* as if the gulph which separated these was not illimitable, immeasurable, infinite, unapproximable, incomprehensible.

Is there any valid reason why a hackney coach should not have a Pedometer, visible to the unfortunate freight? to be noted on entering, to be noted on exiting, as effectual against fraudulent space, as a watch is against fraudulent time, with shillings on the dial plate where there are hours; and where there are minutes, sixpences. It would not cost two pounds, it would save endless altercations, it would save typography a table of hackney coach fares, it would save a man's money and his temper, and go far towards saving the souls of hackney coachmen born, or to be born—and the trouble of the commissioners. There's the rub, I doubt not. Pension them off; pay them better for doing nothing than doing something; let those who are daily cheated of their shillings and their tempers, give their shillings to the commissioners and keep their tempers, but let us have Pedometers and peace.

Our invention is the best of all possible inventions, and therefore it will not be adopted. Nor will the coachmaker "shoe" the poles of their carriages "with felt;" else how should they have a regiment of broken pannels to mend, after every levee, and every Almack's, and every Caledonian ball, and every other nocturnal warfare waged by their pensioned coachmen. It is now a weapon of war, like the spear of a Knight Errant, an axe to cleave the pannels, as axes are borne by gondolas on the sleepy canals of Venice. Shoe it with a velvet cushion, fringe it with gold, embroider it with diamonds, and thus it may indemnify the coachmakers for broken pannels, and your name and mine, Mr. Editor, shall obtain fame as imperishable as that which from the dickie, waves the ever dying laurel over the manes of Sir Richard Gamon.

VOYAGE EN ANGLETERRE ET EN ÉCOSSE.

PAR M. AMÉDÉE PICHOT, D. M.*

WE may say of Doctor Pichot, what is so truly predicated of the Apothecary in Ecclesiasticus, "of his works there is no end;" he has given to the world three unconscionably thick and proportionately heavy volumes of travels in England and Scotland; but he has not yet done, and the third volume concludes without that *finis* so grateful to the weary reader's eye. We cannot pretend to divine how much more M. Pichot intends to write about us; but certainly on the plan on which he proceeds, there is no earthly reason why he should ever stop, for the matter which fills the greater part of these plump octavoes, is of a sort that is not to be exhausted within the limits of a man's natural life; and if our author, who is tolerably conversant with our literature and language, continues to give long translations from English writers as he has hitherto freely done, we can foresee no termination, save one alone, to his labours.

From the commencement of this book without end, we conceived the most dire apprehensions that we had fallen into the hands of a sentimentalist, and with three such volumes before us, our case in that predicament would have been desperate indeed. M. Pichot begins by intimating to the world, that he left Paris for Calais in the diligence, accompanied by Miss Esther, a young English lady, from whom he takes his first lessons in our spoken language, and who discusses with the finest tact the merits of the modern poets of Great Britain; when listening to her as they walked up hill, leaving the diligence behind them, the Doctor confesses that he was almost tempted more than once to abandon himself to a poetic illusion, and to fancy that the Muse of Albion herself deigned to conduct him to the land of Shakspeare, of Milton, and of Pope! In this mind he approached Boulogne: he concludes the epistle to his friend containing this sublime fancy, with these words: *Adieu, mon cher ami: vous qui me connaissez, vous ne serez pas effrayé de cette première épître, un peu sentimentale peut-être; et vous ne désespérerez pas d'en recevoir quelques unes plus gâtes du voyageur auquel vous vous intéressez.*" As we had not the pleasure of knowing the writer, we must confess that we were considerably alarmed by this *épître un peu sentimentale*! and if M. Pichot's friend did not indeed despair of receiving one more gay, he must needs have been extremely disappointed, for we protest that we have not discovered any thing more gay in the whole three volumes through which we have waded; in justice to the Doctor, however, we must add that our fears on the score of sentiment were unfounded, for he is not violently given that way.

* Voyage Historique et Littéraire en Angleterre et en Ecosse. Par M. Amédée Pichot, D. M. in 3 vols. Paris, 1825.

and his first is his worst offence of that sort. At Dover he begins to blunder, and crowns the Shakspeare cliff with the castle, which happens, as every one knows, to be more than a mile off on the other side of the town. Canterbury gives him occasion to give a history of Thomas-à-Becket, which, though very edifying, is somewhat familiar and out of place in a book of travels. If people stand in need of this kind of information they know where to find it. London, M. Pichot declares inferior in general aspect to Paris, and perhaps he is right; there is nothing in his views of our public buildings and places particularly worthy of note, and we pass to his sketch of manners and society as more interesting to our readers. Our traveller is engaged to dine with Sir Francis L——, a baronet, and a man of fashion.

A six heures du soir, j'avais la main sur le marteau de sir Francis, dont j'admirai le cuivre poli avant de le laisser retomber sur la porte. Je lus aussi le nom du maître de la maison et son titre de baronnet, gravés sur une plaque de métal, inscription qui décore presque toutes les portes de Londres. Vous direz peut-être que l'appétit me donnait bonne mémoire : je n'oubliai pas de frapper les coups redoublés qui annoncent aux domestiques qu'il arrive un *gentleman*. Le laquais qui m'ouvrit répondit fort respectueusement à ma question, prit mon chapeau, qu'il déposa dans un appartement à ma droite, et me remit moi-même en quelque sorte entre les mains d'un de ses camarades. Celui-ci me précéda jusqu'à la porte du *drawing-room*, ou salon du premier étage, où il annonça le docteur P....., en écorchant un peu la prononciation de mon nom. Je saluai sans trop m'incliner, pour singer autant que possible la dignité anglaise. Sir Francis s'avança gravement vers moi, en me tendant la main, et accomplit la brusque cérémonie de secouer la mienne avec cordialité. Après quelques questions insignifiantes et de brèves réponses, il me proposa de me présenter d'abord à sa femme, et ensuite à deux de ses amis. J'acceptai avec d'autant plus de plaisir, que j'espérais bien être *introduit* aussi à ses deux filles, que j'avais aperçues à côté de leur mère. Le rapide coup d'œil qu'on jette en entrant dans un salon pour reconnaître son monde m'avait permis déjà de prendre une idée très favorable de leur personne. La formalité de l'introduction est indispensable pour pouvoir adresser la parole à qui que ce soit. Je fis ma respectueuse révérence à lady L....., qui fut très laconique dans son langage, mais très gracieuse dans son sourire. Lady L..... est certes encore fort bien, et il me semblait que le sourire qui épanouissait ses traits irait à merveille à ceux de ses deux filles. Hélas ! soit oubli, soit discrétion paternelle, soit défiance anglaise, sir Francis se contenta de m'avoir présenté à sa dame et à ses deux amis, et je désespérai d'être autorisé, pour cette soirée, à dire le moindre mot à ses deux filles et à trois autres *Miss* et jeunes dames qui faisaient partie de la réunion. Nous descendîmes bientôt dans la salle à manger. J'offris la main à une jeune personne, que j'appris plus tard se nommer miss Clara, et vous rirez peut-être, madame, si je vous dis que je me serais bien gardé d'engager l'entretien avec elle. Miss Clara comprit sans doute mon embarras, et charitablement elle me dit : "Y a-t-il long-temps que monsieur est arrivé de Paris ?" Ces mots furent prononcés en bon français, avec l'accent timide de l'hésitation, mais assez purement. Ils me communiquèrent une véritable hardiesse ; mais nous étions à la dernière marche de l'escalier ; je n'eus que le temps de répondre sans questionner à mon tour, et nous étions déjà séparés. Je fus placé entre Lady L..... et M. John F....., l'un des deux convives avec qui il m'était permis d'échanger quelques paroles. Il y eut si peu de différence entre le dîner de sir Francis et ceux de Paris que je ne vous en ferai pas la description. Je me réserve seulement, madame, d'apporter à votre cuisinier la recette d'un *pouding* et de quelques autres mets anglais par excellence. Au service, les vins de France succédèrent heureusement aux vins de Porto, de Sherry et de Madère, qui versent dans les veines une sorte de flamme liquide,

et qu'il n'est guère d'usage de mêler avec l'eau. Entre deux verres, vous pouvez vous désaltérer avec de l'ale ou de la bière de table d'un goût fort agréable. C'est une boisson dont on se fait servir isolément ; mais, quant au vin, il faut attendre, au moins pour le premier verre, que le maître de la maison ou votre voisin vous invite à boire avec lui, invitation qu'il ne serait pas poli de refuser. Que vous ayez soif ou non, on vous envoie le flacon ; vous remplissez votre verre, et vous faites une légère inclinaison de tête avant de le goûter. A votre tour, vous proposez plus tard des santés, auxquelles on vous répond avec la même gravité. Ces libations occupent jusqu'au premier dessert, où souvent le fromage figure seul. On lève ensuite la nappe, et l'on sert les fruits, dont, grâce aux serres chaudes, on ne peut qu'admirer la fraîcheur, sinon le goût savoureux. Les santés, ou, si l'on veut, les signes de tête cessent. Les flacons circulent, arrêtés au passage par chaque convive. Les dames n'oublient pas que Noé planta la vigne pour leur sexe, tout comme pour le nôtre ; mais certes c'est ici le lieu, au nom de la galanterie française, d'en appeler de l'accusation du fameux général Pillet, qui, furieux d'avoir été tenu, pendant plusieurs années, au régime de l'eau sur les pontons, a osé imprimer que les dames anglaises vacillaient souvent sur leurs jambes, comme les prêtresses du consolateur d'Ariane : et notez que ce militaire discourtois ne va pas chercher ses expressions dans le langage allégorique de la mythologie.

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Sur les dix heures, sir Francis se leva, et nous le suivîmes dans le salon. Mais d'abord, madame, comment vous traduire l'invitation qui fut faite à chacun de nous, à voix basse et en termes choisis ? De quel nom poétique embellirai-je l'urne de porcelaine que je trouvai dans un petit cabinet où, à mon tour, je fus introduit ? La modestie anglaise, vierge très capricieuse, a proscrit de la langue certains mots que nous prononçons nous autres sans rougir dans la meilleure société. Par exemple la culotte, de ce côté-ci du détroit, s'appelle *l'inexprimable* ou *le vêtement nécessaire* : on pourrait donner le titre de vase nécessaire à celui dont je veux parler. Remarquez bien que les dames ne sont plus là, et que les mœurs britanniques s'adoucissent tous les jours comme la langue. J'ai même peine à croire qu'on ait jamais fait à Londres, devant le beau sexe, ce qui coûte tante de périphrases pour être exprimé décemment.

The tone of fashionable English society has not made a very favourable impression on M. Pichot. "To hear," says he, "the youth, not only the women, but also statesmen, you would fancy yourself among the most frivolous of people. The General of Waterloo himself is in the world the most insignificant of petit-mâtres,"* and he concludes, by remarking that if our aristocracy did not go to regenerate itself after *the season*, in the atmosphere of their country houses, all the national energy would evaporate in les fadeurs des salons. Happily, the national energy does not much depend upon these pettis-mâtres; if it did so, our case would be hard indeed, and it would not be much amended by these yearly retreats to the country, which only serve to make fops fox-hunters, and to give our boobies a vigour of constitution, which is, perhaps, more pleasant to themselves than useful to the world. Dandies in London also, only

* Petit-mâitre is not exactly the word for the personage in question ; but, leaving the point undetermined to what class of trifler he belongs, it is most true that he has acquired a sort of renown for uttering, not nonsense, which may be agreeable, but sheer niaiseries ; and, what makes the matter worse, he speaks his sillinesses with the silliest air conceivable. M. Pichot elsewhere falls into a ridiculous blunder, and says, that the empire of fashion, so long held by Brummell, has devolved on the Duke: his Grace can beat the French, but he has not talent enough to govern the World of Fashion.

hurt themselves by their dissipations, but when they become sportsmen in the country, they are pests to their neighbours, and *regenerate*, as our author has it, commonly by a regular course of mischief, destroying the property of poor people in the prosecution of field sports, breeding ill blood, and stirring up a thousand petty strifes about that endless source of all evil in this land of squires, game. We agree, however, entirely with M. Pichot, that the splendour and elegance of the English gentry must not be looked for in London, but in the country.

Les grands seigneurs eux-mêmes paraissent n'être réellement chez eux que dans leurs châteaux. C'est là qu'ils ont réuni tous les agrémens de la vie, et que, pour en jouir, ils abdiquent l'étiquette si rigoureuse de leurs hôtels de Londres; c'est là qu'ils sont entourés de leurs vrais attributs, les élégans coursiers et les meutes bruyantes; c'est là encore qu'ils font admirer à l'étranger le luxe des arts, les chefs-d'œuvre de la peinture, et ces bibliothèques si riches dont il est difficile de jouir au milieu du bruit d'une capitale. On a déjà observé avec raison que notre aristocratie s'exile à la campagne pour y réparer la brèche que le séjour de Paris a faite à ses revenus. L'aristocratie anglaise déploie toute sa magnificence dans ses terres; ruinée, elle se cachera plutôt dans Londres, ou ira économiser en voyage. Visitez Hampton Court, Sion House, Cheswick, Strawberry Hill, etc., dans le Middlesex, vous y admirerez l'heureuse alliance des beaux-arts et des ornemens naturels du paysage. Le comté de Surrey n'est pas moins riche par ses *villa* dignes de l'élégante Italie, et par ces trésors de peinture qu'on croirait ne pouvoir trouver que dans les musées de la patrie de Raphaël. Au milieu de semblables ressources, on ne conçoit pas que l'ennui soit une maladie essentiellement anglaise; et l'on se rend difficilement compte de cet esprit inquiet qui nous envoie sur le continent tant de descendans des illustres preux de Grande-Bretagne, courant les aventures comme leurs aïeux . . . je me trompe, au lieu de consoler la veuve et l'orphelin, faisant des dettes et entretenant les demoiselles de notre Opéra.

M. Pichot has contrived to fill a large part of his first volume with the English stage, and he is as dull and tedious as the stage itself on the subject. He amuses us only in one place, and that is where he says that the expression of Young's countenance in Iago is an imitation of that of Méphistophèles in the illustrations of Goethe's Faust, and gravely adds, that on examining these engravings in each devil he recognised Young; we give the author's words:—Un artiste allemand a publié des gravures au trait, destinées à accompagner le Faust de Goethe. La figure de Méphistophélès y est nécessairement reproduit plusieurs fois. On dirait que Young a calqué la physionomie et les attitudes de son Iago sur celles de cet astucieux messenger de Satan. Je regardais ce matin encore ces gravures chez MM. Conalghi, et dans chacune j'ai reconnu Young."

From the stage we pass to the bar, a subject on which M. Pichot has been more circumstantial than correct. He gives indeed a very particular but by no means a true account of the process by which the student arrives at the dignity of barrister at law. He says, that the student is obliged to inhabit chambers in his inn for one fortnight, in every term, whereas he is not obliged either to inhabit chambers for a fortnight in every term, or to have chambers at all; he also states that the student is compelled to eat sixty dinners a year, whereas twelve a year are held

sufficient to make a man a lawyer; and he does not hesitate to estimate these dinners at the expense of cent trente livres sterling par chacun! While M. Pichot was about it he might have as well made each dinner cost the cent trente livres sterling. He visits the inns of courts, and dismisses the Middle Temple in these words:—"Middle Temple n'a de remarquable que quelques portraits de rois et de reines, dont un celui de Charles I^{er}. est de Vandyck!"

One would have thought the old hall, one of the finest buildings in the country, something "de remarquable." But we do not believe that M. Pichot visited the Middle Temple, for he could not see the pictures of those same kings and queens without seeing the hall in which they are placed, and he could not see the hall without discovering that it was something "de remarquable."

Our author, having given so correct an account of the inns of law and their discipline, proceeds to consider the characters of the principal advocates. In this task, it is plain that he must have been assisted, for many of his remarks must necessarily be the result of long and attentive observation, and could not therefore have been made by a foreigner in a short visit to our country. It is indeed easy to trace in these portraits the hand of a witness on the spot, who knows well the parties whom he paints, and who is no stranger to the favour or prejudice which commonly accompanies such knowledge. We give for example a sketch of Mr. Brougham; there is *some* truth in it, but on the whole it is unjust; we see that the man who drew the character had a keen eye for its defects, and a truly neighbourly disposition to make the most of them—

Je ne saurais, par exemple, reconnaître une philanthropie toujours sincère dans l'aigre libéralisme de M. Brougham, si je m'occupais ici de son éloquence politique. Cet orateur de mauvais ton a peut-être autant et plus de science que sir Samuel Romilly et sir James Mackintosh, mais il lui manque leur goût et la pureté de leur style. Sa manière rappelle quelquefois la taverne dans les plus solennelles occasions; il a de la véhémence et de l'énergie; son ironie est amère, et ses invectives terribles; mais même quand il défend une mauvaise cause (et il passe pour aimer à s'en charger), son audace devant les juges ressemble à la menace. C'est l'orgueil de la supériorité, il est vrai, mais dans le sanctuaire des lois cet orgueil a un air d'insolence. Quand il interroge un témoin dont la déposition l'embarrasse, il dédaigne souvent les adroites précautions du métier; son regard le fixe avec mépris, il y a du fiel dans le son de sa voix: s'il parvient à l'embarrasser, la perfide joie de son sourire fait mal; son opposition dans la chambre produit le même effet: le mauvais goût de ses diatribes, la grossièreté de ses moqueries gâtent ses plus éloquents récriminations.

The bar is followed by the press, concerning which M. Pichot communicates some particulars that will amaze the world, and render our editors and sub-editors its wonder and admiration indeed. Every journal (says this traveller so exemplarily circumstantial in his details), has its editor and sub-editor, who gain from 3,000 to 8,000 guineas a year! From the press we pass to literature, which fills a large portion of the book, and on which subject the writer has committed about the average number of blunders. He makes MM. Frere and Smith the authors of

the Rejected Addresses (having probably heard that they were by M. Smith, et *frere*, and mistaken *frere* for a proper name,) and these gentlemen are spoken of as collaborateurs of Mr. Canning. Mr. Frere, we believe, did take a part in the Antijacobin, but Mr. Smith appeared as a writer long after Mr. Canning had discontinued his literary labours. Mr. Bobus Smith* indeed assisted in the Antijacobin, and M. Pichot has probably confounded him with the Smith of the Rejected Addresses.

The Edinburgh Review is in no favour with our author, and he speaks of its injurious personalities with absolute horror. As an example of the abominations committed by this wicked Review, he cites the following paragraph, than which we must confess we can conceive nothing more harmless—

— Il est une société de messieurs bien mis et à leur aise, qui s'assemblent chaque jour dans la boutique du libraire Hatchard;—ce sont des personnages propres, polis, bien avec les gens en place, contents de tout ce qui existe; et, de temps à autre, un de ces messieurs écrit un petit livre;—les autres louent le petit livre, espérant être loués à leur tour quand leurs petits livres paraîtront: or, tout porte à croire que la brochure que nous avons devant nous est un de ces petits livres écrits par ces personnages si propres, si polis, si sûrs de la louange qui les attend, etc., etc.; et après un jugement fort sec et fort dédaigneux, en trois lignes, le rédacteur refait le livre à sa manière.

Some of our popular authors are disposed of very summarily by M. Pichot, but we cannot always dispute the justice of his sentences. Mr. Moore is epigrammatically described as “un liberal de salon, un demagogue de boudoir,” and Lady Morgan is justly represented as “espèce de pédante et de jacobin en jupon, qui se vante avec complaisance dans une page de connaître familièrement madame la marquise ou madame la duchesse, et qui, dans la page suivante, emprunte les plus mauvais quolibets aux clubs de la révolution ou aux corps-de-garde de l'empire.” Vol. iii. page 26. There is no disputing the truth of this: whether the facts render the party ridiculous or not is another question, which we are not called on to determine.

A great proportion of that part of the book which treats on English literature is composed of translations from popular writers; some of the prose translations of poetry seem to us more faithful to the letter than happy. We extract the author's French of ‘Scots who hae with Wallace bled’—

“—Ecosseis, qui avez versé votre sang avec Wallace; Ecosseis, que Bruce a souvent conduits à une couche sanglante ou à une glorieuse victoire, salut!

* We feel an inexpressible awkwardness in describing an individual whom we respect, as we do this gentleman, by a name that sounds so extremely like a nick-name, and which in fact is not his real name, or by any means akin to his real name, but this is an instance of how ill a man may be used by the world in respect of his name. Mr. Smith's name is Robert; his friends at first took it into their heads to call him Robertus, and by some process that we do not at all understand, Robertus was converted into Bobus, and Bobus, Mr. Smith will be, were he to live to the age of Methuselah; he is known by no other name, and were we to mention him as Mr. Robert Smith, the world would not know whom we meant.

"Voici le jour et voici l'heure ! voyez les premiers rangs de l'armée ennemie se presser ; voyez approcher les soldats de l'orgueilleux Edouard.—Edouard, des fers et l'esclavage !

"Qui voudra être un traître sans honneur ? Qui pourra remplir un tombeau de lâche ? Qui est assez vil pour être esclave ? Traîtres, lâches, tournez la tête et fuyez !

"Vous qui tiretez avec vigueur du fourreau le glaive de la liberté pour l'Ecosse et pour son roi, combattez libres, ou tombez libres.—Calédoniens, en avant avec moi !

"Par les maux et les douleurs des opprimés, par les chaînes de vos fils, nous épuiserons le sang de nos veines.—Mais vos fils seront. . . —Seront libres.

"Abaissez l'orgueilleux usurpateur ; chaque ennemi de moins sera un tyran de moins. Que la liberté soit le prix de chaque coup.—En avant ! triomphons ou périssons !"

On comprend que la rapidité du rythme doit aider à l'effet de ce chant de liberté.

That "Traîtres, lâches, tournez la tête et fuyez !" (for traitor turn and flee) is entirely French. Burns, we think, would rather have seen it rendered *tournez le dos*. We must now follow M. Pichot to Edinburgh, which he visited just about the period that His Majesty honoured that city with his presence. The traveller, of course, visited Sir Walter Scott, and was most graciously received, as he carried with him not only the customary recommendations, but also the extraordinary one of having translated one of Sir Walter's Poems into French. In a conversation which the author has recorded, the Baronet is represented as having sneered at the abject prostrations of the Irish on the occasion of the King's visit to Ireland.

Sir Walter Scott.—"Nous avons en Ecosse une opposition nombreuse : nous en avons eu même deux ; mais celle des jacobites est morte depuis Culloden, on ne voit plus dans George IV. que l'héritier des Stuarts ; celle des Whigs ne faisait que de la théorie : elle peut honorer la personne du prince sans se compromettre ; car l'opposition whig ne censure que les actes du gouvernement. Mais ne croyez pas trouver dans le torysme d'Ecosse l'exaltation méridionale."

"—Faites-vous allusion au midi de la France ?"

Sir Walter Scott.—"Non, mais aux imaginations *orientales* de l'Irlande. Nous ne nous jetterons pas à la mer pour aller chercher le roi à son *yacht* ; nous ne nous attellerons pas à sa voiture. . . ."

In another conversation there is some amusing dialogue. The speakers are Sir Walter, his lady, Mr. Crabbe the poet, then on a visit to Sir Walter, and the author ; the scene is the Baronet's breakfast table. The conversation turns on French travellers, and M. Charles Nodier is named ; Lady Scott takes fire at the mention of this gentleman, and charges him with calumny ; his friend, the author, cannot remember the offence ; the lady imputes want of gallantry towards the Scotch ladies ; the Doctor objects that M. Charles Nodier loves the women of all countries, but that, perhaps, he prefers those of Scotland. By an abrupt question, Lady Scott then broaches the accusation, and indicates the crime of M. Charles Nodier. "Mais où a-t-il vu qu'elles allaient nu-pieds ?" "Mais a-t-il dit cela ?" exclaims Mr. Crabbe ; and the author

M. Pichot quotes in a note the passage in M. Charles Nodier's book which so scandalised Lady Scott. There is some pleasantry in the horrid calumny, which runs to the following effect. M. Nodier affirms that almost all the Scotch women of the middle and lower orders, and a pretty considerable number of those of the higher classes, go bare-foot. Ladies of fashion indeed, he says, who borrow the dress of the fair Parisiennes,

echoes the interrogatory, expressive of astonishment ; Lady Scott supports her charge, and pages the guilty traveller ; M. Pichot interposes a remark, and unluckily names *gallantry* ; the lady thus takes him up on the word, " On n'est pas galant quand on voit les dames d' Ecosse courir pieds nus.—Nous ne sommes plus des sauvages. *C'est un trait affreux de la part de M. Nodier.*" We give this peppery bit of dialogue, the first part of which reminds us of those little scenes in which Richardson sat to be incensed by his friends, and reminded of all the handsome things said of him, for which he returned due acknowledgments, after having carefully recited the commendation.

Lady Scott.—" Vous avez nommé tout à l'heure M. Charles Nodier comme votre ami.
"—Je mets un peu d'amour-propre à le dire."

Sir Walter Scott.—" Vous le remercirez, je vous prie, de tout ce qu'il y a d'aimable pour moi dans la *Promenade de Dieppe aux montagnes d'Ecosse.*"

Lady Scott.—" Il a dit que son voyage était perdu puisqu'il n'avait pas vu Sir Walter.
"—Je l'ai entendu exprimer vivement ce regret."

Lady Scott.—" Je crains que M. Nodier n'ait voyagé un peu trop vite.

"—Ne trouvant pas Sir Walter Scott à Edimbourg, il lui tardait de voir les sites que Sir Walter Scott a peints."

Sir Walter.—" Et M. Nodier les a peints lui-même en poète.

"—Il avait pour s'inspirer et les sites eux-mêmes et votre poésie. On a dû être content de ses tableaux de l'Ecosse."

Lady Scott.—" M. Nodier a bien aussi ses médisances à se reprocher.

"—Je cherche à me souvenir...."

Lady Scott.—" Pour un Français, votre ami n'a pas été très galant envers les dames d'Ecosse.

"—Si cela est, il en sera au désespoir ; car il aime les dames de tous les pays, mais peut-être davantage celles d'Ecosse."

Lady Scott.—" Mais où a-t-il vu qu'elles allaient nu-pieds ?

M. Crabbe.—" Mais a-t-il dit cela ?"

J'exprimais le même doute par la même question."

Lady Scott.—" Oui, oui, dans sa lettre sur Glasgow. Les Parisiennes ont dû bien rire aux dépens des sauvages beautés calédoniennes. Mais la perfidie, c'est d'avoir feint de chercher querelle aux petits pieds des Françaises. M. Nodier ou ses compagnons de voyage ont-ils réellement vu des dames en Ecosse courir pieds nus ? L'observation est-elle de M. Nodier lui-même, ou, pendant qu'il admirait les montagnes, ses amis lui faisaient-ils le roman des villes ?

have also borrowed their shoes, or rather the men's shoes, for they are shod in the style of men. The first thought which strikes a Scotch belle, he goes on to state, on retiring to her chamber, is not, as with the French women, the last man who has ogled, or the last woman who has eclipsed her in dress, but it is to throw off her shoes and stockings, and to run about with naked feet. These naked feet have, he says, nothing repulsive in their appearance ; the shod ones look to much more disadvantage, the flat and ample shoe which envelopes them in no measure disguising their size, which is, doubtless, conformable to the natural proportions, but shocking to a Frenchman accustomed to the small feet of his countrywomen. The feet of mountaineers, he considerably adds, being destined to support the body on narrow slippery passes, &c. ought necessarily to be large and strong. Feet small out of proportion, on the other hand, are a beauty of the boudoir, the advantage of which can only be appreciated by persons who see the earth only out of window, and pass over it only in a carriage.—Our hair has stood an end during the whole time that we have been making a summary of these frightful calumnies.

—De ses compagnons je ne connais particulièrement que M. Taylor, notre ami commun, artiste et homme d'esprit, dont je ne saurais mettre en doute la galanterie.

Lady Scott: —“On n'est pas galant quand on voit les dames d'Ecosse courir pieds nus. —Nous ne sommes plus des sauvages. C'est un trait affreux de la part de M. Nodier....”

It must be confessed that M. Pichot must be an excellent reporter; he records long dialogues with wonderful minuteness, and, in this particular, indeed, he is only to be equalled by Miss Byron, in Sir Charles Grandison,—Clarissa Harlowe, or Pamela, whom we have always regarded as unrivalled in the business of reporting, seeing that without the aid of notes, these gifted ladies, these Woodfalls in petticoats, could carry off conversations fifty pages in length, without omitting a single compliment paid to themselves, or the slightest circumstance that occurred in the course of the discourse, such as bows, smiles, nods, simpers, &c.

The third volume leaves M. Pichot eating hard crusts sopped in water, in the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond, and right glad are we to part with him for a season, for, all things considered, a weary travail we have had in his company. It must be remembered, however, that the book is not written for English readers; and that which is very dull and heavy to us may possibly be interesting to the French, who will find novelty in what is stale to us, and who will also enjoy the unspeakable advantage of swallowing the blunders as facts, with the comfortable persuasion that they are enriching themselves with some curious information.

CHESS.

THE title of this volume does not indicate with sufficient precision, either the nature of its contents, or the peculiar claims of the writer to the praise of originality. The book is by no means a mere treatise on the game of chess, and the writer is evidently a person of much more ambitious pretensions than we should have expected to encounter in the editor or compiler of a Chess-book. He challenges our admiration in the triple capacity of an editor of M. Philidor's Analysis, an analyser of games and positions at chess; and, above all, an inventor of a quaint and elaborate species of humour, by which he has endeavoured to enliven a subject, partaking very much in its nature of the severity of the exact sciences, and, apparently, as little susceptible of ludicrous illustration. If it were not for the evidence of the volume before us, we should have doubted the possibility of eliciting a series of witticisms out of such unpromising materials as the combinations of chess. We should as soon have expected an assault on our gravity, by a droll demonstration of the properties of a conic section, as by a facetious exposition of the shortest mode of giving check-mate. The writer of

* Studies of Chess; containing a Systematic Introduction to the Game, and the Analysis of Chess, by Mr. A. D. Philidor, with original Comments and Diagrams. 8vo. Bagster, Paternoster-row, 1825.

this volume, however, has not only contrived to display his powers of pleasantry in discussing the relative value of pawns, knights, and bishops, but the weapon which he chiefly employs for this purpose, the *vis comica*, on which he mainly relies is derived, as we shall see presently, from the mathematical sciences. At one time, the extraction of a cube root supplies him with the materials of merriment, at another time he disarms our gravity with a quadratic equation, and he is never more happy than when, giving full rein to his fancy, he delights and surprises us by the point and brilliancy of his vulgar fractions. All this will be rendered intelligible by a few examples.

The humorous part of this work, which occupies upwards of one hundred pages, is called a Scale of Powers, and the author dryly insinuates that his object is to ascertain by accurate calculation, the precise relative value of the different pieces at the game of chess. That this is a mere mystification, and that the whole essay is, in fact, nothing but a piece of refined satire, the precise object of which we do not pretend to penetrate, is, we think, evident, not only from the manner in which the author has treated the subject, but from the skill which he has exhibited in other parts of the work, as a chess player, and which renders it impossible to suppose that he is not fully aware of the absurdity of attempting to ascertain minute differences of value in the several pieces, without reference to the skill of the players who conduct them. A queen may be, and very frequently is, so injudiciously played by an unskilful player, that, at an early period of the game, its value may not in effect be greater than that of a pawn. Where then is the practical advantage of ascertaining, even supposing the principles of calculation to be sound, that what this writer terms the pawn's line of transit is equal to 1, 4, while the queen's line of transit is equal to the following pleasing quantity

$$\sqrt{3,171875 \times 3,171875 + 4,15625 \times 4,15625} = 5,228,308?$$

The process, however, by which the writer affects to ascertain what he calls the queen's line of transit to 6 places of decimals, negatives all suspicion of the seriousness of his intentions; and when the reader is a little more accustomed to his style of pleasantry, he will find that this is a sort of geometrical joke. The following is the process.

"The queen's *line of transit* is a value compounded of the locomotive powers of the bishop and rook. This value is neither their aggregate found by addition, for that would be too great; nor their mean estimated by equation, for that would be too little. It is the value of the *option* of using either mode of transit that we have to measure. The bishop's step is diagonal, and the rook's rectangular. The power of recourse to both bears an analogy to the superior quantity of an *hypotenuse*, compared with either limb of a right-angled triangle; that is, if the bishop's line of transit be squared, and the rook's squared, and the amounts added together, the square root of the product (*sum*)

will be the value of the queen's line of transit, equal therefore to the aforesaid quantity."

This is certainly a "right pleasaunt, and wittie" corollary from the 47th proposition of Euclid; the facetiousness of the assumed analogy of the queen's option to the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is only to be equalled by the caustic raillery with which the writer proceeds to square each limb of his visionary triangle, and to extract the root of the sum of the squares.

Having satisfactorily settled this point, the author proceeds to investigate what he calls an equation for an open, as well as a crowded board; and to produce this, he tells us that "the results for the *long-rayed* pieces must be augmented by *partial compensations for mutual hindrance*, which attend a numerous train of supporters and confederates. For as the reduction for impediment to the *long-rayed* pieces will be in excess when the board becomes clear; so pieces of this class have some properties, which operate as attenuations of impediment, while the board is crowded."

All this is perfectly satisfactory, and the only regret one feels is, that powers of reasoning, such as are here displayed, should not have been applied to the investigation of the problem which so long baffled the sagacity of the schoolmen, *utrum Chimæra bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas rationes*.

From the clear and indisputable principles which the author has laid down in this part of the essay, he deduces several equations in which fractions sweep across the whole breadth of his pages, like the expressions in an analytical treatise of trigonometry, and have, moreover, the merit of being filled with facetiæ, the numerator vying with the denominator in the richness and variety of the corresponding jokes. Thus the equation for the bishop is declared to be

$$\frac{506 \text{ accessible points} \times 9 \text{ pieces with cognate action}}{6 \text{ interposing antagonists} \times 3 \text{ moves to effect the discovery}} = 253,$$

while that for the queen is shown to be,

$$\frac{187 \text{ accessible points} \times 10 \text{ pioneers}}{10 \text{ shield-bearers} \times 3 \text{ marches performed}} = 662.$$

It should be observed, however, with reference to this last equation for the queen, that, in order to guard against any practical inconvenience that might result from too implicit an adoption of this calculation, the author adds with great candour, "*that a careful provision of avenues will dissipate half the proportion of impediment, and convert it into a mask for attack.*"

Several elaborate chapters are devoted to the investigation of "adverse equivalent force, power of particular attack, covering value, dislodging faculty, and extra points of support." A great number of facetious fractions are interspersed through these pages, but though the writer's jokes are for the most part effective, he cannot be said to have an off-hand style of pleasantry; he tells us in a note, for instance, that to find

one of his elementary properties he extracted more than four thousand square, cube, and higher roots.

The author has discovered a singular property in what he terms the *long-rayed* pieces; he has ascertained that "they can give a *penetract* check, sending a ray through the king to a piece behind; a slender branch of power," he adds, "in which the pawn, and knight who compete with them in the broader field of divergent checking do not participate!!"

We have no room for further extracts from the facetious part of this work, and a very few observations must suffice for that portion of it which is really devoted to chess. The edition of Philidor's analysis has been several times reprinted, and is, upon the whole, executed with care and ability. We cannot, indeed, agree with the editor, that the alterations which he has made in the language of the text contribute greatly to its perspicuity. Philidor's treatise abounded with gallicisms, but the foreigner's English was more intelligible than the pompous and inflated diction in which his editor chiefly delights. The editor is, sometimes, even more barbarous than the Frenchman; thus he objects to Philidor's word "*retakes*," and substitutes for it a new-fangled barbarism of his own "*reprises*." A laxity in point of grammar is a common failing in writers who affect the lofty and ornate style of composition; thus it would be difficult to reconcile the following sentence to any ordinary rules of grammatical construction. "To mate the king, *as* his position *be* in the angle, or at the margin, or in the area of the board, while his seat is battered, three, or five, or eight contiguous points must be blocked or commanded." But the editor has made some corrections, which are of more importance than mere verbal amendments, for he has proved that several games which Philidor supposed to be lost may be won. In the Cunningham Gambit, which is made a lost game for the attacking player in the analysis, he has shown that the first player may win by an ingenious move, which Philidor evidently overlooked. There is some original matter in the present edition, which the editor, in his quaint phraseology, styles an attempt to vindicate Philidor on some contested points in three original pursuits of assigned openings. The openings consist of two gambits, and the game, called by the editor the counter-bishop game, several branches of which he distinguishes with his accustomed facetiousness by the terms "*fortissimo* game, competing cavallo defence, and the Minotaur or Cretan maze." He has shown a great deal of patient and persevering industry in the analysis of these games and their variations, many of which are conducted with considerable ingenuity and skill. That his games are all sound, or that he has in every case exhausted all the variations, the analysis of which would be necessary to demonstrate the effect of a particular move, is more than will be expected by those who are aware of the difficulty of the task which he has undertaken. If he has committed more errors than any of his predecessors who have put forth treatises on chess in this country, it will, at least, be

some consolation to him to reflect that his predecessors have hazarded nothing of their own. Even the treatise of the late Mr. Sarratt, a player of unrivalled practical skill, contains not a single original article, and the improvements on the Analysis enumerated in the preface of that writer are borrowed, without exception, from the voluminous treatise of Lolli. Notwithstanding the attempts which have been made of late years to depreciate the skill of Philidor, and to underrate the merits of his treatise, the Analysis continues to maintain its ascendancy, and, in fact, may be considered as almost the only text-book on the game of chess. The anonymous Modenese was, perhaps, a more brilliant player than Philidor, but the mode of castling adopted in Italy renders his games, in a great degree, useless to players who are confined to what is termed by the Italian writers the Calabrian method of castling. There is, besides, this distinguishing excellence in the analysis, that, whereas the treatises of other writers contain little more than mere openings of games, in that of Philidor the games are conducted fairly to a conclusion through all the difficulties and intricacies which frequently arise in the middle of the contest.

There are some other crotchets on which the editor insists, and some innovations which he is desirous of introducing. He wishes to restore the obsolete practice of giving the victory to the party who receives a stale; he objects to a plurality of queens; and he proposes a new institute to meet the difficulty which would occur, when a pawn arrived at the eighth square of the chess-board, before any of the pieces were exchanged. On a former occasion, it seems, he proposed that the pawn should become a *hydra*, and enjoy the combined powers of the queen and knight. He now admits that his hydra was a piece of *badinage*, but he assures us that he is perfectly serious in recommending that the pawn should become a *cadet*. There is no dealing with so incorrigible a wag; and, for any security we have to the contrary, the *cadet* may be as subtle a stroke of pleasantry as the *hydra*.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. VIII.

Paris, July 11, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Buonapartism is declining in this country. The delusion which led us to regard Buonaparte as the perfect model of a hero,—as eminently useful to France, is now vanished, or holds its empire only over the minds of shopmen and country lieutenants on half-pay. What was in 1818 the nearly unanimous sentiment of all the strong and generous spirits of France is now fallen into a mere common-

place, condemned in good company. I desire no stronger proof of this total change in public opinion (a matter so essential in the consideration of the state of any great nation) than the complete contempt with which the public has received *Belisarius*, a new tragedy, by the inexhaustible, the inevitable M. de Jouy. The blind *Belisarius* is exiled to the deserts of Thrace—he finds there his wife and daughter, with whom, as might be expected, a certain barbarian king, named *Thelesis*, is in love. The Emperor Justinian also comes into Thrace for the purpose, as it appears, of being beaten by the natives.

Belisarius has a fine opportunity of revenging himself on the Emperor, and of taking him prisoner; he not only pardons him, however, but puts himself at the head of Justinian's army, and, in spite of his blindness, gains a victory. He is wounded in the engagement, and comes deliberately upon the stage to die, declaiming some very fine lines, extremely moral, and yet more tedious—which, indeed, is his practice through the whole course of the piece. There were not four hundred people in the theatre the night on which Talma recited this tragic pamphlet.

Belisarius was, in fact, composed seven years ago, and, like *Sylla*, is one continued allusion to Napoleon. You may imagine what sort of success was to be expected for a pamphlet which saw the light seven years too late; a pamphlet too, in which every thing is false and distorted, the characters, the style, the incidents, and the sentiments. Messrs. Baour Lormian, de la Martine, and Hugo, and Mademoiselle Delphine Gay sell their flattery to the government, and get well paid. M. de Jouy sells his to the people, who paid him by giving his *Sylla* a run of a hundred nights. But the people having more sense than the government, are disgusted with the grossness of the flattery addressed to them, and will not encourage this *Belisarius*, which is nothing but a flat, cold, and perpetual allusion to the captive of Saint Helena. There is considerable danger that the tragedy of *Belisarius* will, in its fall, drag with it three-fourths of M. de Jouy's reputation. He must, however, always be considered a man of great talents, and a very good and clear prose writer.

Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Retraite de Moscom, de M. le Comte Philippe de Ségur, par le General Gourgaud, Officier d'Ordonnance de l'Empereur Napoleon. 1 vol. 8vo. de 38 feuilles.

This is another work addressed to the Buonapartist party. Unhappily the remnant of this party can scarcely read. Twenty-two thousand copies of M. de Ségur's book are scattered over France in every direction. The puffs of the *Constitutionnel* and the *Courier Français*, powerful as is their influence over public opinion, and themselves Buonapartists six months ago, will find it a difficult matter to get fifteen hundred copies of M. Gourgaud's panegyric sold. From 1814 to 1815, General Gourgaud was attached to the *Etât Major* of the Duke de Berry, and was even a

sort of favourite. In 1815, he fought bravely at Waterloo, and obtained permission to follow his master to St. Helena. Three-fourths of the officers engaged in the expedition to Moscow are mentioned in the work of M. de Ségur. This young officer has revealed things which, say the partisans of the *national honour*, ought never to have escaped the lips of a Frenchman. As an historian, he has ventured to tell the truth. He says there existed a secret agreement between Napoleon and his army. This army was mowed down by the cannon as rapidly as the English regiments which you send to Ava or Cape Coast, are destroyed by the diseases of India and of Africa. The French army submitted to this horrible lottery, and, in return, Napoleon promised his brave fellows, not only the advantages of pillage—that would have been a peccadillo, but licence to murder the citizens upon whom they were billeted (the baker, at Cassel, in 1809, for instance) to murder the *Maires de Communes* in France; to pillage their own waggon train (Spain, 1809), which pillage caused the defeat of the French army. M. de Ségur has committed a crime which the army will never forgive—he has fixed the attention of the French people on the military leprosy introduced into France by Napoleon. Has M. de Ségur's object been merely to tell the truth, or was this combined with the desire of flattering the Aristocracy and the Bourbons, in order to obtain some good place from Charles X.? This is a question, which, after all, it is of very little importance to determine, and one which the lapse of three or four years will be sure to solve. Never would the crimes tolerated in the armies of Napoleon have been committed with impunity in the armies of the Republic (from 1793 to 1800). Those were, indeed, the heroic times of French bravery. The sublime Dessaix may be regarded as the representative of this epoch; the whole tactique employed by M. Gourgaud against M. de Ségur consists in this; whenever, on the testimony of witnesses now living at Paris, men of sense like M. Daru and M. Mathieu Dumas, M. de Ségur relates an incident which betrays an infirmity on the part of Napoleon, M. Gourgaud exclaims, Napoleon had too much greatness of mind, too much firmness of character to descend to such a pitch of weakness. Occasionally, indeed, M. Gourgaud adduces circumstances in which Napoleon evinced that sublime energy for which he was pre-eminently distinguished; but, it is evident enough, that this proves nothing against the testimony of M. de Ségur, who says, in twenty places, that the campaign of Russia formed an *exception*. It would have been easy to point out the names of a thousand Frenchmen, now living at Paris, or its environs, who were in the retreat of Moscow; it would have been easy to deposit eight or ten questions in the hands of notaries, and to have invited any of these thousand Frenchmen to answer them by a yes or a no. The style of M. de Ségur is open to great objections, it is the style of a bilious and gloomy man trying to imitate the style of Madame de Stael. This book contains three or four hundred sentences, rendered extremely ridiculous by the exaggerated emphasis with which they are written.

But to what is to be ascribed the success of Messrs. de Chateaubriand, de la Martine, de la Vigne, Hugo, and Mademoiselle Delphine Gay? Is it not to emphasis pushed to the last extremity of absurdity. M. de Segur generally speaks the truth, but he has chosen to ascribe some brilliant feat to each of his friends, and he has tried to avoid giving pain to two or three persons still living, who filled important posts in 1812, and by their multiplied acts of folly and stupidity, contributed to the disasters of the retreat of Moscow. If the author is alive ten years hence, he may give an edition of his work, stripped of the voluntary lies he has admitted into it. I say *lies*, for it appears to me that M. de Ségur has too clear an understanding to give faith to many of the stories he relates. His book, such as it is, is a master-piece. For forty years we have had nothing so interesting and so true. M. Mignet has shown as much talent, and much more sincerity and philosophy, in his history of the French Revolution; but as he thought proper to compress this immense body of matter into two volumes, he could not come up to that intense interest which the tragic recital of M. Ségur excites in all readers, whether Frenchmen or foreigners. Two men surpassed Napoleon in the retreat of Russia, Davoust in prudence, Ney in promptitude of execution, and strength of character. I must add, without wishing to flatter you, that if Napoleon had had a division of six thousand English soldiers, he would have been enabled to prevent the worst calamities of his retreat. Complete absense of discipline was the cause of by far the greater part of the disasters which attended it.

The French are never conquered but through want of discipline and a ridiculous display of personal bravery. This has been exemplified from the battles of Agincourt and Monlhéry down to the battle of Waterloo, as may be seen in the curious work called *Mes Rêveries*, by Marshall de Saxe.

Le Roman Comedie, in Cinq Acts et en Vers, par M. de la Ville, représentée pour la première fois le 22 Juin.

I went to the Théâtre Français, dreading the mortal ennui I was about to endure, and much inclined to murmur at the task I had imposed on myself by my engagement with you. What, said I, must I not only abuse eight or ten poor devils of authors every month, all perhaps good sort of people, and guilty of nothing but of making Ladvocat print tiresome books, but am I also condemned to spend three or four evenings every month in undergoing flat imitations of Racine and Molière, which, in the end, will disgust me with the chefs d'œuvres even of those great masters. Such were the melancholy anticipations which crossed my mind, as I found myself in the orchestra of the Théâtre Français, seated by the side of fifteen or twenty celebrated men of lettres, most of them members of the Academy, and of the Legion of Honour, and whose singular physiognomies were lit up with intelligence, self-complacency, and pedantry.

At length the *Roman* began, and for an hour and a half I was amused as much as if I had been reading one of Lafontaine's fables. The *Roman* is certainly not a comedy like Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, nor Molière's *Tartuffe*. It has more of the character of the *School for Scandal* of your charming Sheridan. It is a gallery of portraits, sketched with all the spirit of Rembrandt. There is a double intrigue, a plot and an under-plot as is usual in the old English Comedies. We have in the first place, a little plot in the Vaudeville style, and in the next, we are introduced into the interior of the family of a financier, a certain M. Dupré, a very witty, and still more accurate incarnation, not of the God Brama, but of the race of a rich banker, who inhabit the *Chaussée d'Antin*, or of the splendid tribe of *Receveurs généraux*. M. Dupré is prouder of his fortune than a Montmorency of his birth; he snarls at titled men secretly, and envies them; he declaims incessantly against the nobility, and apes all the fopperies which pass for knowledge of good society in the *Faubourg St. Germain*. M. Dupré is unjust, hard-hearted, and violent towards his inferiors, but he is a Frenchman, that is to say, he is soon sensible of his faults, and endeavours to repair them with kindness and feeling.

Out of these materials, which are by no means of an uncommon character, nor, thanks to the Censorship, at all resembling the present state of French society, M. de la Ville has constructed scenes of remarkable brilliancy, though rather unconnected. He loves to give the reins to his daring fancy and high spirits, and to play with his audience; he gets out of an awkward situation by some lively freak; his sallies are sometimes not only humorous but burlesque. In short, he often reminds one of the resistless spirit and gaiety of Regnard, who, though but the second of French comic writers on the whole, for gaiety is unquestionably the first. The comedy of M. De la Ville is always amusing; but you must not expect either continued interest, or well-constructed plot. I see from the few scraps of French (sometimes quoted by you English writers) from the *Edinburgh Review* and Sir Walter Scott, down to the humblest article-makers, that you are too little acquainted with the niceties of our language, the hints, the inuendos, as you would say, to make it expedient for me to advise you to read *Le Roman*. You would be struck with the faults alone of this agreeable *badinage*. The English, in general, are far too ready to imagine that they *know* the French language.

What can I tell you about an absurd and tiresome piece of school-boy declamation, called *Tristan le Voyageur* by M. de Marchangy. This man tried last year to get into the Chamber of Deputies, by means of a forged title to an estate, but was expelled with ignominy. It is a new work, written in the Chateaubriant style, and has enlarged the limits of the ridiculous, to which M. Marchangy had heretofore given so ample an extent. All the papers, even those most distinguished for liberalism, applaud M. de Marchangy's new rhapsody—his office makes them fear him.

I advise you to read the memoirs of the Marquis d'Argenson. You will find in this work, which is free from the inflated, emphatic style now in use, the history of the first club established in France. It was called *Le Club de l'Entresol*. The review which M. d'Argenson takes of the character of the Cardinal de Henry, of Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. is spirited and judicious.

You will find it a difficult matter to enter into the nature and extent of the ridicule which Mademoiselle Delphine Gay has drawn upon herself by her newly published poem, *La Vision*. The Minister of the King's household sent her a diamond, worth a hundred and twenty pounds, for this effort of her Muse in honour of the *Sacre*. Joan of Arc, la Pucelle, appears in a vision to Mademoiselle Gay, after which Mademoiselle Gay exclaims,—

Fière d'un si beau sort, dussé-je voir un jour

Contre mes vers pieux s'armer la calomnie

Dut comme tes hauts faits, ma gloire être punie,

Te chanterais encore sur mon bruleur tombeau.

* * * * *

Le héros, me cherchant au jour de sa victoire

Si je ne l'ai chanté doutera de sa gloire.

* * * * *

Et fier après ma mort, de mes chants inspirés

Les Français me pleurant comme une sœur chérie

M'a pèleront un jour *musée de la patrie*.

This is mere declamation, declamation like M. de Marchangy's, or like M. de Chateaubriant's at his worst. Mademoiselle Gay has the misfortune to suffer herself to be guided by advice fatal to her genius and her reputation. I am assured that this young lady has, in fact, preserved a great deal more of the simplicity characteristic of her very early age, than the strange style of her poetry would have had one to believe.

She sings in her vision

Le Roi

En jurant la justice a rêvé la clemence.

Upon which the *Mercur*, an obscure paper, edited by M. Etienne, exclaims—"After this beautiful line, which adorns the future with the colours of hope, there was nothing more for Joan of Arc to say." You see to what a pitch of affectation and bad taste our poor literature has sunk.

Mademoiselle Tastu, whose Muse has hitherto been *libérale*, has also given us a poem on the *Sacre*. Whether she has been inspired by the desire of having a beautiful present of diamonds in her turn, or whether merely by the reluctance to let any event pass without recalling her name to the public in connection with it, I shall not attempt to determine. I have great doubts, however, whether Mademoiselle de Tastu's ring, if she gets one, will be very valuable, seeing that she has been impolitic enough to speak of the ennui which prevailed in the Cathedral at Rheims.

Et fidèle à la Majesté
Il (l'ennui) effleure en passant le monarque lui-même.

Now we are upon the subject of ennui, I must add, that I found the *Élégie* of Mademoiselle Tastu, less *ennuyeuse* than the vision of Mademoiselle Gay, or than the extremely well-paid poems of M. Baour Lormian.

Lettres sur l'Angleterre, par M. Auguste de Staël. 1 vol.
Voyage en Angleterre et en Ecosse, par M. le Docteur Amédée Pichot,
4 vols. dont 3 paraissent.

These two works have afforded me a good deal of amusement, but I must confess, that I am indebted for a considerable part of it to the prejudices and the affected tone to be found in both. The authors are said to be clever and agreeable men—if so, they are probably more natural in society, than they think proper to be in their books. M. de Staël appears to me to belong to that class of Frenchmen who desire liberty and the sway of public opinion only as means of obtaining an Upper House; of which house they of course are to be members. These gentlemen look upon religion as an instrument for breaking in the vanity of Frenchmen to endure the creation of an aristocracy among us; they are therefore ready to renounce every thing for religion. But for what religion? They have not the slightest idea themselves. Is it the religion of the Jesuits? No. Is it protestantism adapted to the rules and modes of the court, upon the plan of a certain M. Marron, a celebrated protestant pastor at Paris, who composes Latin epistles in honour of that very Louis XIV. who showed such tenderness to his protestant subjects? No again. What religion then would the future peers of France have? That is a question nobody can answer. The French have no love for liberty:—they do not understand it; and, if they had it, it would only be a trouble to them; but they are, above every thing, desirous of political equality.

It is perfectly impossible that such a production as an English peer should exist in France. If it were possible for a Duke of Northumberland to start up in France, he would be overwhelmed with ridicule in less than a fortnight; every body would laugh at his pretensions, he would be the subject of innumerable songs and epigrams; in short, he would not be let to breathe till he brought himself down simply to the condition of a very rich man, spending his fortune as it pleased him, but not affecting any *aristocratic* influence or superiority over his neighbours. The least aristocratical nation in the world is France. Aristocracy is much more likely to gain ground at New York and at Boston, than at Paris.

It would be ridiculous in me to attempt to talk to you English of the accuracy of the descriptions given by M. de Staël and M. Pichot. I can judge only of their political tendency and of their style. Doctor Pichot's three volumes are divided into chapters, which he seems to

imagine he has converted into letters, by putting the name of some friend at the head of each. It appears, for instance, that one of the Doctor's friends is Sidi Mohamed, the Governor of Cyprus (for the Grand Signior, I suppose). To this personage, M. Pichot has thought fit to address a discussion on the greater or less degree of truth contained in the remarks, which Scarron wrote upon the manners of his time. M. Pichot's opinion frequently appears to me just. All the merit of the book is spoiled, however, by a sickening affectation of sentiment and a constant aiming at pathos. The author turns every thing to account, even the death of his mother, for manufacturing fine sentences. This unhappy style, which, besides its other inconveniences, has that of greatly swelling the volumes, seems to me imitated from the *Lettres à Emilie sur la Mythologie*, by the late Demoustier, and from the *Lettres sur l'Italie*, by the *Président du Paty*. We have no good book of travels in England. The *least bad* is M. Simond's, and that is superficial and melancholy. When we want to know something of English manners, we read Tom Jones, Miss Edgeworth's *Ennui*, the *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson*, and those of *Général Pillet*.

Doctor Pichot relates some conversations of Sir Walter Scott, which we think very insipid, especially that about *Savates*. Lord Byron, as sketched by Captain Medwin, seems to us very superior in conversation to the author of *Waverley*. But, to our French tastes, no living Englishman makes the slightest approach in wit to Horace Walpole, the correspondent of Madame du Deffand and of Mrs. Montague. Walpole's Letters are extremely popular here; but we have nobody capable of translating them; and they are therefore confined to the readers of English.

Captain Hall's Travels are very highly thought of here. We read them with a pleasure which we very rarely experience from English travels. You are too reasonable, too much *d'une pièce*, too obsequiously prostrate before all the notions set afloat by your parsons and your Aristocrats, to please us. A Tour in Germany, attributed to Lord John Russel,* is, however, admired.

Mémoires de P. L. Hanet Cléry, ancien Valet de Chambre de S. A. R. Madame, aujourd'hui Dauphine et Frère de Cléry, Valet de Chambre de Louis XVI. 2 vols. 8vo.

This is a sincere book, and nearly free from affectation. It is quite refreshing to read it now that the most paltry newspaper deals in picturesque language, and in an original, noble, and an elegant style. This worthy and respectable Hanet Cléry, who is now seventy years of age, and blind, relates in simple language all that has befallen him, from the

* We need not observe that this is a Parisian mistake, for Mr. Russell of Edinburgh, much of the same nature as that made in respect to certain elegiac verses on the death of Lord Byron, which were generally advertised in Paris as the production of Sir THOMAS MORE.—Ed.

year 1776 to 1823. A priest, who is a friend of his, has prevailed upon him to suppress several very striking facts, which occurred in the part of his memoirs relating to the period between 1776 and 1789. But this is the common fate of all the memoirs which have been published in France for the last ten years, beginning with those of Madame Campan. In 1809, I read Madame Campan's Memoirs, corrected by her own hand. I there saw the *exact contrary* of what appears in those printed by Messrs. Baudouin. The rich people who buy books, including even the *new-rich* bankers, cannot now be brought to relish notions hostile to the establishment of an Aristocracy, the favourite dream of all the block-heads of two thousand a year (sterling) in Paris. About the year 1840, there must be new editions of all these memoirs. The only exception I can make is in favour of those of M. Thibaudean, former Prefect of Marseilles. To return to the honest Hanet Cléry, one feels at one's ease in reading him; he is obviously an honest man, and, what is more, a writer not sophisticated by too much intercourse with the great world. This is a most essential point. Paris is full of very honest men, who, nevertheless, tell the truth in their books in such a manner that nobody who did not know it before could find it out. Such, among others, was the late M. Suard, of the Academie Française, celebrated for the reception he gave to Condorcet, on the evening before his death. One of the chapters in the memoirs of the honest Hanet Cléry with which I was most struck was that in which he speaks of the famous Rapinat, employed by the Directory in Switzerland, in 1799. This man enjoyed a higher reputation as a robber than any man in Europe. One Turot, the *âme damnée* of the famous Fouché, Duke of Otranto, at that time composed a quatrain which was in every body's mouth, ending thus:

La Suisse qu'on ruine
Demanda si Rapinat vient de rapine
Ou rapine de Rapinat.

According to M. Hanet Cléry, Rapinat was a severe and upright Republican. I do not tumble into this discussion by mere accident. In England, after the restoration of Charles II. it was the fashion to heap outrages on the memory of the simple and rigid Republicans, such as General Harrison, Colonel Hutchinson, and many others. The progress of knowledge and civilization here compelled the restored Bourbons to refrain from cutting the throats of the Republicans; but all Liberals as well as Ultras seem to conspire to insult their memory. M. Mignet alone, resisting this current of fashion, has the courage to tell the truth without exaggeration or detraction. Now that I am on the subject of the fashion, I must point out a very ridiculous tendency at present observable in our literature. I have already told you that Bonapartism had lost ground very much during the last six months. It is curious that this change in opinion is fatal to the Bourbon government. In proportion as we learn to detest the despotism of Bonaparte, we feel increased contempt for that of M. de Corbière. Out of twenty converted

Bonapartists, five become indifferent, and fifteen Liberals. The creed of this party is nearly contained in the Commentary on Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, by the Comte de Tracy, Peer of France. Notwithstanding this fortunate change in public opinion, our writers choose to make themselves gratuitously ridiculous by writing to please a few duchesses. Have you, in England, any specimen of the exquisite absurdity of a *bourgeois* who pretends to be a philosophical writer, and who, without having the honour of being admitted into the society of duchesses, writes with the view to please them, and aspires to the *style noble*. In the enthusiasm of *noblification* with which our *bourgeois* writer is seized, three-fourths of the words of the language appear to him unworthy to pass under his pen, or under the eyes of a duchess. The *bourgeois* philosopher and courtier dares on no account use a proper name, or an expression, sanctioned by custom. He consequently falls into the most ludicrous degree, of what, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was called *Euphuism*. Even the *Globe* itself, which is written by clever men, and of which I had conceived considerable hopes as the organ of the opinions of our young men of property, begins to be afraid to criticise men who have any influence in the literary world. Moreover, M. Auger, the Academician, has written an article in the *Globe*, in praise of M. Auger. We might forgive one act of weakness, but this unfortunate journal falls daily more and more into the style adapted to the use of duchesses. I must say that many of our ladies of rank have talents, and appear to me to write with less affectation than the people who write in the hope of being read by them. *Ourika* is written in a much more simple style than many articles to which it has given occasion.

On 7th of July, I was present at the sitting of the *Academie Française*, at which MM. Droz and Casimir de la Vigne were admitted members. The former of these writers is as obscure as the latter is celebrated. M. Droz, however, carried off all the honours of the sitting. People expected something so extraordinarily tiresome from the unhappy author of the *Essai sur le Bonheur*, that his inaugural discourse being passable, struck every body as miraculous. Moreover, the miracle lasted only thirteen minutes. As you are a foreigner, I must give you the order of the day of the sitting. First, a speech of M. Droz. Second, reply by M. Auger. Third, epistle in verse, by M. Andrieux. This epistle is delightful, and was extremely applauded. Fourth, speech of M. Casimir de la Vigne. Fifth, reply by M. Auger. "Unquestionably," said I to myself, while listening to all these speeches, "this is a most ridiculous exhibition. Every sentence which these people utter is made up of trite and insipid common places, expressed in very elegant language. They are what you call *truisms*." M. de la Vigne, for instance, inflicted upon us an eulogium on conscience. Now who in the world ever says any harm of conscience? Wherever I am unhappy, and I was really unhappy from *ennui* at the academy, I have one invariable rule of conduct. I try to represent to myself what I should feel if

chance had thrown me into a situation the direct contrary to that into which I happen to have fallen. When, for instance, at the French Academy, I was suffering under the hypocritical and vapid elegance of an Ultra-civilized people, I said to myself, "What should I do if there was an academy at Philadelphia, established for the reward of literary merit, and I had the misfortune to be present at one of its sittings. In the first place, the meeting, instead of being gay, brilliant, *coquette*, like that brought together by M. de la Vigne's imagination, would be dull, melancholy, and puritanical; then a Rev. Mr. Jarvis would open the sitting with a discourse on the religion of the savages; next, some professor, educated at Oxford, would dissertate for two full hours on the true measure of some particular foot of a certain kind of Greek verse. After that we should fall into the *useful*, the everlasting rock upon which literature splits in well-governed countries. We should have a very grave and lengthy dissertation on the best manner of sowing and cultivating grey peas. Then would come a piece of poetry, descriptive of the fog of an autumnal night, hovering over the churchyard in which the author *has just deposited the remains of his mother*. The sitting would be terminated by a pretty light discussion of the comparative advantages of iron rail-roads and canals." Just as I had completed this picture of the Literary Academy of Philadelphia, or of Edinburgh, and had conceived a lively impression of the state of mind in which I should leave its meetings, M. Anger also concluded his reply to M. Droz. M. Andrieux, the wittiest of our versifiers, decided the preference which I had just internally given to the puerilities of France over the gloomy reason of Scotland or America. The whole audience, among whom were to be found all the prettiest women of Paris (for the hall of the Institute, being small and circular, sets off dress to great advantage), with one accord burst into a fit of unaffected and joyous laughter at these words of M. Andrieux, speaking of those *hommes de circonstance*, who

Au char de la raison s'accrochant par derrière

Veulent à reculons, l'enfoncer dans l'arrière.

The audience was intoxicated with delight. The most timid young man gained courage to speak to his fair neighbour. The general laugh redoubled when he proceeded to remark the long faces which these lines had produced in twenty-one members of the French Academy, who compose the ultra majority of that body. If M. Andrieux were a professor still, he would have taken care not to write those two lines; but, fortunately for us, his ultra colleagues got him dismissed four years ago, from the place which he filled so well in the Polytechnic School.

Whilst I felt my understanding insulted, irritated, by the elegant speech of M. de la Vigne, which followed that of M. Andrieux; how, thought I, shall I describe to a stranger this kind of eloquence? M. de la Vigne does not now utter a word, which, if taken in its direct sense, is not a lie; and yet he will be applauded, and with reason, for his courage: and yet, except perhaps two or three unfortunate provincials,

there is not a single mind in all this assembly, composed of the *élite* of society, which does not perfectly understand him. What a singular kind of eloquence! Every one of his sentences is an enigma, every one must be translated by the hearer into intelligible language as it falls from the lips of the orator. If such a French translation of the academical discourse of M. de la Vigne were really made, the writer would probably not make use of a single word he uttered. Close to me were General Foy and M. Cousin, the most eloquent men of our time; their eyes sparkled with delight. A smile played upon the lips of the beautiful Delphine Gay. Every countenance beamed with pleasure. Strange people! exclaimed I, and strange style of eloquence! Admirable result of 150 years of absolute monarchy. Despotism of old, in Asia, created the Apologue. Despotism exercised in France by the mistresses of her kings, by Mesdames de Maintenon, de Pompadour, and du Barri, has given birth to the eloquence of *demi-mots*, and to the conventional language of the Academy. While I was absorbed in these reflections, M. de la Vigne pronounced an eulogium on the king, containing the most daring and pungent satire against those ministers who have in their pay twenty-one members of the French Academy. Such is the advantage of the kind of eloquence peculiar to this body, that even those members of the Academy who exercise the despicable trade of Censorship could not resent the marks of contempt with which the new member loaded, not only the ministry by which they are paid, but the office itself, the holders of which he designated by name. It was, in fact, one of the censors, M. Auger, who replied to M. de la Vigne, in the most complimentary language. In order, however, to earn the money which he receives from the Police, M. Auger made an attack upon actors, whom the allpowerful Jesuits, their rivals in trade, view with an evil eye. M. Auger's attack was the more inconsistent with all established notions of propriety, from the circumstance that two members of the Academy, M. Picard and M. Duval, were formerly actors, and that M. de la Vigne, the very person he was addressing, is more particularly celebrated for his dramatic compositions. It would be a very difficult matter to find a man equal to Talma in the Academy. The very elegant and canting *amplifications* of M. de Chateaubriant himself are much feebler proofs of talent than the parts of Manlius and Hamlet, as played by Talma. You would have been astonished at the grossness and indelicacy of the compliments which M. Auger heaped upon M. de la Vigne. They were such as to make every body present who had the least delicacy of mind blush. In proportion as the necessity of *acting a part*, at all times and in all places, becomes more obvious and imperative in Parisian society, delicacy of mind disappears with a fearful rapidity. Even the most respectable of our married women are incessantly obliged to *act a part*. This triumph of cant and hypocrisy in our social habits, even in cases apparently the most trifling, becomes extensively injurious, particularly to the style of our writers. If Fenelon were to publish his works now,

they would be criticised in the *Globe* for being written in a low manner, and for being deficient in the tone of good society. That you may feel how entirely ridiculous this is, I beg you to recollect that Fenelon was a nobleman of high rank, living at the court of Louis XIV. and quoted by the inexorable Saint Simon, as a model of good breeding.

But I must have done moralising.

At this sitting of the Academy, my account of which is a little more faithful than that which you will find in the papers, there were a great number of very pretty women. Their lively and intelligent countenances, their brilliant dress, were a great consolation to old men like me, too old to be long occupied with academical *fadaises*, without fatigue. I had great pleasure in observing, for the honour of letters, that Madame de Belloc, and Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, who are distinguished for their literary talents, were those most admired for their beauty.

P. N. D. G.

ODE TO L. E. L.

AUTHORESS OF THE IMPROVISATRICE,

AND OTHER POEMS.

1.

O LYRIC encomiast of Love!

My Sappho—my sweet L. E. L.!

Thou fair friend of the myrtle and dove—

Thou hast wreathed—thou hast sung but too well.

I am 'all o'er bewitch'd with thy strain,

I am fairly bedazzled, or worse—

I have nothing but dreams in my brain,

And my head—like *thy* head—is inverse!—

2.

So bright do thy visions all seem,

The poor working-day world has no chance;

Is thy Arno the New River's stream—

Or a gas-lamp the "light of romance!"—

Ah where is thy Florence the dear?

Can thy Florence be that in a flask?

Is Tom Huggins a fit gondolier

To sing Tasso to dames in a mask?—

3.

When I look up to heaven, alas!

For thy Florentine skies all agog,

I am choked by the vapour of gas,

Or that palpable jaundice a fog!—

Yet I read, and the sky is still one
Of the brightest that ever hath shone;
Hast thou found, as the play says, a sun
And an atmosphere all of thy own!

4.

Oh! where shall I look for thy halls,
With their statues and "vases of light."
Is it Almack's thou mean'st with thy balls—
Is thy carnival that of Charles Wright?
Is our Croly a minstrel? I'm told
The last Troubadour long ago died,
Thou must speak of the "gardens" of old,
And the "fountains" that were—in Cheapside.

5.

O! tell me—I long to believe
That a man born in London, like me,
With a slash in his small clothes and sleeve,
May a don or a cavalier be;
Have I only to get a guitar
And strike up when the watchmen are still
To some lady on high like a star,
That is sitting up late on Cornhill?

6.

Or say—there's such wild pretty work
In the East—have I merely to shove
My young head in a shawl, like a Turk,
And then deal in war—rhubarb—and love?
Oh! I long for those *houris*—I long
For their dark flashing eyes never dull!—
And the *bulbul* that weaveth her song,
To the rose in the gardens of *Gul*.

7.

But away with the Moors! Like a Cid
All the Saracen tribes I'll defy!
Or I'll join the Crusaders—aye bid
Me to Jericho, love,—and I'll fly!
Oh my wastebook lies waste while I woo
Thy romances of pleasures and strife—
And I long for a martial tattoo,
Just to vary the hum-drum of life!

8.

I was born for adventure I feel,
With a palfrey, a plume,—and what not—
To set forth like a Turpin in steel
And go spearing my way like a Scot!

But in vain like a chess-cavalier,
I keep roaming from square into square,
Still no Red Lion warrior is near

To contend for a Bloomsbury fair!

9.

Oh the day of true Chivalry's dark!

And a tournay's an obsolete thing!

Shall I go, L. E. L. to Hyde Park

In a tilt-cart and ride at the ring?

Lady Barrymore's wrists shall I wrench

From the bracelets that cause her distress,

Or break into his Majesty's Bench

To deliver the Olive Princess!

10.

Shall I hash Gog and Magog to chips,

To evince my great valour and strength,

Or cut up the Green Dragons to strips—

Or enlist in the chivalrous Tenth?

(Since the monsterless world is forlorn

'Tis the troop for such soldiers as I.—)

What a pity a knight should be born,

By some ages too late for a *Guy*!

11.

But the days of old iron are out,

And our manners must change with the time;

I must stoop to my ledger I doubt,

And thou—stoop to a soberer rhyme!

But there still are mild pleasures for me,

And meet themes, L. E. L. for thy pow'rs,

Let the hoards of old armouries be,

Love and Nature, my Bard! are still ours!—

12.

Thou shalt sing of our valleys and hills,

And our streamlets how softly they run!—

Whilst thy servant is making out bills,

And I'll turn to thy strains when I've done:—

And though Florence no longer consists

With thy verse, nor a word of the Turks,—

Like a knight I will enter thy lists—

A subscriber to all of thy works!—

ON FASHIONS.

THE fashion of a thing is the form thereof. "Thou hast fashioned me," thou hast made me: we pay a silversmith five shillings an ounce for the silver of our tea-spoons or our epergne, and five or fifty more for the fashion, for the making. Fashion is derived from *facio* to make: the etymology is abstruse.

Hence it is that a man is fashioned by his tailor, or a lady by her mantua-maker and milliner. It is the tailor who fashions the man: he makes him a man: him, who before that, without the tailor's aid, would have been a thing. The man-midwife produced the substratum into the world—a thing of nought, a *rasa tabula*, a simple *ens*, an *ens* nonentical, unformed, unlicked, endowed with susceptibilities, with susceptibility of clothing, and aspect, and form, and character; and the tailor forms him, licks him, makes him, fashions him, endows him with a shape and a character, and he becomes fashioned; and if the tailor be Stultz, he becomes a man of fashion—a fashionable man.

Nature made animals—she is a vile step-mother—and the tailor makes man. Thus the mantua-maker, and the milliner, and the shoe-maker make woman; woman—heaven's best gift to man, Christian man, below—her best gift to man, Mahometan man, above. What would woman be without those aids? a nothing; a variable, inapprehensible, inexplicable, unintelligible, bundle of caprices—not even a thing, as the Romans considered her—not even a moveable, though moveable enough; but a metaphysical *ens*, a wind influenced by every wind that blows. But she is solidified by muslin, and silk, and crape, and gauze; and she becomes a tangible substance—a woman of fashion, provided that she is fashioned by Madame Hippolyte or Madame Triaud.

What, indeed, is human nature but a bundle of clothes. What are all the distinctions of society but distinct suits of clothing. And properly, therefore, is man the produce of a tailor. It is he that is the real creator of man; and such is the importance of his office, that it requires nine tailors to make a man. Much injured race—that is the true solution of this proverb. The tailor taketh satin, and he cutteth it, he carveth ermine, and slasheth velvet—he maketh a suit of clothes and he clappeth a crown on its top, and he falleth down and worshipeth, and he crieth, Aha! it is a king. Again, he taketh scarlet, and gold, and fur; and he tacketh them together with needles and with thread, and he putteth a sword into its sleeve, and he presenteth it with custard, and he crieth—I have made a Lord Mayor.

What would the pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war, nay, the very army itself be, but for the tailor. It is not the man, but his coat, that fights; the courage lies in the uniform; it is the courage of the 42d suits of clothes; and hence also the burning valour of the 10th

dragoons, the valour of its sabretashes and gilded boots, as all the energy of a lancer is embodied in his trencher cap; just as the learning of the Almas, the triangles of Cambridge and the Greek of Oxford, are the produce of a square bit of board and a silk tassel. Hence it is, that all great conquerors, such as Frederic William and his Majesty, (God bless him and the Duke of York,) are also the great clothiers, the great tailors, the fabricators of collars, and facings, and courage, and victory. What is a battalion? see it at a review: it is a long line of coats and pantaloons, red above and white below. What makes the unfledged, unformed, nothingless youth, an ensign, a cornet, a soldier, a hero?—It is the red coat. What makes all the young ladies “fall in love” with him?—It is the red coat. The silk and the muslin fall in love with the scarlet and the lace; they elope together to Gretna Green: the rest is nothing. Strip the army, and what is an army?—Nothing. It is the tailor who makes armies and conquers victory.

Thus also do twenty-four wigs sit on a bench covered with red cloth to prove Paddy a Pagan. A man cannot even be hanged without the order of a square cap; and such also is the difference between prunella and silk, that it costs a man twice as much to be plundered of his property by the latter as by the former. And thus the gown of prunella envies the gown of silk, and frets itself, and goes into opposition, because the produce of a sheep is not that of a silk-worm.

The very law acknowledges that the suit of clothes is the man itself, and that the rest is nothing: a post, a horse, to hang them on. We may steal the child as we please; but woe be to him that steals the suit of clothes. Doctors may resurrect the body, cut it into pieces, and cram it into bottles; but the doctor who resurrects the clothes, goes to Botany Bay. In short, from the coal-heaver to the chancellor, from Drury to Almack's, human nature is a Monmouth-street, a collection of suits—black, white, and grey—silk, gauze, and frivolity—leather and prunella, goats hair and gold lace.

Thus is fashion all, and all in all. And, according to the fashion of the clothes, are the fashion of the man and the fashion of the woman.

Hence is its sway predominant, as it ought to be. Being all, it ought to be every thing. To be in the fashion is to exist, it is existence itself: to be out of it, is non-existence; it is oblivion, death, and the grave. It is beauty, morality, every thing—not dress alone; its sway is unbounded, its powers unlimited, its sanctions unquestionable, and its decrees, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, irreversible.

For, if the coat makes the man, and fashion makes the coat, then does fashion make the man. And thus the man who is fashioned, is fashioned in every thing; not only in his coat, but in his carriage, his horses, his wife, his house, his conduct, his principles, his politics, his literature. All is fashion, and fashion is all, in every thing.

There is a metaphysical concatenation which links the whole together.

Or, as the full-fashioned man must be perfect, whatever he chooses, follows, drinks, performs, thinks, rides, votes, or bets, must be equally fashioned and fashionable. It is the model and the pattern to follow by him who would also be fashionable. It is his opinion, conduct, morality; his dictate of conscience, his moral law.

Thus have we traced man, society, every thing, to the tailor and the mantua-maker; and to them also we trace beauty, grace, taste. And hence have moral writers justly laid down that great principle, that there can be no standard of taste. Now, indeed, should there be a standard of taste, an unerring principle of grace, an undeviating line of beauty, as poor Hogarth imagined, unless Mr. Stultz and Madame Triaud were as eternal as the wandering Jew, unless all the essence of all the tailors and mantua-makers, and milliners, and hat-makers, and boot-makers, and shoe-makers, and coach-makers, and upholsterers that ever will exist, were concentrated in one man or woman of each species, and that species invariable, unchangeable, immovable to all winds of doctrine.

The thing cannot be. And, therefore, there is no standard of taste; and beauty is a creation varying with every new patent, every new crotchet; a thing to be made, and unmade, and remade, as Stultz shall succeed to Stultz, or Brummel to Brummel, as Tailor shall yield to Vandervelde, and Vandervelde to Schaller, or as Hertford or Conyngham shall reign Venus ascendant in the first, second, or third, or in all the houses of Mars.

Thus it is that we endeavour in vain to fix this fleeting spirit, this "essential form of grace," which is unessential, changing with every wind that blows. And thus it is that we admire and adore the fair, that lovely part of creation, fashion's favourite child, whether rustling in silk, angled with satin, or flowing in muslin like white-robed innocence. Whether mounted on heels of wood, peaked like a lance, squared to the obtuseness of Paris, or rounded to an ellipse, the foot of beauty is always beauty: it carries its arrows to the heart, whether of morocco or kid, or prunella, or satin, lilac, scarlet, white, blue, green, or black, sandalled or Wellingtoned, Brunswicked, or Yorked.

Thus too, whether gipsy prevails, or Oldenburgh, coal-scuttle, or Quaker; whether she fan the idle air with topgallantsails of Leghorn, or wave in plumed or hearsed, chivalry, or undertakery, she cannot err; fashion is beauty, and beauty is fashion. Waists contract and expand, anon she is a wasp, and anon a barrel; now she diminishes the equatorial diameter, and now she enlarges it; zones ascend and descend from the seat of honour to the seat of the heart; the seat of honour itself undergoes a sudden development, and again it vanishes; cushions are transferred from region to region, from the Hottentot region to the head; the bosom now "hides, oh! hides those hills of snow," that the spectator may riot in scapular charms and spinal vales; and, again tuckers

descend till descent becomes once more precarious, while the balance of compensation restores to concealment that of which the repose should never have been disturbed. Yet, like the moon through all her changing phases, she is always beauty, for she is always fashion.

Is it possible to be serious on all this folly? We ought, at least, to attempt it. Whatever moralists, metaphysicians, and artists may dispute about taste or beauty, it is certain that, if we take extremes at least, there is a wrong and a right, something that pleases and something that displeases, independently of all custom and all fashions. It is scarcely possible that the opposed extremes of form shall be beautiful, and that the same shall be true of all the intermediate stages; it is still less possible that the form which is beautiful in 1824 shall be hideous in 1825; or that the beauty of dress, of shape, substance, colour, disposition, which delights us in April shall be that which makes us faint with horror in June.

Yet so it is with all those who are guided by fashion—by that magical term, the sound of which conveys, in itself, beauty, grace, taste, every thing. And as it is chiefly the lovely sex which is under this influence, to them must we direct our remonstrances. It is a lovely sex; and yet, with all its charms, it owes more to dress than it is always willing to admit. The experiment is easily tried. Take the whole bright parterre at Almack's, every lily and rosebud that blooms in that garden of sweets, and dress it up in coats and pantaloons and cropped heads. It would prove a kind of Westminster school, where the lover would be at a loss to know the object of his adoration; and we suspect that beauty would soon discover the debts which it owes to gauze, and feathers, and silk, and to all and every thing which segregates it from the pantalooned and shock-headed part of creation.

And, by the way, this is an experiment by which the fair might learn to profit, would they but perpend it. Woman gains nothing by being reduced to the nudity of man; and the nearer she approximates to him, the greater hazard she runs of forfeiting those charms which she will find to be rather more adventitious than she sometimes thinks. She loses something by every inch that she approaches him in her aspect and adornments, in the one as in the other. It is her interest to remain as far separated as possible, to surround herself with every *prestige* that can make her a distinct sex, whether to that she add the ornaments over which she has the command, or not. The petticoat is the essence of woman; it is woman; and woe to her who, in more senses than one, would "wear the breeches." We know not how to approach a delicate female in woollen, the very idea of the touch of wool is unfeminine—masculine. Even the riding-habit is scarcely justified by its apparent necessity (for it is not necessary); and when combined with a beaver hat and Hessian boots, we would as have think of making love to an officer of dragoons. We doubt the whole invention, riding and all; and let the

equitant race be assured that they lose much more than they gain by this "vaulting ambition."

There is not an atom of the male attire in which the charming sex does not suffer, in male estimation; and if dress is to be the labour and object of their lives, if it is the *primum natus* and the *ultimum moriens*, the end and purpose of their lives here below, that end is to charm man, to gain his approbation, and excite his love. The sex is too apt to dress to itself, and to forget him to whom alone it ought to dress; and let it be assured that man is the true judge and critic, that critic which it ought to study and please. It suffers by every male assumption, by even that of the masculine shoe; a national distinction exciting the scorn and reprobation of Paris, better skilled in the charms and *chaussure* of a female foot, and better knowing that

From the hoop's enchanting round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

It has wounded, from King Solomon to Cinderella's monarch, from Holofernes to the wife of Bath; but what other wound than a good kick is likely to be inflicted by a great hulking, double-soled, English machine, well blacked by Warren, Hunt, Day, and Martin.

The object of dress should be to add to nature's charms: that seems tolerably obvious, and it is not denied. It is, to add to them, for the purpose of pleasing and captivating the other sex; that, we have demonstrated. Man may not judge of the value of laces or the price of trimmings; but he does judge of their power, and by their powers they ought to be judged. Woman dresses, nevertheless, that she may show to fellow woman, the superiority of Mechlin to Buckingham; that she may measure the length of her bill or the profundity of her purse with those of her rivals. Man knows nothing of these rival superiorities—till he pays the bills at least. The young aspirant to a *settlement*, whose whole fortune perhaps consists of half a dozen *chemises*, "Love's very last shifts," and a pianoforte, receives a present of five hundred pounds from some foolish old uncle to buy frying-pans. The Greek betrothed, at least, who had nothing else, brought a frying-pan to her husband's arms. But the five hundred pounds are spent on a trousseau, that they may be displayed at the milliner's for a week, and be canvassed by all the female envious, and the country cousins, and the customers. The very mantua-maker and milliner are puzzled how to carve up so much money into shreds and tatters; and the husband receives a bundle of rags with an expectant wife, sending the former to Monmouth-street, and perhaps wishing the latter there too. The five hundred pounds would have stocked his cellar with wines, or bought his darling a carriage. He would have said if he had dared, "So come in your coatie sweet Tibby Dunbar."

But this is the fashion also. The darling sex measures all beauty by fashion, but it has forgotten to ask what is the fashion, and who makes

the fashion. If they made it themselves, it might be something. To be sure, if each fair made her own fashion, there would be no such thing, and the square and the round, the slim and the squat, the septuagenarian and "sweet seventeen," "crabbed age and youth," would not all be thrust into the same sacques, and shoes, and slips, and caps, and bonnets. Hence they must elect a dictator, we suppose; and the dictator is the milliner, the mantua-maker. A whole nation, bright with youth, and radiant with beauty, bent on conquest and death, submits to the government and legislation of a hairdresser's wife living in the Rue Vivienne, in a foreign country, or to Mrs. Bell, at home, whose monthly displays of taste and grace become the unalterable laws of beauty, not to be altered, till the next month.

The human form is certainly nothing, as we began by proving; and, therefore, as all nothings are equal to nothing, and to themselves, it is indifferent that old, fat, lumbering, frowsy, nothings, and youthful, blooming, slender, delicious ones, should be equalised in their adonisations. But there are or may be varieties in suits of clothes; and as variety is itself a charm, it might add to our amusement if all these nothings were converted into many somethings instead of into one. And certainly were we to choose the dictator, it should not be the mantua-maker and the milliner, any more than we would allow the Quarterly Review to dictate to us what we were to read.

Seriously, will ladies never reflect that all ages, all forms, all rank, all beauty, are not the same, and that it is at least part of the essence of dress that it should be appropriate? The same fashion cannot suit all. And will they never reflect who it is that sets this fashion, which they all pursue as if their salvation depended on it. Some dropsical or bandy-legged old dame finds it convenient to conceal her ankles, and immediately it becomes a matter of grace and beauty to hide, even the point of the foot, and petticoats trail to sweep the streets. When grey hairs wished to conceal themselves, a whole nation of sun-bright and auburn and jetty ringlets, ringlets where each hair was a chain to draw all hearts, chose to fill their heads with grease and flour; and high heels, pads, cushions here, there, behind, before, hoops, trains, tuckers, all have been, in rotation, adopted by those who had an interest in producing one deformity to conceal another; while, more successful than the fox in the fable, they have spread the epidemic through the sex, causing whole generations immediately to cut off their tails also. Or the mantua-maker finds it convenient to sell off her old rags, her cuttings and cabbage, at high prices, and immediately the whole sex is seen fluttering in trimmings and deformity, a "thing of shreds and patches."

It is a gullible sex, that is certain. And yet it is provoking that all this should be considered beauty, and beauty, too, when it is so often deformity. If there is such a thing as a handsome scapula, it would at least be prudent to inquire, at the looking-glass, whether all the cervical

Region, in all, is fair, lest the snow should be less pure than snow ought to be. She who conceals a graceful ankle and a slender foot, to display a bony clavicle, or a pair of hatchet-formed *omoplates*, is not so wise as the nation of foxes.

It is an ungallant conclusion, but, we fear, a true one, that the principles of taste are not diffused among the lovely sex, or not known to them. We have no objection to variations, since variation is novelty and a charm; but we shall never learn to approve of variation from beauty to deformity. If they have no taste, why will they not put themselves under the guidance of art, of the art of painting, not mantua-making? Sir Thomas Lawrence is the dictator to be chosen, not Madame Triaud. Accident, or taste, sometimes, and chiefly originating in France, that region of taste in petty luxury, has often conferred on the fair all the beauty which dress can give. We have lived to see them elegant, graceful, and attractive in their adornments, so that painters have transmitted them to posterity with the assurance of commanding admiration for ever. There are principles of beauty and grace, whatever the sex or the milliners may think; but they do not know them; and thus, not content with having once discovered the right, they proceed to wrong, quitting beauty to follow deformity.

And it is the want of taste, rather than a corrupted one, which makes the latest fashion always appear the most beautiful. Where there are principles of taste, no fashion can ever make that beautiful which wars against them: it will be hideous in spite of its prevalence, though it may cease, from habit, to appear so hideous. The haystack head, the pinched and armoured waist, hoops, and powder, and high-heeled shoes, have appeared beautiful in their days, but never to those who had studied the principles of beauty or of art. If, in their days of luxury and corruption, the Roman ladies rendered their head-dresses absurd by wanton variety, those of the Greeks and their dresses, generally, have descended to us as models of right, to which posterity has continued to award admiration. There is much also to admire and to follow, even in the more complicated inventions of British history, and there is no want of choice throughout the Continent, of present, as well as of past Europe.

We do not say that the female dress needs be confined to a Greek style, or to any other given form, since variations and variety are necessary. But there are forms from which the sex can depart, without quitting them, through a range as wide as the most wanton caprices can require. And amid the endless varieties of colour, substance, ornament, there is the power of producing and reproducing change without end, and yet without surrendering grace and beauty, and what is not less momentous, the appropriate.

If the sex knew its own interests, it would choose other leaders of fashions than those who have an interest different from theirs. And if it would agree to exterminate the very term fashion, to seek no longer

to rank itself under an imaginary leader, to trust to itself, and to study for itself, it would not be long in discovering that it had, not only enhanced its charms, but saved its finances. But to give the necessary taste, it must cultivate that quality. It must inquire into what is graceful and fit, into the principles of beauty, and the laws of taste. Instead of "taking lessons," from Mr. Burgess, or spending seven years in making a pair of card racks, it must learn, in reality, what it pretends to do—to draw. From the philosophy and the art of colouring, it will be taught to distribute its colours; and, from the study of the antique and of the human form, as from the study of pictures in general, it will discover where the lines of grace and beauty lie, how they may be created, or improved, or injured. It will not then destroy the beauty of its shining ringlets to frizzle them into dirty sausages, or bare the most ill-formed parts of its body to conceal the more graceful and captivating. It will discharge its whole regiments of pads, and cushions, and flounces, and Gigot sleeves, and all the other trumpery by which it contrives to mar the most beautiful work of nature's hand. We shall then see woman—dear woman! what she ought to be; the grace alike of nature and of art.

One word yet on the hair, before we part; that jewel in woman, of which she seems so little to know the value, if we may judge by the pains which she takes to mar it. It is chiefly by its contrast of colour that it is the ornament of the face, but partly also by that contrast which its roughness offers to the polished smoothness of the brow and the cheek. To maintain these leading principles is essential. But there is more in the disposition than either women or their advisers are aware of; and its principles lie somewhat deeper than they imagine.

By a singularity proving the great attention of ancient Greece to the human form, its artists adopted those outlines for the head, the principles of which, modern phrenology, much as it has been ridiculed, has explained and justified. But it has not been noticed that the same principles were applied to the arrangement of the hair; and yet, if this be studied in Greek art, it will be seen that every outline produced by that arrangement has a reference to the essential form of the head; of the skull itself. And the most simple experiments in drawing will prove that whenever the hair is so arranged that its outline, or protuberance, coincides with that outline which would be estimable in the unadorned head, the effect is beautiful; and that when the reverse takes place, the result is deformity. To apply phrenology to hair-dressing, may appear fantastical and ludicrous; and yet we will trust our demonstration to the trials of any one who chooses to make them. There is nothing so easy as to make the experiments; but as we have not here the means of illustrating our theory by such drawings, we must leave them to the taste and knowledge of those who have the command of their pencils and an acquaintance with the human form.

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.*

WE have often amused ourselves with holding a morsel to a spaniel's nose, coquetting and retreating, while his mouth watered at the sight; and when we knew that it was but a tough bit of gristle, we have pursued our system more perseveringly, knowing that he would at length snap at it, and swallow it before he discovered the cheat. The Great Unknown understands as well as any man how to deal with his tough and gristly bits. How long the mouths of Brighton, and Cheltenham, and Margate, and the circulating libraries, have been gaping to catch at the Crusaders, we have almost forgotten; but the morsel has at length been thrown to the dogs, and they have gobbled it up. For a long time the population was pressing on the limits of the subsistence; but first the Monastery appeared, and then another Monastery, and then Nigel and Peveril, and the Pirates, and St. Ronan's Well, and Redgauntlet, and by degrees the subsistence seemed to press on the population, and at length the Unknown and Mr. Constable began to think that it would be prudent to let the dogs hunger a little, and—here are the Crusaders at last.

It is certain that as casks have not the bottomless bottom of Fortunatus's purse, they must run downwards towards the lees in time. But a dexterous vintner learns how to add Lisbon and brandy to his sherry, and he whisks up the lees with the mixture, and he pours in a little yeast, and his customers must drink, though they make wry faces the while, and thus—we have the Crusaders.

And yet out of this mixture of fermenting yeast and lee we now and then contrive to extract a cup or two of the original liquor, or something which passes for it: it is transparent in the glass, it sparkles for a while, and it seems as if all the spirit were revived once more; but, in a moment again, it runs foul and vapid, and the vintner tilts the cask in vain: the further it is tilted the fouler it grows.

How does it happen that a man who speaks "in any other person's person, should speak such abominable balderdash in his own." It is like Mathews, who can act any character but the one that is written for him. We did hope that we had for ever taken leave of Clutterbuck and Dryasdust, and it is not for want of good counsel that these two bores have not been hanged long ago. Here is an introduction, however, that deteriorates on all former deterioration; more stupid, more tiresome, more strained, and empty, and useless, and objectless, than all that have gone before. We really are utterly at a loss to know what is meant and proposed by it. If it is meant for a joke on the Joint Stock Companies, it is assuredly the worst that ever quitted pen; if it is meant for any thing else, we hope the Unknown will explain in his

* Four Volumes Octavo. Constable, Edinburgh, 1825.

next. If he wants to increase the size of his volume to the necessary number of pages, it would be much more useful, and equally amusing, if he would give us the register of births, marriages, and deaths, with the prices of stocks and Mark-lane. But to the story.

Or rather, the stories. There are two; only it happens that one of the Crusades, instead of being performed in Palestine, is executed in Wales. And the Welsh Crusade is the best; at least, inasmuch as it is the most perfect *Epopœa* of the two. The Unknown has not often shown much talent in the plan and conduct of his drama, it must be owned; but if he has somewhat redeemed his reputation in this matter in the first tale, he has taken care to maintain it in the second, of which the epic contrivance and interest are as meagre as they can well be.

There is one thing in which we must congratulate our readers, in both stories. There is no writer to the signet, no law, not even Scotch law, though we rather dreaded the descent of a wadset when we fell upon Sir Kenneth, and there is but one man hanged in both the narratives. We escape for one dungeon, one gaoler, and one executioner; and the office of the latter is, in one case, luckily, otiose. Nor is there a Stewart; since, fortunately, that race was not born. But then, in compensation, there are two dwarfs, and bad dwarfs they are as Pacolet himself. And two jesters, whose jests nevertheless seem to have been forgotten, and who, for any use they are of, might as well have been reserved to grace the next novel. The beggar and the fidler have disappeared, otherwise than as the mysterious minstrel may supply the place of one, though he is much more of the colour of a Child of the Mist; but the witch has clearly taken to the breeches in the shape of the Hermit of Engaddi. He is, at least, the brother of Old Norna; and, in the same way, when it is somewhat late, he discovers that he has probably been a "little touched in the upper story." The office of Bore seems to have been divided chiefly between Old Raoul and his wife Gillian; but we will not draw the parallel further, as our readers will easily trace many of their former acquaintances under various new transmigrations.

We said that the drama of the first tale was a drama. That is to say, it is not the confused, unintelligible, inexplicable, unexplained thing which most of his former stories have been; but, at the same time, it is easy enough to foresee the event, at a very early period of the day.

Gwenwyn, Prince of Wales, desires to marry Eveline, the daughter of Raymond Berenger, a Norman Knight, and Lord Warden of the Castle of Garde Douloureuse, on the Marches. Raymond refuses the honour, and the fiery Welchman resolves to storm his castle and carry off the prize. Raymond had made a foolish promise to fight him in the plain if they should ever meet; and, encountering with odds, is slain; in a very "shabby" manner, by the way. The castle is consequently beleaguered, and it is defended for Eveline, chiefly by William Flam-mock, a sturdy Flemish weaver, whose daughter, Rose, forms a second heroine in the piece.

Nevertheless, the castle would have been stormed, had it not been relieved by the Constable, Hugo de Lacy, who kills Gwenwyn and routs his army. The nephew of Hugo, Damian de Lacy, sees Eveline, and becomes a silent lover; and his silence becomes a fever, on finding that it was his uncle's intention to propose himself as a husband to the lady. In the meanwhile, Hugo had vowed to attend the Crusade for three years; but, expecting a dispensation, they are betrothed. The church refuses the dispensation; it is proposed that the plighted faith shall be recalled by Eveline, but she heroically abides by her determination. Hugo sails to Palestine, and leaves Damian the guardian of his BETROTHED.

The three years pass, and Eveline is spirited away by a stratagem of Randal de Lacy, a profligate relation of the crusading Constable. She is, however, rescued from the toils by Flammock; and, in gratitude to her guardian, Damian, who had been wounded in her service, takes him into her castle. Scandal ensues, Randal machinates, Henry accuses Eveline of treason, and, in the mean time, the Constable returns from Palestine in disguise, attended by the mysterious minstrel, who proves to have been the harper of the Prince of Wales, and his mortal enemy. Damian has been thrown into prison by Henry, a feast is celebrated at the Garde Douleureuse, in honour of the Constable, and the mysterious minstrel, who had for three years intended to kill him, but was restrained by the Crusade, and heaven knows what more, turns juggler, jumps on his horse, and slays—Randal de Lacy, instead of Hugo. This is one of our author's unlucky contrivances, not unusual; but the Constable finds his betrothed true, and discovering that he is not so young and handsome as his nephew, surrenders her to Damian, and they "live happy many years." Such is a meagre outline of the story; and there is indeed but little more of it, the rest being episodic, descriptive, protractive, and *adventurous*.

There is one method of protraction which we shall here notice once for all, though it has often enough occurred before. It is that of describing matters which break in on the current of the tale, and which are almost always *impertinent*, or, as a Scotchman himself might call it, irrelevant. We do not object to moderate notices of this nature, just as they may suffice to give tangibility and locality; and, in our author's hands, they have often been turned to admirable purposes. We could point out hundreds of places in his former works, where they do their duty well, and do no more. But we do not want two pages to tell us the ribbands, and silks, and scarfs, and jewels, that Queen Berengaria wore, nor, for the hundredth time, the casque, and the hauberk, and the spear, and the spear-head, and the shield, and the cuisses, and all the particulars of a coat of full armour, as we may see it on any day for a shilling at the Tower. We are checked in the career of the story, and skip the passages; and we skip them the more angrily, because it is palpable that they are cold antiquarian descriptions, copied from Strutt, or Grose,

or others, as it may happen, merely to prolong the writing, and not part of the current of the writer's mind. If they are meant to show the author's reading, it is not much to boast of.

But the public has thought fit to imagine that he is profoundly versed in antiquities, and chivalry, and heraldry, and gothic architecture, and so forth, and it little knows, good easy public, how great a way a few terms will go, and how easily those terms are learnt. Did it know better, it would not be long in detecting the superficiality of all this knowledge, be it ancient romance, or what not; and there is not a Miss who writes for Lane's press that could not extract enough in a week at second hand, from St. Palaye, and Ellis, and Ritson, with a glance at Gwyllim and Smith, to appear as *chivalrous* a personage as the Great Unknown.

In *Ivanhoe*, the descriptions of Saxon habitations and usages are mere extracts from the first chapter of Henry, a cheap repository of *profound* antiquarian lore; and, in the same book, the descriptions of the military engines and defences are, similarly, extracts from Grose. In the same tale again, the herald who gives us black upon blue, or the reverse, has certainly forgotten to look even into Gwyllim. Knowledge is knowledge, only when it is part of a man's own mind, when it has been digested and redistilled, so as to take its colour from this chemistry: where it has not this quality, the fraud is immediately detected, and the aspirant must take his rank with him, or her, who dresses up in the *Quarterly Review* in the morning, that she may produce her knowledge with her ribbons in the evening.

The second tale introduces to us a certain Kenneth, in Palestine, travelling for no very explicable purpose, to consult a mad anchorite, the hermit of Engaddi. He finally proves to be the son of William the Lion, of Scotland, and the author, perverting history as usual, chooses that he shall be the Earl of Huntingdon. He fights with an Emir in the desert, and visits a cavern, or subterraneous chapel, where he sees his lady love, Edith, the niece of Richard of England. Returning from his mysterious commission to the camp, he finds Richard ill of a fever. Hakim, an Arab physician, cures the king, whose behaviour throughout is that of a mad schoolboy, and who, after quarrelling with all his confederates, quarrels most particularly with the representative of Austria, plants the English standard on a mount amidst the army, in defiance of his allies, and sets Kenneth and his greyhound to guard it. Kenneth is enticed away by a silly trick of the queen and her nymphs, aided by an absurd dwarf; and, in the mean time, the standard is stolen by the Marquis of Montserrat, in confederacy with the Grand Master of the Templars. Kenneth is, of course, to be executed; but his life is spared at the entreaty of Hakim the physician, who carries him away. He shortly returns in the guise of a black mute, the king and his confederates are induced to pay a visit to Saladin, and a wager of battle is ordered between the Marquis of Montserrat, who had been detected by the greyhound as the plunderer

of the standard, and Kenneth, to try the right. The Marquis is vanquished. The grand master, who had been his confederate, murders him under pretence of receiving his confession, the crime is detected by the absurd dwarf, who calls out "accipe hoc;" this "hoc" is retorted on the Templar by Saladin, who cuts off his head at the banquet. Saladin proves to be the fighting Emir and the physician, Kenneth, proves to be the said Huntingdon, as we noticed before, and Edith's love is crowned.

Such is the drama, and the readers of it will perceive that it is not a very great effort of epic dexterity.

If, in both tales, the characters are often drawn with the author's usual energy and tangibility, they are not often marked by much novelty. That of Rose is more striking than that of Eveline, or of Edith, which, however energetic, remind us somewhat too much of Rebecca. Flammock is rather new, and is well maintained; being, indeed, almost the hero of the first tale. Of Randal, we would gladly have seen more, and, we confess, that we expected more. He appears to have been sketched for a better purpose, and then abandoned or forgotten. We have heard the character of Saladin praised; but, in our own estimation, it is a failure. He is a Norman knight, rather than an Arab; and, in spite of quotations from the Koran, and all the oriental locality with which he is attended, we miss that reality of character which it was the author's duty to discover and apply. These are matters in which readers are too apt to mislead themselves, on many other occasions, and in many other circumstances, belonging to this author's romance, as indeed to other romances. Unable to refer to a real standard, for want of reading and reflection, they take that one which the author himself furnishes, and then, trying him by his own scale, pronounce on his truth.

We have not room to analyse these matters at more length; but we do wish that this Unknown gentleman would condescend to be less childish and absurd than he has on various occasions chosen to show himself, not only here, but through the whole nearly of his romances. The miserable machinery of the two dwarfs is beneath a person of his powers; and we could have well spared the whole subterranean scenes, which savour too much of common novel writing. But if we have not space to criticise minutely for good, still less are we inclined to enter on minute censure. There is through the whole, with a few exceptions, that vivacity in which this author so seldom fails, that bringing of scenes and personages before the eyes, with that happy intermixture of narrative and dialogue, which give so dramatic an effect to his writings. That our judgment is favourable, it is easy to perceive; and yet it must be recollected that all the recent writings of this author owe much to his early and better ones; and that even those which are absolutely bad become endured, or even admired, from the favourable prejudice with which we enter on their perusal. We do not think, for example, that,

from any other pen, St. Ronan's Well, or Redgauntlet, would have been tolerated; but we read them as we do the *Troilus and Cressida*, and thus also contrive to discover beauties which, though really existing, would, from any other pen, have passed unnoticed. Thus these tales, and even worse ones, may really add to the author's fame, instead of detracting from it. If viewed at least in this light, they will; though we are very sure that they would not have formed the fame of another or of an inferior author.

We must now end. How much longer the Unknown means to proceed in novel writing, is unknown to us, but may be conjectured. That he has long cared nothing for reputation, and every thing for money, is sufficiently plain. It is useless, therefore, to put it to his honour that the reputation of an author is worth his care; and we may fairly conclude that he will continue to write as long as he can hold the pen. That he should do so while he considers "*virtutem post nummos*," is to be expected; and, if he himself has no compunctious visitings, we are satisfied, since a certain quantity of novel writing is necessary, and the ground may as well be occupied by Constable and Co. as by Lane, Newman, and Co.

We do think, however, that it is time for him to vary his actors, his characters, his chronologies, and even his language, somewhat more. He has surely more than exhausted every style and age that he has attempted; and why, having done well,—brilliantly,—as he has done, will he go on with his homilies, like the Archbishop of Granada, till we nod. Of the whole race of Stewart, we have been long nauseated; and he has exhausted all that he knows about the service of Corporal Trim; he has exhausted his own native jargon; he has exhausted hanging and law, and Highlands, and chivalry, and the first chapter of Henry's history, and Grose's Antiquities, and, if he be prudent, he will shut up his black letter books (if black letter indeed they be), and all else that ever he has looked into, and betake himself to new reading, new people, new writings; but not to Sir Bingo Binks, and his Coterie.

Can we speculate on what he will do next. History is open to him; but, unluckily, as surely as he dips into history, it will be, not only to pervert it, but to give us again and again the same puppets. Else, we would have recommended him to Spain. Why not go to Barcelona and Tunis, and acquire new ideas to repair or replace the exhausted ones. The Italian republics would furnish him food, but he would wreck on the same shoals. Early Germany is an unploughed field; but he would plough it with the old ploughshare, and his crops would be the same as they have been. The French revolution?

But if he wants to make money (and what else does he want, or rather desire), why will he not turn methodist, and take to the religious novel. Being a Scotchman, he might talk metaphysics, at least as well as Tremain. The connection is wide, and he may choose Whitfield if he does not like Westley; and, if he hits well, he will fill his pockets as

rapidly as ever he filled them yet. Canting is "as easy as lying," nothing so easy: and, if he could not cant as well as the best of them, he is not the man we take him for, while there is any thing to be gained by it. Being "Unknown," he need not fear to change his coat as often as he lists; and he who has contrived to remain Unknown so long, is not likely to be troubled with troublesome shame.

We have but one other suggestion to make, and it is offered in kindness, because we are convinced that if he is to renovate, it can only be by an entire change of design. He is a poet of imagination, few more so, and his talents in description are acknowledged. Oriental reading is accessible, and he has it perhaps more in his power than European ever had, to attempt, at least to approach, if not to rival, the oriental romancers. We can conceive him rioting in their field; for, that it is exhausted, we will never admit, while human actions and events are inexhaustible. But he is in Ireland, and we must now expect to see how he will treat with the O'Raffartys and the O'Shaugnessys, whether he will rival the Edgeworths, and exterminate the Maturins and the Owensons.

IMPERFECT DRAMATIC ILLUSION.

A play is said to be well or ill acted in proportion to the scenical illusion produced. Whether such illusion can in any case be perfect, is not the question. The nearest approach to it, we are told, is, when the actor appears wholly unconscious of the presence of spectators. In tragedy—in all which is to affect the feelings—this undivided attention to his stage business, seems indispensable. Yet it is, in fact, dispensed with every day by our cleverest tragedians; and, while these references to an audience, in the shape of rant or sentiment, are not too frequent or palpable, a sufficient quantity of illusion for the purposes of dramatic interest may be said to be produced in spite of them. But, tragedy apart, it may be inquired whether in certain characters in comedy, especially those which are a little extravagant, or which involve some notion repugnant to the moral sense, it is not a proof of the highest skill in the comedian when, without absolutely appealing to an audience, he keeps up a tacit understanding with them; and makes them, unconsciously to themselves, a party in the scene. The utmost nicety is required in the mode of doing this; but we speak only of the great artists in the profession.

The most mortifying infirmity in human nature, to feel in ourselves, or to contemplate in another is, perhaps, cowardice. To see a coward *done to the life* upon a stage would produce any thing but mirth. Yet we most of us remember Jack Bannister's cowards. Could any thing be more agreeable, more pleasant? We loved the rogues. How was

this effected but by the exquisite art of the actor in a perpetual sub-insinuation to us the spectators, even in the extremity of the shaking fit, that he was not half such a coward as we took him for?—We saw all the common symptoms of the malady upon him; the quivering lip, the cowering knees, the teeth chattering; and could have sworn “that man was frightened.” But we forgot all the while—or kept it almost a secret to ourselves—that he never once lost his self-possession; that he let out by a thousand droll looks and gestures—meant at *us*, and not at all supposed to be visible to his fellows in the scene, that his confidence in his own resources had never once deserted him. Was this a genuine picture of a coward? or not rather a likeness, which the clever artist contrived to palm upon us instead of an original; while we secretly connived at the delusion for the purpose of greater pleasure, than a more genuine counterfeiting of the imbecility, helplessness, and utter self-desertion, which we know to be concomitants of cowardice in real life, could have given us?

Why are misers so hateful in the world, and so endurable on the stage, but because the skilful actor by a sort of sub-reference, rather than direct appeal to us, disarms the character of a great deal of its odiousness, by seeming to engage *our* compassion for the insecure tenure by which he holds his money bags and parchments? By this subtle vent half of the hatefulness of the character—the self-closeness with which in real life it coils itself up from the sympathies of men—evaporates. The miser becomes sympathetic; *i. e.* is no genuine miser. Here again a diverting likeness is substituted for a very disagreeable reality.

Spleen, irritability—the pitiable infirmities of old men, which produce only pain to behold in the realities, counterfeited upon a stage, divert not altogether for the comic appendages to them, but in part from an inner conviction that they are *being acted* before us; that a likeness only is going on, and not the thing itself. They please by being done under the life, or beside it; not *to the life*. When Gatty acts an old man, is he angry indeed? or only a pleasant counterfeit, just enough of a likeness to recognise, without pressing upon us the uneasy sense of reality?

Comedians, paradoxical as it may seem, may be too natural. It was the case with a late actor. Nothing could be more earnest or true than the manner of Mr. Emery; this told excellently in his Tyke, and characters of a tragic cast. But when he carried the same rigid exclusiveness of attention to the stage business, and wilful blindness and oblivion of every thing before the curtain into his comedy, it produced a harsh and dissonant effect. He was out of keeping with the rest of the *Personæ Dramatis*. There was as little link between him and them as betwixt himself and the audience. He was a third estate, dry, repulsive, and unsocial to all. Individually considered, his execution was masterly. But comedy is not this unbending thing; for this reason, that the same

degree of credibility is not required of it as to serious scenes. The degrees of credibility demanded to the two things may be illustrated by the different sort of truth which we expect when a man tells us a mournful or a merry story. If we suspect the former of falsehood in any one tittle, we reject it altogether. Our tears refuse to flow at a suspected imposition. But the teller of a mirthful tale has latitude allowed him. We are content with less than absolute truth. 'Tis the same with dramatic illusion. We confess we love in comedy to see an audience naturalized behind the scenes, taken in into the interest of the drama, welcomed as by-standers however. There is something ungracious in a comic actor holding himself aloof from all participation or concern with those who are come to be diverted by him. Macbeth must see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it; but an old fool in farce may think he *sees something*, and by conscious words and looks express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, box, and gallery. When an impertinent in tragedy, an Osric for instance, breaks in upon the serious passions of the scene, we approve of the contempt with which he is treated. But when the pleasant impertinent of comedy, in a piece purely meant to give delight, and raise mirth out of whimsical perplexities, worries the studious man with taking up his leisure, or making his house his home, the same sort of contempt expressed (however *natural*) would destroy the balance of delight in the spectators. To make the intrusion comic, the actor who plays the annoyed man must a little desert nature; he must, in short, be thinking of the audience, and express only so much dissatisfaction and peevishness as is consistent with the pleasure of comedy. In other words, his perplexity must seem half put on. If he repel the intruder with the sober set face of a man in earnest, and more especially if he deliver his expostulations in a tone, which in the world must necessarily provoke a duel: his real-life manner will destroy the whimsical and purely dramatic existence of the other character (which, to render it comic demands an antagonist comicality on the part of the character opposed to it), and convert what was meant for mirth, rather than belief, into a downright piece of impertinence indeed, which would raise no diversion in us, but rather stir pain, to see inflicted in earnest upon any worthy person. A very judicious actor (in most of his parts) seems to have fallen into an error of this sort in his playing with Mr. Wrench in the farce of *Free and Easy*.

Many instances would be tedious; these may suffice to show that comic acting at least does not always demand from the performer that strict abstraction from all reference to an audience, which is exacted of it; but that in some cases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatic delight be attained by a judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen—on both sides of the curtain.

ELIA.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Coronation of Charles X.

It will be remembered by our readers that at the termination of one of his seasons, Mr. Elliston produced at Drury Lane a faithful representation of the Coronation of George the Fourth, and quite charmed the town with his own august presence and the novelty of a platform across the pit. Not a person of any repute failed to see the procession: and the consequence was, that the great lessee took considerable sums of money from the English people, and wore the crown nightly so long as ever half-a-crown remained in the public pockets. The success of this pageant made the managers extremely hungry after another coronation, and they anxiously waited the dropping in of any of our neighbouring kings to give the English an idea of a foreign ceremony. To the delight of Messrs. Elliston, Willett, Kemble, and Forbes, the King of France suddenly took it into his stomach to die, and the anxiously wished-for pageant of a French Coronation was opened to them. Great was the agitation in France and in England. Artists and artizans laboured away in Paris and in Rheims. The Duke of Northumberland had new liveries for himself and servants;—Charles X. bespoke a pleasing pair of ornamental hessians;—Mr. Stanfield went abroad with several pounds of king's yellow for coronation sunrises;—Mr. Grieve and assistants obtained passports, and determined on bringing home the Cathedral of Rheims, middle aisle, and all!—The ostriches looked with dismay to their tails;—and Mr. Planche, with a clean pen, set off on full pay, and in silk attire, to watch the motions of His Majesty, Charley over the water, and bring home the most authentic patterns of his breeches and his boots. For many weeks, while the rehearsal was going on at Rheims, the bills told us that an eye was kept upon it, and that the thing would be faithfully played in England “as speedily as the great and costly preparation would permit.” The Coronation, as all newspaper readers know, went off very languidly at Rheims: but our managers, by a most judicious procrastination of its representation in England, allowed the recollection of its non-attraction to escape; and not until all memory of Charles X. had subsided, did Messrs. Elliston, Kemble, and Co. trouble the British public on the subject. At length, however, Mr. Colman having vented his old age upon the little dramas which were made as preludes to the processions, the platforms were laid in the pit of each Theatre (never get up a Coronation without a platform in the pit!), and the nightly crowning proceeded as dully as at Rheims. At both Theatres the Gentlemen of the Procession were well feathered and incomparably sober; but the Covent Garden Charles beat his Majesty of Drury hollow in dignity and in splendour. Mr. O. Smith, like Tom Cannon, did his best, but it was his fate to be beaten. Certainly the march of king, trumpeters, and nobles, all round the fiddlers and foot-lights to the

gate of the cathedral, the entry, and the sudden change to the interior, with the voices of the choristers, the sound of the organ, the profusion of lights and bright dresses, were at Covent Garden very striking; but the eye and ear only were interested; and gentlemen might as well have left the rest of themselves at home, for any use that the rest might be to them.

At Drury Lane a series of Panoramic Views, representing the Steyne at Brighton, the sea, the harbour of Dieppe, the town of Rouen, and the country up to Paris, was beautifully painted. The harbour of Dieppe is suffocated with sunshine, as Turner's picture in the last exhibition represents it. The audience applauded the ostrich feathers and the pretty pictures, and went home totally exhausted with the shows.

Little need be said of the Dramatic introductions, written to order, for the purpose of introducing the pageant. At Covent Garden, the Ramsbottom's letters in the John Bull are acted, and "that's the plot." Poor Mr. Bartley and Mrs. Davenport are intrusted with some double-refined vulgarity which tells well with the galleries; and a few aged and revered puns met with that respect from the well regulated families in the boxes and pit which their years entitled them to. The dialogue must, we fear, have been done at trade price. At Drury Lane, however, the introductory piece is much worse than that at Covent Garden; it is entitled "Five Minutes too late, or an Elopement to Rheims," and is made up of a runaway pawnbroking apprentice with his master's daughter, and the pursuit of the parent five minutes too late. We do not know which of the carpenters of the establishment was guilty of this piece of villanous machinery, but he ought to be singled out and shunned by all his fellow workmen, as a disgrace to the tribe. If any one of the Irish fruit women in Covent Garden market could not write a less vulgar drama without tutoring, we would consent to eat Mrs. Harlowe grilled, or pass a month in Charnwood Forest with Mr. Claremont. The tramp about the pit, however, was the plumb in the cake, and that was all sufficient.

We should not forget to extol Mr. Farley, who strutted before his Majesty in a stupendous style. He was indeed "a dainty dish to set before the king."

The English Opera House has commenced its season with a strong company, and if the weather will permit, we should expect that the harvest would be pretty well got in here. A light and pleasant opera from the pen of Mr. Arnold has been produced, and with success; it is called "Broken Promises; or the Colonel, the Captain, and the Corporal." The songs are unaffectedly, though not strikingly written, and the music is very judiciously selected and arranged. The dialogue is a good deal too sententious, but the situations are evidently arranged by an experienced hand. The plot consists of the usual love perplexities and mistakes, which, of course, are all properly unravelled at the conclusion. The piece was throughout admirably acted; Miss

Stephens was in full song; and Miss Noel warbled most pleasingly. Wrench, as a cool impudent Colonel, took his snuff and his liberties with perfect ease; and Power, as an Irish Corporal, shewed a talent for easy Hibernian humour of a very superior kind. A new singer, a Mr. Thorne, acquitted himself well; and a young lady of the name of Gray, a pupil of Miss Kelly, gave promise of future excellence, which we are confident she will fulfil: she was remarkably easy and natural, and had evidently caught some of the natural archness of her inimitable preceptress. Miss Kelly herself, as a country girl, was all that even an author could desire. She charmed a very common place part, by the talisman of her genius, into one of enchanting humour and simplicity, and the most touching pathos. Her frank affection for her lover, her confiding delight, her despair at his faithlessness, her quiet grievous interview, and her loss of all self-possession when he intreats her forgiveness, are not acting, but nature; and we would advise every one to go to this opera to see how a country girl really loves and lives. The opera, pruned a little of its moral discourses, would be likely to have a run beyond even the present season.

Since our remarks on the Coronation pieces were written, both Theatres have suddenly put up their shutters, and refused to keep open-shops longer. The sultry, Calcutta-hole weather left the King of France in the bosom of Mr. Farley only, and His Majesty walked in a silver shirt all round the lamps, over an empty pit, and in the presence only of three fruit women, six bottles of ginger beer, and four orders in bonnets in the first circle. The managers seeing no great chance of thus getting their bread (though they could have baked it in their own houses), closed the two huge national ovens, and allowed Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbottom to return to their attic in the John Bull. The heat in the houses on the few last nights was terrific. The effect on Mr. Terry was surprizing,—he was two degrees above freezing point. And it was remarked that Mrs. Davenport stood at 136 in the shade! One of the managers, it was on one night feared, was seized with hydrophobia. Winston tried him with a glass of water, and he turned his head away with manifest disgust. Mr. Martin, the horse patrol, appeared to suffer much from the cruel heat; and it is hoped that he will be induced to legislate next session against any recurrence of the severity of the dog days. Unfortunately, since the great theatres closed, the weather maliciously cooled at a day's notice, and the two little houses will now gorge the play-goers without molestation from their bouncing rivals.

Two Farces, one at Drury-Lane and the other at the Haymarket, have walked across the stage since last we made any report of the proceedings at the theatres. We forget their names, and cannot therefore make a Marc Antony oration over their dead bodies. In fact, they went off in so rapid a damnation, that before we could put our hands in our pockets and bring out the money, that never knows return, the two little farces were gone to the devil.

In the month of June, poor old Tom Dibdin, driven to desperation by the ingratitude and closeness of Morris of the Haymarket Theatre, brought an action for remuneration as author and stage manager to the theatre. It appeared that Thomas had written a piece to measurement for some rein deer; the latter of which died before the former could be damned. Morris paid a trifle into court, and the jury, conceiving an author to be well paid at even half-a-crown a quarter, gave a very trifle as damages. We should have thought Tom Dibdin, who has been a wheeler in the stage line any time these five and twenty years, would have known better than to confide in the liberality or even fairness of managers. An inexperienced youngster might be pardoned his ten pound visions of dramatic success; but for the old accustomed Dibdin to be betrayed, denotes a decay of the mental faculties quite alarming. Really, his friends should look to him.

Miss Foote has been hissed by the chaste Irish, and Manager Abbott "up and spoke" about the craturs' want of gallantry, shielding himself with an umbrella from a heavy shower of penny pieces which was falling at the time. One rebel, we are happy to say, was taken into custody by peace officer Salogly. Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, has been very gallantly received at the Dublin Theatre.

Indeed the particularly particular Irish have been very marked in their manner of welcoming this celebrated character; and the accounts of him and of his reception are not a little amusing.

During the performance of the *Man of the World* on one of the nights in the last month, at Covent Garden, two unruly shilling critics expressed their opinion of Mr. Young's performance of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in a very unequivocal manner. The cries of "off, off," from these severe deities became at length so troublesome, that the first tragedian of the day laid aside his Scotch, and his "booing," and, advancing to the footlights, made the following singular appeal in favour of "the illusion of the scene;" as if the creeping Scotchman could ever be more remembered after this direct bearding of his unruly critics. Mr. Young trembled as he spoke; and the audience, moved by his pathetic address, gave him a round of applause, which silenced the brace of candid reviewers, and restored "the illusion of the scene." "Oh! the Father!" what an orator he is!

"I am aware that it is only in rare cases an actor may address an audience. Every one has a right to express his disapprobation; and *if it be done at intervals*, it does not interfere with the business on the stage. But I must beg to suggest to you, that if these expressions of disapproval *be kept up*, it is impossible the actor can preserve that abstraction which is necessary *to the illusion of the scene*."

The Haymarket Theatre fills pretty well, and without any great novelties, but the company is excellent; and Madame Vestris, as Apollo in *Midas*, calls together all the young apprentices about town previous to their suppers at the saloon in Piccadilly. She is a very tight little personage in her dress; and indeed looks a mighty dapper Daphne-hunter.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DR. FRANKLIN, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

NO. 1. TO HIS MOTHER.

Philadelphia Sep. 17. 1749.

Hon^d Mother,—We received your kind Letter by this Post, and are glad to hear you still continue to enjoy such a share of Health.—Cousin Josiah and his Spouse arrived here hearty and well last Saturday noon; I met them the Evening before at Trenton, 30 miles off and accompany'd them to Town. They went into their own House on Monday & I believe will do very well for he seems bent on Industry and she appears a discreet notable young Woman. My Wife has been to see them every Day, calling in as she passes by, and I suspect has fallen in Love with our new Cousin, for she entertains me a deal when she comes home with what Cousin Sally does and what Cousin Sally says & what a good contriver she is and the like.

I believe it might be of service to me in the matter of getting in my debts, if I were to make a voyage to London; but I have not yet determined on it in my own mind, & think I am grown almost too lazy to undertake it.—

The Indians are gone homewards, loaded with presents; in a week or two the Treaty with them will be printed & I will send you one.

My Love to Brother and sister Mecom & to all enquiring Friends.

I am your dutiful Son

B. FRANKLIN.

NO. 2. TO HIS DAUGHTER (AFTERWARDS MRS. RICH. BACHE).

Reedy Island. Nov 8th. 1764. 7 at night.

My dear Sally,—We got down here at sunset having taken in more live stock at New Castle with some other things we wanted. Our good friends Mr Galloway, Mr Wharton and Mr James came with me in the ship from Chester to New Castle and went ashore there. It was kind to favour me with their good company as far as they could. The affectionate leave taken of me by so many friends, at Chester was very endearing. God bless them and all Pennsylvania.

My dear child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart God has blest you with, make it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice; I shall therefore only say, that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are towards your good Mamma, the more you will recommend yourself to me; but why should I mention *me* when you have so much higher a promise in the commandments that such conduct will recommend you to the favour of God—You know I have many enemies (all indeed on the public account, for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offence to any one what-

ever) yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones, and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is therefore the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behaviour that no advantage may be given to their malevolence.

Go constantly to church, whoever preaches; the act of devotion in the common prayer book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to, will do more towards amending the heart than Sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days; yet I do not mean you should despise sermons even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth; I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away some inclination to leave our church which I would not have you do.

For the rest, I would only recommend to you in my absence to acquire those useful accomplishments, Arithmetic and Book-keeping. This you might do with ease if you would resolve not to see company on the hours you set apart for those studies—I think you and every body should if they could, have certain days or hours * * [*a few lines lost*] * * * she cannot be spoke with; but will be glad to see you at such a time.

We expect to be at sea to morrow if this wind holds, after which I shall have no opportunity of writing to you till I arrive (if it please God I do arrive) in England. I pray that his blessing may attend you which is worth more than a thousand of mine, tho' they are never wanting. Give my love to your brother and sister † as I cannot write to them and remember me affectionately to the young ladies your friends and to our good neighbours.

I am my dear child Your ever affectionate father

B. FRANKLIN.

NO. 3. TO HIS SISTER MRS. JANE MECOM.

London, Jan 13. 1772.

My dear sister,—I received your kind letters of September 12 and Nov. 9th.—I have now been some weeks returned from my journey through Wales, Ireland, Scotland and the north of England, which besides being an agreeable tour with a pleasant companion, has contributed to the establishment of my health, and this is the first ship I have heard of by which I could write to you. I thank you for the receipts; they are as full and particular as one could wish—but can easily be practised only in

† Governor Franklin and lady.

America, no Bayberry wax nor any Brassiletto being here to be had, at least to my knowledge. I am glad however that those useful arts that have been so long in our family, are now put down in writing. Some future branch may be the better for it.—It gives me pleasure that those little things sent by Jonathan proved agreeable to you. I write now to Cousin Williams to press the payment of the bond: there has been forbearance enough on my part, seven years or more without receiving any principal or interest. It seems as if the Debtor was like a whimsical man in Pennsylvania of whom it was said that it being against his Principle to pay Interest and against his interest to pay the Principal he paid neither one nor t'other. I doubt you have taken too old a pair of Glasses, being tempted by their magnifying greatly. But people in chusing should only aim at remedying the defect. The glasses that enable them to *see as well* at the same distance they used to hold their book or work while their eyes were good are those they should chuse, not such as make them see better, for such contribute to hasten the time when still older glasses will be necessary.

All who have seen my grandson agree with you, in their accounts of his being an uncommonly fine boy, which brings often afresh to my mind the idea of my son Franky tho' now dead 36 years, whom I have seldom since seen equalled in every thing and whom to this day I cannot think of without a sigh.—Mr Bache is here. I found him at Preston in Lancashire with his mother and sisters, very agreeable people and I brought him to London with me. I very much like his behaviour. He returns in the next ship to Philadelphia. The gentleman who brought your last letter, Mr. Fox, staid but a few minutes with me, and has not since called as I desired him to do. I shall endeavour to get the arms you desire for cousin Coffin; Having now many letters to write, I can now only add my love to cousin Jenny and that Sally Franklin presents her duty; Mrs Stephenson desires to be affectionately remembered

I am as ever your affectionate brother

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. No arms of The Folgers are to be found in the Herald's office. I am persuaded it was originally a Flemish family which came over with many others from that country in Qu. Elizabeth's time flying from the persecution then raging there.

NOTES.

Dr Franklin had three children, of whom the eldest Francis Folger Franklin died in childhood, his second son William was the Governor of N. Jersey and sided with the crown in the revolutionary contest; his only daughter Sarah, was married to Mr. Richard Bache mentioned above, whose children and grand children now reside in Philadelphia.

Cousin Josiah mentioned in the first letter was Dr Franklin's nephew, a son of his favourite sister Jane to whom the last of the above letters is addressed.

THE BELZONI SEPULCHRE.

If the late Mr. Belzoni was less critically, or less profoundly, versed in the science and literature of antiquity, than some other of those European travellers who have busied themselves in exploring the wonders of Egypt, he was in native shrewdness of observation, enterprising perseverance, and presence of mind in new and untried situations, inferior to none, and superior to most. It was he who found access to that pyramid (of Cephrenes) whose interior chambers the mercenary cupidity and the antiquarian curiosity of centuries had sought for in vain; and it was Belzoni who, not merely discovered and penetrated the subterranean mysteries of a Theban tomb—or rather a sepulchral palace, or perhaps temple, which had been closed for thousands of years, but actually, though possessed of very limited resources, save those of his own ingenuity, effected its virtual transportation from the capital city of the ancient world, to the metropolis of the modern.

Let now those scholars who are versed in antiquarian lore, but perform their parts as ably as Belzoni has done, and we shall form some acquaintance at least with the sacred and recondite mysteries of the ancient world. Let those who would follow up the hieroglyphical studies of Dr. Young and M. Champollion, but avail themselves of the facilities which the labours of Belzoni and the studies of Mr. Salt* appear to have placed within their reach, and we shall not be long without an history of ancient Egypt.

There have been those antiquaries who have said, “Who will show us any good? Who will disclose to us any *new* old studies.” Here is an entire province, of the most interesting character, and which is but beginning to be surveyed; for it must be acknowledged that but little has yet been ascertained by the students who are named above—that is to say, but little in the way of satisfactorily explaining the hieroglyphics, or of understanding the sculptured contents of the Belzoni tomb, has been so completely established as to be placed beyond future question.

The reader perhaps may not be displeased to have a short account set before him of that little. It is now some years since Dr. Young, from studying the monument captured from the French in Egypt, and now in the British Museum, which is commonly known by the name of the Rosetta stone, discovered the hieroglyphical name of Ptolemy, surrounded by an elliptical boundary: he next proceeded to ascertain that other proper names were thus surrounded, in Egyptian inscriptions, and

* This gentleman, whose public situation as the British Consul General for Egypt, affords him the very best local opportunities of information, has recently put forth a small volume *On the Phonetic System of Hieroglyphics*, with some additional Discoveries, &c.

some few other names of Egyptian sovereigns, appeared to be settled to the satisfaction of other antiquaries; so that when Mr. Belzoni published the account of his travels, and opened his first Egyptian exhibition in Piccadilly, the tomb he had discovered in the vicinity of Thebes, was confidently announced, on the above learned authority, to be that of an Egyptian sovereign, who reigned about six centuries before the commencement of our era. His name, "*Psammis*," and his mystic titles were said to be inscribed on his belt, and in fifty other places in the different chambers of the catacomb. Other hieroglyphical passages, dispersed about the interior of the monument, were interpreted to mean "*Psammis the Powerful*;" "*Devoted to Pthah*," (the Egyptian *Vulcan*;) "*Osiris, Dispenser of Comforts to the Countries*;" "*Sacred Father of the Protecting Powers, living, unalterable, reigning, and ministering*."

In corroboration of these expositions, a certain procession, which is sculptured in low relief, and also painted, on the wall of one of the chambers, was pronounced to be of those Æthiopian, Persian (or Babylonian), and Hebrew, captives which adorned the triumphs of Necho, the father of King Psammis; and, in proof of these historical facts, were cited Herodotus, the Hebrew Chronicles, and the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah. Necho, the father of Psammis, has also (with greater probability) been argued to have been the real tenant of the tomb in question. But since these announcements of Dr. Young and Mr. Belzoni, the opinions of M. Champollion concerning this mysterious sepulchre have been made public, who affirms that it is not the tomb of *Psammis*, or of *Necho*, but that of *Petosiris*; and since Mrs. Belzoni has re-erected it in Leicester-square, with an enlarged development of some of its principal apartments, it has been visited by Professor Lee of Cambridge, who in the following memoir denies that it is either of these, and argues that it is the sepulchre of *Sesostris the Great*!

"Historic Record preferred to Theory, respecting a great Catacomb of several Chambers, sculptured with Hieroglyphics, at Val-beban-el Malook near Thebes, in Upper Egypt, by Francis Lee, Baron of Sicily, Member of the Society Philomuson at Athens, Arcadian Society at Rome, Asiatic Society in India, A. M. of Cambridge, &c.

"They are professed to have been decyphered, and asserted to contain, in many parts, the names of Nechao and Psammis, to whom these catacombs have been assigned. This appears contrary to historic record, for Herodotus, who wrote about four hundred years before our era, or a hundred years after the time of the Pharaohs, Nechao, and Psammis, states that when he visited Egypt, priests read to him of kings from Menes to Meris. Then of *Sesostris*, who subdued many parts of Asia, and the Scythians and Thracians in Europe, constructing in each part columns as trophies. That he was the only Egyptian who subjugated Ethiopia; a circumstance recorded by statues erected to him; that he was succeeded by his son Pheron; then by a king whose name signified

Proteus in Greek ; then Rampsinitus ; Cheops, who constructed the great pyramid ; his brother Cephrenes, who raised the second ; Mycerinus, son of Cheops ; Asychis, Anysis, and Sethon. Then twelve contemporary kings, one of whom, Psammeticos-Sates, obtained the sole sway. That he was succeeded by his son, Nechao, who sent from the Red Sea an expedition, the first that circumnavigated Africa. That he was succeeded by his son Psammis, who attempted a *fruitless* incursion into Ethiopia, and dying soon after, left the government to his son Aprias, who invaded Sidon, and had a naval engagement with the Tyrians ; but at length being repulsed, and his country (Egypt) invaded, an Egyptian usurper, Amasis, aiding the confederates, made Aprias prisoner in his own palace, where, after a time, he was strangled, at Sais, in the Delta. Herodotus expressly says, "*he was buried there with his ancestors.*" He particularly describes the position of the cemetery ; the left hand side of those entering the temple of Athena, or Minerva, near his palace. Therefore, his immediate lineal predecessors, *Nechao* and *Psammis*, must have been interred there, and not near Thebes, in Upper Egypt. The people of Sais, he adds, always interred the kings of their provinces at this temple. On the death of Amasis, Cambyses possessed himself of Egypt, and plundered its monuments, &c. ; and Persian kings governed it two hundred and six years. Then Alexander the Great conquered Egypt, and his Macedonian successors, the Ptolemies, ruled two hundred and seventy-six years.

"By desire of Ptolemy Euergetes, a list of kings of Thebes, and also of Lower Egypt, was compiled from the Theban and Alexandrian libraries, by Eratosthenes, who professes to give their succession, as will be seen in the chronology preserved by Syncellus of Byzantium."

"In Herodotus, Psammeticos-Sates corresponds with Psammeticos, the eighty-second king of Eratosthenes. In Herodotus, his son Nechos answers to Nechao the eighty-third king of Eratosthenes. In Herodotus, Nechao, son of Psammis, agrees with Psammeticos, the eighty-fourth king of Eratosthenes. In Herodotus, his son Apries appears to be Vapres, the eighty-fifth king of Eratosthenes ; and in Herodotus, the usurper Amasis is identified with Amasis, the eighty-sixth king of Eratosthenes."

Diodorus of Sicily wrote about fifty years before our æra, and also says, Menes was the first king of Egypt ; and many years after, reigned *Gneph Achthus*, (called by Eratosthenes *Atheus*,) and fifty-two of his line. Next, Busiris and eighty-eight descendants, the last also a Busiris, who embellished Diospolis or Thebes with stately gates, temples, and porticoes. Diodorus states, that the eighth from Busiris was Enchoreus, who exalted Memphis to splendour ; and that afterwards most of the successive kings preferred it to Thebes, which, in consequence, declined. He adds, the seventh from Enchoreus was Sesostris, succeeded by his son, Sesostris the Second, whom Herodotus calls Pheron. Though Thebes declined from the latter Busiris, the second, its kings appear to have been

interred in that part for many ages, even through the reigns of Satis, *Nechao*, *Psammis*, and Apries of Lower Egypt. Accordingly, Diodorus adds, that to Thebes belonged forty-seven magnificent sepulchres, of which only seventeen remained undemolished in the time of Ptolemy Lagos. During his reign, Thebes was visited by a Greek, named Ecateos, who wrote a description of them; and that the greatest, called the Mausoleum of Osymanduas contained a cemetery for priestesses of Zeus or Jupiter. It was ten furlongs, or a mile and a quarter, in circumference, and wonderful for the number, extent, and height of its saloons, which he describes; and the mural figures, representing the warfare of Osymanduas against the Bactrians, (Asiatics east of the Caspian sea); also representing prisoners led in triumph; also a vast zodiacal circle or planisphere, with diurnal motions of the stars; which was transported by Cambyses, together with vast plunder to Persepolis, Susa, and other parts of Asia. Hence may be inferred, that the kings governing Thebes, as well as lower Egypt, continued, through a long succession of reigns after Busiris, to be buried near Thebes; as a considerable time elapsed before the succession of Osymanduas. Sesostris, one of these kings, the greatest, appears to have been also interred there. The catacombs also appear, from the description, to have been plundered by Cambyses. *Sesostris*, the only great conqueror who subdued Ethiopia, received numerous embassies of his tributary princes, four of whom at a time drew him in his car to a temple. The Persians, Ethiopians, Jews, and Egyptians, represented by four together, in sculpture of these catacombs which might be his, may be the ambassadors waiting on him. Herodotus bears testimony to only the dynasty of Sates having cemeteries in Lower Egypt. This new dynasty of Sates united twelve governments which sprang up, and he and his direct descendants, *Nechao* and *Psammis*, immediate ancestors of Apries, were buried not far from Memphis at Sais, as is recorded; so that by analytic reasoning from Herodotus, and synthetic from Diodorus, the catacombs, whence the alabaster sarcophagus was conveyed to London, by Belzoni, had been dedicated to a king long before the time, and many hundred miles distant from the place, of *Nechao* and *Psammis*. Such are the historic records in opposition to a published theory:—That first, the principal figure of the catacomb has his girdle marked with the name of *Psammis*, as in plate first. [See remarks on Belzoni's plates.] Secondly, that the square tablet suspended from the neck may mean *king Osyris-Psammis, the son of Nechao*. Thirdly, that columns over the altar contain a similar inscription with epithets. Fourthly, that over the vulture's left wing is inscribed "*The good God, Giver of Comforts to both Regions.*" "*Psammis the brilliant and the joyful.*" Fifthly, over the right wing, "*The Son of the Disposer of Delights!*" "*Nechao, the Companion of the Sun,*" &c.

As these symbols are not *proved* to signify *Nechao* or *Psammis*, nor the various persons and matters assigned; there being no good grounds

of support, nor a foot to rest on, the historic records are preferable to such a theory."

It is customary among scholars to resort for information concerning the earlier facts of profane history to Diodorus, where Herodotus is found to fail: but we need scarcely say, that the authority of the learned Sicilian is not in general preferred to that of the father of history. On the contrary, the character of the latter for veracity stands very far the highest. Now there is nothing in the record of Herodotus to countenance the Professor Lee's supposition that Sesostris was interred at Thebes. Memphis appears to have been, in the time of that monarch, the metropolis of Egypt, and the temple of Vulcan, (erected by him) or catacombs in its immediate vicinity, the place of royal sepulture. There is no direct mention in Diodorus that Sesostris was entombed at Thebes, nor any thing like it; but the learned professor argues that it may be inferred he was buried there, because Diodorus says the tomb of Osymanduas was there.—But why does he write, in apparent discordance with his own argument, that "though Thebes declined from the latter Busiris, *its kings appear to have been interred in that part* for many ages, even through the reigns of Sates, Nechao, Psammis, and Apries? Unless Thebes was governed by separate kings from the rest of Egypt during these many ages, this passage is very like direct contravention of his own purpose.

Meanwhile Herodotus, who does not mention Osymanduas at all, writes of Sesostris, that "on his return to Egypt, he employed the captives of the different nations he had vanquished to collect those vast stones which were employed in the temple of Vulcan." [Euterpe cviii.] And a little further on, "This prince placed as a monument, some marble statues before the temple of Vulcan, two of these were thirty cubits in height, and represented him and his queen; four others, of twenty cubits each, represented his four children." [Ibid. cx.] and again, "On the death of Sesostris, his son Pheron succeeded to the throne. The successor of Pheron, was a citizen of Memphis, whose name in the Greek language was Proteus: his shrine is still to be seen at Memphis: it is situated to the south of the temple of Vulcan, and is very magnificently decorated." [Ch. cxi. cxii.]

May we not infer from putting together these detached passages, that Sesostris, who edified this temple of Vulcan at Memphis, which was also a place of sepulture, and who erected monumental statues there, was most likely there interred?

We by no means intend to insist on this, as a demonstrated historical fact: but only as rendered probable. Our argument is, that the Cambridge professor has not settled the occupancy of the Belzoni sepulchre in favour of Sesostris; and that the question is still open to discussion. A problem so interesting, with the means of solving it so immediately before our eyes, has not for a long series of ages agitated the antiquarian world.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

Elections and Admissions to Fellowships, &c.

June 22.—Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. son of Sir James Mackintosh, Knt. M.P. admitted Scholar of New College.

June 27.—Francis Russell Nixon, and Henry Thorp, admitted Actual Fellows; and Francis Povah, and Charles Edward Birch, elected Scholars of St. John's.

June 28.—Edward Field, B.A. of Queen's College, elected a Michel Fellow of that society.

June 30.—John Griffith Cole, Commoner of Exeter, and John Bramston, B.A. of Oriel, elected Fellows of Exeter College.

Rev. Thomas Finlow, M.A. and the Rev. Charles John Hume, B.A. admitted Actual Fellows; the Rev. Henry Brown Newman, B.A. probationary Fellow, and Herbert Johnson, elected Scholar of Wadham College.

Mr. Bennett, of Chichester, who has been recently elected Organist of New College, has been appointed by the Vice-Chancellor Organist of the University Church.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Doctors in Divinity.

June 2.—William Bewsher, Queen's.

June 9.—Richard Whately, Principal of St. Alban's Hall.

June 30.—John Bull, Student of Christ Church and Canon Residentiary of Exeter.

July 9.—Thomas Frognall Dibdin, St. John's College, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, and Vicar of Exning, Suffolk, (Grand Compounder.)

Bachelors in Divinity.

June 2.—William Bewsher, Queen's.

June 30.—Richard Moore Boulton, Merton.

July 9.—Thomas Frognall Dibdin, St. John's College, (Grand Compounder.)

Masters of Arts.

June 2.—G. H. Dashwood, Lincoln.

C. H. Parker, Lincoln.

C. Milnes, Lincoln.

R. C. Phelps, Trinity.

H. E. Shew, Worcester.

E. Bazalgette, Balliol.

G. Sandby, Merton.

J. Pyke, Exeter.

9.—E. Williams, Jesus.

N. J. Stubbin, St. John's.

J. T. Flesher, Lincoln.

P. French, Queen's.

C. Erek, Edmund Hall.

T. Williams, Magdalen Hall.

H. A. Veck, Magdalen Hall.

D. F. Markham, Christ Church.

W. Thackeray, Brasenose.

W. R. Churton, Oriel.

J. Parker, Oriel.

C. J. F. Clinton, Oriel.

J. Folliott, Pembroke.

E. Hawkins, Pembroke.

W. W. Gale, Pembroke.

G. Dandridge, Worcester.

16.—E. Buller, Oriel.

Hon. C. Finch, Merton.

H. Allen, Worcester.

G. Baldwin, Brasenose.

F. C. Massingberd, Magdalen.

R. Briscoe, Christ Church.

W. H. Butler, Christ Church.

R. K. Benson, Christ Church.

E. Howells, Christ Church.

A. Jones, St. John's.

J. Olive, Wadham.

G. R. Paulson, Balliol.

June 30.—C. S. Hassels, Trinity.

A. Herbert, Merton.

L. G. G. Dryden, Lincoln.

P. W. Taylor, Edmund Hall.

W. B. Cosens, Magdalen Hall.

R. Noble, Brasenose.

J. B. Webb, Brasenose.

J. M. D. Alexander, Brasenose.

G. B. Farrant, St. John's.

G. Roberts, Jesus.

G. Goddard, Jesus.

W. H. Twemlow, Ch. Ch.

H. Gower, Christ Church.

D. Cameron, Wadham.

July 4.—W. Whately, New College.

9.—R. H. Fowler, Exeter.

H. B. Newman, Wadham.

J. Rawlins, St. John's.

CAMBRIDGE.

June 25.—The Porson prize for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse was adjudged to John Hodgson, of Trinity College. Subject—King John, Act IV. Scene 2, beginning with—"K. John. How oft the sight of means," and ending with "Hubert. An innocent child."

June 28.—The member's prize for the best dissertation in Latin prose was adjudged to John Buckle, of Trinity College, senior, Bachelor. Subject—"De statu futuro quænam fuere veterum inter Græcos et Romanos Philosophorum dogmata?"

Mr. Samuel Best, of King's College, is admitted Fellow of that society.

July 1.—R. Foley, B.A. of Emmanuel College, is admitted Fellow of that society.

The Rev. W. Whewell, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, has announced his intention to offer himself as a candidate for the Professorship of Mineralogy on the vacancy which will be occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. J. S. Henslow, who is appointed Regius Professor of Botany.

July 2.—The following Degrees were conferred :

Bachelors in Civil Law.

Rev. Napier Duncan Sturt, Christ College.

Rev. William Whitmore Greenway, Trinity Hall.

Licentiate in Physic.

Henry Atcheson, Esq. M.B. Jesus College.

Bachelors in Physic.

John Staunton, Esq. Caius College.

Henry J. Hayles Bond, Esq. Corpus Christi.

Richard Hobson, Esq. Queen's College.

Bachelor in Divinity.

Rev. John Underwood, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.

John Mandell, Catharine Hall.

Edward Nicholas Braddon, St. John's College.

John Griffiths Lloyd, Christ College.

William Overton, Trinity College.

Edward George Lytton Bulwer, Trinity Hall.

William Newport, Christ College.

Rev. James Harris, M.A. and Ferdinando Casson, B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, were admitted *ad eundem* of the University.

George Barber Paley, Esq. B.A. of St. Peter's College, was elected a foundation Fellow of that society; Edmund Fisher, and Henry Edward Beville, Esqrs. B.A. were elected Fellows on Gisborne's foundation; and Frederick E. Bushby, Esq. M.A. Fellow on the Parke foundation.

July 4.—Rev. Charles Richard Sumner, of Trinity College, Prebendary of Canterbury, was created Doctor in Divinity by Royal mandate.

Rev. T. J. T. Salusbury, of Trinity Hall, was admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

July 5.—This being the commencement day the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created :

Doctors in Divinity.

Rev. Jonathan Walton, Trinity College, Rector of Birdbrooke, Essex.

Rev. Robert Jefferson, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, one of his Majesty's preachers at Whitehall.

Rev. Josiah Rowles Buckland, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Head Master of Uppingham school.

Rev. James Donne, St. John's College, Head Master of Oswestry school.

Rev. William Burford, Christ College.

Rev. Richard Symonds Joynes, Catharine Hall.

Rev. Charles Trip, Trinity College.

Rev. Arthur Savage Wade, St. John's College, Vicar of St. Nicholas, Warwick

Doctor in Civil Law.

Rev. Jacob George Wrench, Trinity Hall, Rector of Stowling, Kent.

Doctors in Physic.

Thomas Watson, Fellow of St. John's College.

George Leith Roupell, Caius College.

Richard Prichard Smith, Caius College.

John Spurgin, Caius College.

Doctor in Music.

Edward Hodges, Sidney Sussex College.

Masters of Arts.

Colin Alexander Campbell, Trin. Coll.

John Hanbury, Peter's College.

William Thompson, Trinity College.

James Newsam, Christ's Coll.

George B. Russell, Catharine.

Parnell T. Hicks, Trinity.

Thomas Newcome, Queen's.

Edward William Oldacres, Clar.

William Hardwicke, C. C.

John Roy Allen, Pembroke.

Edward C. Kindersley, Trinity.

William E. Chapman, St. John's.

James R. Hartley, Queen's.

Edwin Daniel, St. John's.

William Clavering, Trinity.

Joseph S. Egginton, Trinity.

Edward B. Frere, C. C.

George M'Clear, Trinity.

Edward Robert Earle, Chr.

Francis Synge, Peter's.

Thomas Harvey, Pembroke.

John William Butt, Sidney.

Thomas Mason, Emmanuel.

George Best, St. John's.

Nicholson R. Calvert, St. John's.

Robert Vanbrugh Law, Peter's.

John Ion, Pembroke.

Robert Lascelles, Christ's.

Leonard Jenyns, St. John's.

Edward Augustus Giraud, St. John's.

John H. Stephenson, Trinity.

William J. Hutchinson, Jesus.

George S. Porter, Christ's.

Coppinger H. Gooch, C. C.

John Birkett, St. John's.

Joseph Taylor, St. John's.

Henry Malden, Trinity.

Ebenezer Ware, Trinity.

Charles G. R. Festing, St. John's.

George Pitt, Trinity.

Charles B. Clough, St. John's.

John Evered, Trinity.

Frederic Thomas Pratt, Trinity.

Thomas Nash, Trinity.

William C. Walters, Jesus.

Robert Gorton, Jesus.

Richard Wood, C. C.

Hammett Holditch, Caius.

Bar Dudding, Catharine.

Thomas W. Whitaker, Emmanuel.

Ambrose Stapleton, Queen's.

William Turner, St. John's.

William Williamson, Sidney.

Thomas Gosnell Parr, St. John's.

William Edwards, Christ's.

Henry Locking, St. John's.

Joseph Clay, St. John's.

James C. Gordon, Peter's.

William Davenport, Peter's.

George Barber Payley, Peter's.

William Lockett, St. John's.

Edward Gwyn Blyth, Christ's.

William Charles Smith, St. John's.

James W. Huntley, St. John's.

Thomas Dixon, St. John's.

John Toll Burt, Caius.

Patrick Fenn, St. John's.

William Howie Bull, St. John's.

Edmund Smyth, St. John's.

Robert Hutchinson, St. John's.

John Haggitt, Clare.

Thomas Heath, Clare.

William Williams, St. John's.

Peter Blackburn, Christ's.

James Adcock, Peter's.

James Alderson, Pembroke.

Jonas Driver, C. C.

Edmund Gray, Queen's.

Robert Williams, Pembroke.

Edward Gould, Christ's.

Francis F. Ffolliott, St. John's.

Edward Silvester, St. John's.

W. Matthews Pierce, St. John's.

Charles S. Royds, Christ's.

George Long, Trinity.

James R. Cambell, Pembroke.

George Farley, Trinity.

J. H. M. Luxmore, St. John's.

Thomas Philpott, C. C.

Charles H. Brown, C. C.

G. H. H. Hutchinson, Caius.

William Bellas, Christ's.

George M. Fowke, Caius.

Thomas Raven, C. C.

Henry Salmon, Emmanuel.

Valentine Green, St. John's.

Robert Jarratt, St. John's.

John Jarratt, St. John's.

John Winn, St. John's.

Nathaniel Colville, St. John's.

Isaac Robley, Trinity.

William Vaughan, St. John's.

Thomas Bates, Queen's.

W. H. Fox Talbot, Trinity.

Samuel Charlton, Sidney.

Stephen P. White, Trinity.

John Henry Steward, Trinity.
 John W. Hamilton, Trinity.
 Joseph H. Hamilton, Trinity.
 Charles Collins, St. John's.
 George Stone, Sidney.
 Richard Perry, Trinity.
 Chris. Hand Bennet, Trinity.
 Russel Richards, Trinity.
 Joseph Harris, Clare.
 Henry Farish, Queen's.
 William Mousley, Queen's.
 William Presgrave, Trinity.
 Joseph P. Wilmott, Trinity.
 Archibald H. Duthie, Trinity.
 George Greaves, C. C.
 Mitford Peacock, C. C.
 John Warburton, Pembroke.
 Edward Thomas Alder, Peter's.
 Alexander W. Scott, Peter's.
 John Greenwood, Jesus.
 R. C. W. Wilkinson, Trinity.
 Edwin Sydney, St. John's.
 Thomas S. Cobbold, Clare.
 Robert Ward, Clare.
 Robert Leicester, Clare.
 William Hyde, Emmanuel.
 James Gisborne, Magdalen.
 James Fendall, Jesus.
 William John Crole, St. John's.
 George Carter Cardale, Peter's.
 Marm. Terrington, Catharine Hall.
 George John Brookes, Pembroke.
 S. S. S. B. Whalley, Clare.
 Thomas C. Thornton, Clare.
 John Husband, Magdalen.
 John Collyer, Clare.
 William Collett, Sidney.
 John B. Magenis, St. John's.
 Richard Earle, St. John's.
 Charles W. Henning, Queen's.
 Frederick de Veil Williams, Queen's.
 W. H. C. Grey, St. John's.
 Charles P. Byde, Pembroke.
 C. Hilton Wybergh, Pembroke.
 James Pearson Head, Pembroke.

Arthur Trollope, Pembroke.
 George Gage, St. John's.
 Gawan Taylor, Trinity.
 Henry Thompson, St. John's.
 George H. Hughes, C. C.
 Henry Schneider, St. John's.
 Thomas B. Allan, Trinity.
 Edward John Lloyd, Trinity.
 Richard M. White, Clare.
 John M. Norman, Trinity.
 William G. Thomas, Trinity.
 John P. Reynolds, Caius.
 Charles Gatre, Peter's.
 Arthur T. Drake, Emmanuel.
 Charles E. Kennaway, St. John's.
 William Charles Gore, Emmanuel.
 Derick Hoste, Emmanuel.
 Richard Tinkler, Emmanuel.
 Thomas Babington Macaulay, Trinity.
 George Heberdeen, St. John's.
 Peter Heywood, Christ's.
 Thomas Baker, Christ's.
 William Crawley Leach, Trinity.
 Henry Hannington, King's.
 R. S. Battiscombe, King's.
 Richard Okes, King's.
 H. R. Reynolds, jun. Trinity.
 H. L. Dillon, Trinity Hall.
 Thomas H. Villiers, St. John's.
 Charles John Taylor, Christ's.
 Jermyn Pratt, Trinity.
 George Fisher, Catharine.
 Charles Turner, Magdalen.
 J. H. J. Chichester, Magdalen.
 Joshua Nussey, Catharine.
 Charles Birch, Catharine.
 A. C. J. Wallace, C. C.
 Elph. H. Snoad, C. C.
 John R. Roper, C. C.
 Richard Kennet Davison, Caius.
 Laurence Peel, St. John's.
 Edward Miller, Trinity.
 Henry S. Thornton, Trinity.
 Robert Henderson, St. John's.
 James Harris, Catharine.

July 7.—At a congregation held this day the following degrees were conferred :

Bachelors in Divinity.

Rev. George Bailey Tuson, Trinity Hall, Vicar of Huish, Somersetshire.

Masters of Arts.

Robert Beehoe Radcliffe, Fellow of King's College.

Robert Edmonds, St. John's College.

Rev. George Norman, St. Peter's College.

Bachelor of Arts.

Alexander J. Lyon Cavie, St. John's College.

The following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem* : Rev. J. Edward John Burrows, D.D. of Trinity College, Oxford ; Charles Rice, M.D. late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford ; Rev. Thomas R. Wrench, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford ; Henry Smedley, Esq. M.A. Oxford.

July 9.—Thomas Storie Spedding, Esq. B.C.L. of Trinity Hall, was elected a Fellow of that society.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. John Brown, M.A. to the Vicarage of Bottisham; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College.—Rev. Thomas Musgrave, M.A. to the perpetual Curacy of St. Mary the Great, Cambridge; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College.—Rev. Thomas Criel, B.A. to the Rectory of Little Thurlow, Suffolk; Patron, Rev. R. C. Barnard.—Rev. Philip Gurdon, B.A. to the Rectory of Reymerston, Norfolk; Patron, T. T. Gurdon, Esq.—Rev. Gregory Edward Whyley, M.A. to the Vicarage of Eaton Bray, in the County of Bedford; Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College.—Rev. J. Lonsdale, B.D. to be Prebend in the Cathedral Church of Lincoln; Patron, the Archbishop of Canterbury.—Rev. George W. Smith, to the Vicarage of Bawdsey Suffolk; Patron, the King.—Rev. Philip Gurdon, B.A. to Chaplain to Lord Bayning.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

June 21.—Henri Quatre.
Henri Quatre, Wallack.—Louison, Miss
Stephens.
Giovanni in London.
The Children in the Wood.

June 22.—Faustus.
Der Freischutz.

June 23.—Faustus.
Der Freischutz.

June 24.—Henri Quatre.
The Wedding Day.
Therese.

June 25.—Othello.
The Rossignol.
The Adopted Child.

June 27.—Brutus.
Brutus, Kean.—Tullia, Mrs. Bunn.
Der Freischutz.

June 28.—Othello.
The Beggar's Opera.

June 29.—The Jealous Wife.
Oakley, Pope.—Major Oakley, Terry.—Mrs.
Oakley, Mrs. Bunn.
Henri Quatre.

June 30.—Macbeth.
Der Freischutz.

July 1.—Faustus.
Der Freischutz.

July 2.—The Merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, Wallack.—Shylock, Kean.—Portia,
Mrs. W. West.
Der Freischutz.

July 4.—Richard the Third.
Der Freischutz.

July 5.—The Jealous Wife.
Five Minutes too Late, or
The Coronation of Charles X.

July 6.—Henri Quatre.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 7.—Brutus.
Five Minutes too Late.
Of Age to-Morrow.

COVENT GARDEN.

June 21.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Charles the Second.
Clari.

June 22.—The Tempest.
Prospero, Young—Miranda, Miss Hamersley—
Ariel, Miss H. Cawse,
The Magpie or the Maid.

June 23.—John Bull.
Job Thornberry, Fawcett—Mary Thornberry,
Miss Chester.
Der Freischutz.

June 24.—The Rivals.
Sir Anthony Absolute, Farren—Mrs. Malaprop,
Mrs. Davenport—Lydia Languish, Miss Foote.
The Padlock.

June 25.—The Tempest.
Simpson and Co.
The Irish Tutor.

June 27.—Hamlet.
Hamlet, Young—Ophelia, Miss Foote.
Lofty Projects.
Matrimony.

June 28.—The Way to Keep Him.
Sir Bashful Constant, Farren.—Sir Brilliant
Fashion, Jones.—Lovemore, Cooper.—Mrs.
Lovemore, Mrs. Chatterly.—Widow Belmour,
Miss Chester.

A Tale of Mystery.

June 29.—Belles Stratagem.
Charles the Second.

June 30.—The Tempest.
The Child of Nature.

July 1.—She Stoops to Conquer.
Der Freischutz.

July 2.—The Iron Chest.
All a Mistake—(damned.)

July 4.—Pizarro.
Rolla, Young—Cora, Miss Jones.
Der Freischutz.

July 5.—The Tempest.
The Miller and his Men.

July 6.—The Way to Keep Him.
The Barber of Seville.

July 7.—Julius Caesar.
Charles the Second.

DRURY-LANE.

July 8.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 9.—Othello.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 11.—Pizarro.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 12.—Monsieur Tonson.
Monsieur Morbleu, Mathews.
Five Minutes too Late.
Giovanni in London.

July 13.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 14.—Der Freischütz.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 15.—Henri Quatre.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 16.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 18.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 19.—Der Freischütz.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 20.—Faustus.
Five Minutes too Late.

July 21.—Der Freischütz.
Curiosity Cured.
The Beehive.

COVENT GARDEN.

July 8.—The Inconstant.
The Irish Tutor.
A Tale of Mystery.

July 11.—Orestes in Argos.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims, or the Coronation
of Charles X.

July 12.—The Mountaineers.
Octavian, Kemble — Floranthe, Miss F. H.
Kelly.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 13.—The School for Scandal.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 14.—Der Freischütz.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 15.—The Man of the World.
Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Young—Lady Ro-
dolphia Lunbercourt, Mrs. Chatterley.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 16.—The Jealous Wife.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 18.—The Barber of Seville.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

July 19.—The Inconstant.
The Ramsbottoms at Rheims.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

A Treatise on Volcanoes. By G. Poulett Scrope.

A Collection of Sacred Harmony, Vocal and Instrumental. By Mr. Coggins.

Sketches, Political, Geographical, and Statistical, of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata.

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Practical Observations on the Nature, Causes, and Treatment of Water in the Brain.

The Works of the late Matthew Baillie, MD.

The History of Knighthood and its Times. By E. D. Mills, Esq.

My Own Life. By A. V. Salamé.

Materia Indica. By Whitelaw Ainslie, MD. &c.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

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ROBERT W. MOORE, SWORN BROKER,

20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

BIRTHS.

- June 21. In Upper Montagu-street, Russel-square, the lady of John Jones, Esq., a son and heir.
 — The lady of Samuel Girdlestone, jun. Esq., a daughter.
 24. The lady of Henry John Adeane, Esq. of Babraham, Cambridgeshire, a son and heir.
 — At Palmer's Green, the lady of Isaac Walker, Esq., a daughter.
 26. At Barham Wood, the lady of the Hon. Colonel Knox, a daughter.
 — At Ancram House, the lady of Rear-Admiral Adam, a son.
 27. In Bridge-street, Blackfriars, the lady of George Farren, Esq., a son.
 28. At Littleton, Dorsetshire, the lady of William Donaldson, Esq., a daughter.
 29. At Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, the lady of James Buckingham, Esq., a son.
 July 1. In Harley-street, the lady of Joseph Latour, Esq., a son.
 3. The lady of E. J. Cruchley, R. N., a daughter.
 4. At Perry-hill, Sydenham, Kent, the lady of Bury Hutchinson, Esq. of Nottingham-place, a daughter.
 — At Woodbatch, near Reigate, the lady of Colonel John Nuthall, a daughter.
 9. In Montagu-place, Montagu-square, the lady of Major-General Sir James Lyon, K. C. B., a daughter.
 11. The lady of William Borradalle, jun. Esq., a daughter.
 12. The lady of John Walter, Esq., a daughter.
 17. At Burroughs-hill, Hendon, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Isabella Willis, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- June 21. At Tottenham, Gustavus Evans, Esq., R. N., to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Thomas Bridges, Esq. of Stamford-hill.
 21. At Mary-la-bonne, Donald Campbell, Esq. jun. of Dunstaffnage, Argyleshire, to Caroline Eliza, second daughter of the late Sir W. Plomer,
 — The Rev. Charles Wimberley, Chaplain in the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Mary, second daughter of the late Major-General Charles Irvine.
 22. At Clifton, Gloucestershire, by the Rev. Dr. J. J. Goodenough, Captain Hely, H. P., 25th Light Dragoons, second son of the late Brigadier-General Hely, to Mrs. Thomson, widow of the late John Thompson, Esq. Clifton-hill, Bristol.
 23. At St. Ann's Church, Westminster, Edward Downes, Esq. of Furnival's Inn, to Philippa Frances, only daughter of the late Sir John Burton, of Soho-square.
 — At Oundle, S. W. Smith, Esq. of Dulwich, to Caroline Grace, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Lodington, of Oundle, Northamptonshire.
 — At the house of the British Ambassador in Paris, Viscount d'Estampes, of Barneville sur Seine, France, to Mira Hawkins Trelawny, second daughter of the late Charles Trelawny Brereton, Esq. Soho-square.
 27. At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Henry Wells, Esq. son of the late Vice Admiral Wells, to Albinia, daughter of the late Col. Stephens Freemantle.
 28. Rev. Harry Smith, M.A. to Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Wing, Esq.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Barks Currie, Esq. to Laura Sophia, eldest daughter of the Hon. John Wodehouse, MP.
 29. At St. Paul's, Deptford, Dr. Wm. Hume, of Charleston, South Carolina, to Catharine Simons second daughter of J. Lucas, Esq. of the Grove, New Cross.
 30. At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Fontaine, Esq. to Marian Catharine, daughter of the late Wm. Hodges, Esq.
 — At Saling Grove, in the County of Essex, the seat of the late Bartlet Goodrich, Esq. Thos. Barrett Lennard, Esq. MP. eldest son of Sir Thos. Barrett Lennard, Bart. of Belhus, in the same county, to Mary, only daughter of the late Bartlet Bridger Shedden, Esq. of Gower-street, London, and of Aldham, Suffolk.
 — Augustus Granville Stapleton, Esq. to Catherine, second daughter of John Bulteel, Esq. of Fleet in the County of Devon.
 — Charles Becket, Jun. Esq. of Milton, near Gravesend, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Antony Harman, Esq. of Barden, Kent.
 July 2.—At Croydon Church, Captain John Simcoe Macaulay, of the Royal Engineers, to Ann Gee, eldest daughter of the late John Elmesley, Esq. Chief Justice of Lower Canada.
 5. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. Price Blackwood, RN. to Helen Selina, eldest daughter of Thos. Sheridan, Esq.
 — Waymouth, Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest surviving daughter of the late Hugo Meynell, Esq. of Quorndon Hall, in the County of Leicester.
 6. At St. George's, Lieutenant Chas. W. Ross, RN. to Sophia, youngest daughter of David Richardson, Esq. Well Close-square.
 7. At Seale, in the County of Kent, Sir Wm. Ashburnham, Bart. of Broomsham Place, Guestling, near Hastings, to Miss Juliana Humphrys, of Seale.
 9. At Fellbrigg, Henry Baring, Esq. MP. of Somerley, in the County of Hants, to Cecilia Aune, eldest daughter of Rear Admiral Wyndham, of Fellbrigg Hall, Norfolk.
 17. At All Souls's, Mary-le-bone, John Jackson, Esq. of Queen Anne-street, to Anne Dodsworth, fifth daughter of Sir Wm. Beechey.

DEATHS.

May 19.—Charles Lusiniani, Esq. aged upwards of 106 years.

June 20.—T. J. Moore, Esq. of Stafford House, Turnham-green.

23. At his house, in Nottingham-place, in the 87th year of his age, the Rev. Luke Hislop, DD. Rector of St. Marylebonne, Archdeacon of Bucks, &c.

24. At Clapham Common, in the 15th year of her age, Emily Mary, third daughter of Benjamin Harrison, Esq.

— In the 23d year of her age, Louisa Sarah Anne, only daughter of John Cherry, Esq.

— At Cliff Hall, Staffordshire, the lady of Samuel Pole Shawe, Esq.

25. H. F. Pelerin, Esq. of New North-street, Red Lion-square.

27. In the 22d year of her age, Katharine, wife of Henry John Adeane, Esq. of Babraham, in the county of Cambridge.

July 1.—In Portman-street, Vice-Admiral John Clements.

2. At Bartrams, Hampstead, Charles Cartwright, Esq. late Accountant-General to the Hon. East India Company.

3. At Ketterington Hall, Norfolk, Harriet, wife of N. W. Peach, Esq.

4. At St. Leonard's, Nazing, Essex, James Bry, Esq. of Guildford-street, aged 61.

— At his house, in Grosvenor-place, Lord Lilford.

6. At Hackney, in his 26th year, James Greive Livett, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

9. At his house, in George-street, Hanover-square, William Wingfield, Esq.

10. In Keppel-street, Russell-square, Emma Maria Elizabeth St. John, widow of Lord St. John.

11. Thomas Jones, Esq. of Nottingham-place.

12. William Thompson, Esq. of Brunswick-square.

15. At Milbrook, near Southampton, aged 23, Edward Majendie, Esq. youngest son of the Lord Bishop of Bagnor.

16. Richard Perkin, Esq. of Kingsland-place, Kingsland-road.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From June 24 to July 23.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.	233	229 $\frac{1}{2}$	231 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. Consols.	91 $\frac{1}{4}$	90	91
3 per Cent. Reduced	92	90 $\frac{3}{4}$	91 $\frac{3}{4}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	98	99
New 4 per Cents.	104 $\frac{1}{4}$	103 $\frac{5}{8}$	104
Long Annuities expire 1860	22 $\frac{7}{16}$	22 $\frac{1}{16}$	22 $\frac{7}{16}$
India Stock, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	274	271 $\frac{1}{2}$	273
India Bonds, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	63s.	51s.	52s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ per Cent.	48s.	30s.	30s. pm.
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	98 $\frac{3}{4}$	99 $\frac{1}{8}$
Brazil ditto, ditto.	83 $\frac{1}{4}$	81 $\frac{1}{4}$	82
Buenos Ayres ditto 6 per Cent. ...	92	90	91
Chilian ditto, ditto.	83	79	81
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	87	86	86 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	86	85	85 $\frac{1}{4}$
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	100 $\frac{3}{4}$
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{3}{4}$	103 $\frac{1}{4}$
Greek Bonds, ditto.	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	42 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexican ditto, ditto	76 $\frac{3}{4}$	75 $\frac{3}{4}$	76 $\frac{3}{4}$
Neapolitan ditto, ditto.	91 $\frac{1}{4}$	90 $\frac{3}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{4}$
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	76 $\frac{1}{4}$	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	76
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	89	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	89
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	102 $\frac{3}{4}$	100 $\frac{3}{4}$	100 $\frac{3}{4}$
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	100 $\frac{1}{4}$	100 $\frac{1}{4}$
Russian ditto, ditto.	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	96	97 $\frac{1}{2}$
Spanish ditto, ditto.	22 $\frac{3}{8}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	22 $\frac{1}{4}$

ROBERT W. MOORE, Broker,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

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